THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

XIX— —XX

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

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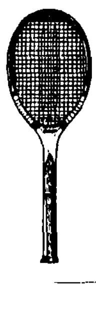
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XIX

No. DLXVII—May 1924

A GREAT IMPERIAL POLICY[1]

I. Economic Conference—and After

It is six months since the conclusion of the Imperial Economic Conference, and it may be useful to consider the effect of the discussions that occurred during that time upon the commercial organisations of Great Britain, and the various criticisms that have been levelled at the policy of Imperial Preference. There are clear indications that many of the leaders of British commerce and industry are gradually becoming aware of the importance and significance of the preferential advantages given by the Dominions and certain Crown Colonies to this country.

Prior to the Conference certain special trades were fully conscious of these benefits, and saw that their interests were fully represented to the Governments in the self-governing Dominions. It must, however, be remembered that the ordinary British

[1] Previous articles on this subject in *The Nineteenth Century and After* during the last few months have been 'Imperial Preference,' by the Right Hon. Stanley M. Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia, February 1924, and 'New Zealand,' by the Right Hon. W. F. Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand, November 1923.

manufacturer or merchant has had little experience of tariffs; he has been brought up and conducted his business in an atmosphere which was hostile to the general ideas of Protection. He is therefore apt to discount the importance of the preferential advantages given by the Dominions. He sees the tariff wall only and does not readily perceive the large welcoming passage way which has been made in that wall in favour of his industry.

A rapid change is now taking place. Both during and since the Conference considerable publicity has been given to the tariffs and preferences of the Dominions, and the British manufacturer is finding that the advantages that he enjoys are substantial and of great value. It is probable that if any large and responsible body, representative of British industry, was asked whether it would prefer Australia and New Zealand to adopt a completely Free Trade policy, leaving Great Britain to the free competition of the world in the Australian markets, or to continue their present policy of giving substantial preference to British industry, the choice would be in favour of the latter alternative. In making this statement it must not be assumed that it is suggested that British manufacturers prefer Protection to Free Trade in this country, but that they are beginning to realise that a country in which fiscal policy is protective, and in which substantial preference is given to British goods, may, owing to its tariff, be a more favourable market for British enterprise than one in which the products of all countries are admitted duty free.

Evidence of this new realisation of the importance of Dominion preferences has been forthcoming from a number of sources. The Associated Chambers of Commerce carried, with, I believe, only one dissentient, a resolution asking the Government to recommend to Parliament the implementing of the Economic Conference resolutions.

More significant still was the action of the Chamber of Shipping, whose members are generally regarded as staunch adherents to Free Trade as a general policy. This Chamber, in concert with the Liverpool shipowners, prepared a most ably expressed Free Trade memorandum for the President of the Board of Trade prior to the Imperial Economic Conference. The annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping was held on February 22, and carried unanimously a resolution of a similar nature to that of the Associated Chambers of Commerce.

The representatives of the Welsh tinplate industry have pointed out the advantages that they enjoy under the Dominion preferential tariffs, and have drawn the attention of the Government to the danger of any failure to recognise, and in some degree to reciprocate, the attitude of the Dominions.

While these instances indicate that in British industrial and commercial circles there is, at last, some realisation of preferential benefits, the political Free Trader has not varied. His attitude has been well exemplified by a recent letter issued by the North-Western Free Trade Union to the Press in the north of England and by speeches and articles from such champions of the cause of *laissez-faire* as Lord Beauchamp and Mr. Harold Cox.

The extreme Free Trader views Imperial Preference thus. He holds:

(1) That the Dominions erect a high tariff barrier against British trade, increase the height of the barrier against foreign trade, and call the difference a 'preference,' and that this 'so-called' preference is a sham and mockery, and that the Dominions' tariffs are a hindrance to British trade.

(2) That a policy of Imperial Preference involves a deliberate choice between Empire and foreign trade. At present Britain exports a larger value of goods to foreign countries than it does to the Empire, and therefore a policy of Empire development would decrease British trade.

(3) That in the event of the Empire adopting a general policy of Imperial Preference there would be grave danger of retaliation from foreign countries.

(4) That, in the words of the incomparable letter of the North-Western Free Trade Union, 'Imperial Preference cannot be really effective without injuring our friendly relations with foreign people and making the British Empire to the rest of the world an object of increasing dislike.'

A careful examination of the facts of the situation will demonstrate that not one of these four contentions rests upon solid ground, but is the result of *à priori* reasoning from the ideal of unrestricted competition.

The Value of the Dominion Preferences.—The four great self-governing Dominions, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, all give in a varying degree advantages under their tariff to British produce. The Canadian preference until recently averaged a 33⅓ per cent. rebate of duty on British goods, but this has recently, in many instances, been increased by an additional 10 per cent. in recognition of the lifting of the embargo upon Canadian store cattle by the British Government.

Australia prior to 1920 gave a preference averaging 5 per cent. on the value of the goods themselves, and in 1920, owing to the serious loss of trade that Britain had experienced in consequence of the war, increased the preference to an average of 12

per cent. on the value of 95 per cent. of the goods imported from Britain.

The Dominion of New Zealand gives a preference on most dutiable articles, averaging about 12 per cent. *ad valorem.*

The Union of South Africa gives a general preference of 3 per cent. *ad valorem* on all dutiable goods.

As Australia is the largest of the Dominion markets for British produce, and as the preferential advantages given by Australia are more substantial than those of any other part of the Empire, it is interesting to examine the Australian tariff in particular and to observe the effect of these preferences on British trade. For this purpose I have taken certain of the more important British exports to Australia and traced the influence of our Customs tariff upon them.

Before proceeding to this examination of particular industries it is important to realise the purposes for which the Australian tariff is framed. Leaving out revenue purposes, which are common to all countries, whether protective or not, the Australian Customs tariff has a primary and a secondary objective. The primary purpose is, of course, to protect Australian industries. Owing to the sparse population scattered over a vast continent, and to the fact that all Australian manufacturing industries are comparatively young, it has been considered necessary to have protection against the more highly industrialised countries of the world and also against the lower standards of living of many of these countries.

The secondary objective has been since 1906, when British Preference was first introduced in Australia, to assure to Britain the greatest possible share of the imports into Australia. Opinions may differ as to whether or not the Australian tariff has been successful in its primary objective, but a careful study of its effect on British trade, as shown in the examples that follow, will conclusively demonstrate that it has been markedly successful in its secondary object.

Cotton Piece Goods.—In 1913 Australia purchased from Britain 165,000,000 yards, valued at 4,188,000*l.*, this purchase representing 83 per cent. of the total import of cotton goods into Australia. These goods were favoured by a 5 per cent. preference.

In 1922 Australia purchased 226,000,000 yards, valued at 11,768,000*l.*, representing 92 per cent. of the total imports of cotton piece goods into Australia.

In 1920, when the Australian tariff was revised, British cottons were still admitted duty free, but the Customs tariff against cotton goods from all other sources was increased from 5 per cent. to 15 per cent.

During the war, and more especially during the immediate post-war years, the cotton textile manufacturers of Japan and the United States of America established a strong footing in the Australian markets, but since the increase of preference in 1920 the percentage of British cotton in the total cotton imports has risen by nine degrees above the 1913 figure.

As Australia has no cotton mills, it is obvious that this particular duty is levied purely for the purpose of giving preferential treatment to this most important of the British manufacturing industries.

Woollen and Worsted Tissues.—It is a well-known fact that Australia possesses the largest and best supplies of raw wool in the world, and that ever since federation she has protected her wool manufactures.

In 1913 Australia purchased from Britain 20,000,000 square yards of woollen piece goods, valued at 1,800,000*l.* This represented 84·5 per cent. of the total imports of these goods into Australia.

In 1922 the quantity of British woollens sold to Australia increased to 22,000,000 square yards, valued at just over 4,000,000*l.*, representing 97 per cent. of Australia's total woollen purchases. In 1913 the preference given to British woollens over those of other nations was 5 per cent. This preference was increased in 1920 to 15 per cent.

Other Textiles.—Textile piece goods other than cotton and woollen were in 1913 favoured by a 5 per cent. preference, Britain's share of the trade being 67 per cent. The preference was increased in 1920 to 15 per cent., and in 1922 Australia purchased 81 per cent. of her requirements from Britain.

China and Earthenware.—In 1913 Britain supplied 66 per cent. of the imports under this head and enjoyed a preference of 5 per cent. On the revision of the tariff in 1920 this preference was increased to the high figure of 25 per cent., increasing Britain's share of our trade to 83 per cent., representing a total purchase of 753,000*l.*

Dyes.—Prior to the war Britain only supplied 26 per cent. of the dye imports into Australia. During the war the British Government requested the Australian Government's assistance in establishing a British dye industry. This request was met by the Australian Government refusing to allow the importation of dyes from any country except Britain except under licence. The result of this policy is shown by the fact that in 1922 82 per cent. of Australia's dyes were imported from Britain, and Australian importers who desire to import dyes from foreign countries are obliged to obtain a certificate to the effect that no effective British substitute is available.

Paper.—In pre-war years Australia was Britain's principal market for paper, but during the war, and in the immediate post-war years, the Australian market was practically lost to British paper manufacturers, in 1919–20 only 4·4 per cent. of news-print being derived from Britain. On the earnest representations of British paper-makers, the Australian Government afforded a special preference of 3*l.* per ton to the British product, with the result that Australia again became Britain's principal market, purchasing a larger value of paper from Britain than the aggregate purchases of all foreign countries.

In 1922 Australia bought 925,000*l.* of news-print and 202,000*l.* of writing paper. In 1923 these figures had increased to 1,887,000*l.* for news-print and 255,000*l.* for writing paper.

Glass.—In 1913 27 per cent. of Australia's requirements were supplied by the United Kingdom, Belgium supplying 60 per cent. The preference afforded prior to 1920 amounted to 3*d.* per 100 square feet. This was increased at that date to 2*s.* per 100 square feet, with the result that in 1922 Australia purchased 359,000*l.* worth of British glass, representing 48 per cent. of her total imports.

These examples illustrate the way in which the secondary objective of the Australian tariff, *i.e.*, the preservation to Britain of the lion share of her markets, has been carried out.

The preferences on machinery, chemicals, and other goods are, in most instances, equally substantial, and are in a large degree the reason why Australia is such a wonderful market for many British products.

In many forms of electrical machinery and other electrical goods, in some chemicals, and in many other cases, Australia purchased in 1922 a larger value from Britain than the aggregate purchases of all foreign countries.

These facts afford a curious comment on the Free Traders' doctrine that Australia has, by her tariff, erected a wall which is too high for the British manufacturer to climb. What sort of an obstacle is a wall which admits 60,000,000*l.* worth of British produce and manufactures into the markets of Australia, and which allows of the Australian people purchasing 11*l.* worth of British goods per head per annum?

Clearly the Australian tariff, owing to its preferential arrangements, is a help, and not a hindrance, to British industry and to British employment.

In the Australian Customs tariff there are a large number of instances where duties are levied upon goods from any source outside the British Isles while British goods are admitted free. Where this practice obtains Britain has, in many instances, been enabled to supply from 90 per cent. to 100 per cent. of Australia's requirements.

It is obvious that a duty which protects no Australian industry and brings little or no revenue into the Commonwealth exchequer is a duty levied purely for preferential purposes. The most important preferences that fall under this heading are those on cotton yarns, cotton piece goods, tinplates, certain chemicals, electric cable, and covered wire and flexible metal tubes.

Anti-dumping Preference Duty.—In addition to this purely preferential action under her general tariff, Australia has taken other action to defend the British manufacturer from unfair competition. In 1921 it had become obvious that the depreciated currencies of Germany and other European countries might render the substantial increase of preferences which the Australian Parliament had accorded the previous year to Britain of little effect, and also that the depreciated currencies might endanger the protection that was afforded by the tariff to Australian industries. The Industries Preservation Act was therefore passed, whereby the Australian secondary industries were further protected by anti-dumping clauses, and under section 9 of this Act the British manufacturer was placed in a position to obtain from the Minister of Trade and Customs, upon the advice of the Australian Tariff Board, effective protection from this form of competition.

If the British manufacturer can demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Commonwealth authorities that he is meeting unfair competition owing to the depreciated currencies of a foreign competitor, he can have the difference between the cost in the country of origin and the cost in Britain added to the cost of the foreign article before the ordinary Customs duty is levied. This anti-dumping legislation has, when put into effect, been extraordinarily effective, and this is clearly demonstrated by consideration of the German trade with Australia in 1913 and 1922. In 1913 9 per cent. of Australia's imports were derived from Germany. In 1922 only 0·44 per cent. came from this source. Compare these figures with those obtaining in the Argentine. In 1913 Germany did 16·8 per cent. of the Argentine's import trade, and in 1921 had got back, after an almost total cessation during the war, to 9·5 per cent. of the total imports.

Empire and Foreign Trade.—The advocates of a deliberate policy of Empire development are continuously met by the assertion that, while the Empire is undoubtedly important to Britain, the foreign trade of this country is more valuable still, and that, therefore, any such policy must be detrimental to British interests. This view is so strongly held in official Free Trade quarters that arrangements have been made for a Free Trade exhibit at the British Empire Exhibition to demonstrate at Wembley the dependence of Britain upon foreign trade and

foreign supplies. This attitude of mind seems to be inspired by the idea that there must of necessity be some natural antithesis between Empire trade and foreign trade, and that a choice must be made between Empire development on the one hand and the maintenance of British trade with foreign countries on the other.

Surely this is a fallacy based upon a faulty reading of history. Economists who adopt this view must have in mind the empires of Spain and Portugal in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. No one in his sober senses proposes to emulate the example of the Spanish Empire, with its prohibitions to all foreigners for trade, its dogmatic assertions of the Divine right of one nation to the wealth of its overseas possessions. Far from Empire development being a hindrance to foreign trade, I believe the time has come when a deliberate policy of cultivating our own inheritance may well be the most essential factor for success in foreign trade.

The Empire markets are the only markets in which British goods are consciously preferred. Compare the share of British trade with Japan and the Argentine on the one hand and with India and Australia on the other. In 1880 Japan derived 53 per cent. of her imports from the United Kingdom; in 1922 this share had fallen to 12 per cent. In 1890 the Argentine bought 40 per cent. of her oversea requirements from Britain, in 1921 only 23 per cent. India in 1870 purchased 65 per cent. of her imports from Britain, and in 1922 61 per cent. Australia in 1870 derived 61 per cent. of her requirements from Britain, and in 1922 51·4 per cent. The old saying that 'Trade follows the flag' is clearly exemplified by these figures. Within the Empire Britain can, generally speaking, find sheltered markets; outside she must face the fiercest commercial competition. If, then, Britain pursues a policy calculated, firstly, to encourage the component parts of the overseas Empire to continue to prefer British goods, to continue, either by tariff preferences or by buying preferences, to maintain her trade, and, secondly, to develop these markets by migration to the Dominions and economic assistance to the Crown Colonies, will not such a policy assist British trade with foreign countries?

Another side of this question is the share of the Empire in the British import trade. It is argued that if Britain buys more from the Empire she must purchase less from foreign countries, and because exports are paid for by imports, thus reduce her foreign trade.

This argument is unsound for various reasons. For instance, it assumes a static condition of trade. With increased prosperity the British consumption of foodstuffs and raw materials would be largely increased, to the great social and economic betterment of this country, and thus for many years to come increased produc-

tion within the Empire would allow of Britain continuing to import from foreign countries as largely as she is now doing. It is, however, necessary to realise that in many of the important raw materials the world is already faced with a shortage which will become acutely evident when the restoration of more normal conditions on the Continent allows of the fuller utilisation of the industrial equipment of Germany and other nations. In both raw wool and raw cotton world supplies have diminished, and the British textile industry is faced with the most serious problems, which must be met by stimulating to the greatest possible extent supplies from within the Empire.

If we suppose that at some future date Empire production had so increased as to render Britain less dependent upon supplies from foreign countries, would this necessarily involve any loss of exports to foreign countries? If British industry had taken full advantage of the increase of sheltered markets within the Empire, Britain would be able to compete more efficiently for foreign orders and, as was undoubtedly the case with pre-war Germany, use the favourable balance of exports over imports in foreign markets to establish credits in the form of investments which would rectify the balance of trade with invisible imports in the shape of dividends. This surely is the favourite doctrine of the 'triangle of trade.'

The idea of a self-contained Empire is fortunately one which is extremely difficult to achieve. There are but few Empire enthusiasts who even desire any such development. The advocates of a deliberate economic policy for the Empire are inspired by a far less sordid ideal, namely, to render Britain and the Empire less dangerously dependent upon foreign supplies and to increase the importance of markets where British products will be sheltered from the unfair competition of lower wages, depreciated currency, or deliberate dumping.

Foreign Retaliation.—It has been frequently asserted that any development of a policy of Imperial Preference by Great Britain would lead to retaliation on the part of foreign countries and thus reduce the available markets for British produce. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, speaking in the House of Commons in 1919, rightly said that no foreign country would have any ground for retaliation, and that if any such action was taken it would be due to the continuous suggestions of the adherents of the policy of unrestricted competition.

Mr. Bruce in his opening speech at the Imperial Economic Conference, and again in an article in the February number of this Review, drew attention to the preferential policies of the foreign Powers with colonial possessions, and showed that as the United States of America, Japan, France, Spain, Italy, and Por-

tugal all practise colonial preference to a much greater degree than anything that is contemplated in this country, no one of these Powers could raise an objection if Britain followed in a lesser degree their example. The New York Press, commenting upon Mr. Bruce's statement, said that the Australian Prime Minister had done well to draw attention to the fact that the United States of America practised colonial preference to the extent of up to 100 per cent. discrimination in her own and in her colonial markets against foreigners, because this fact must arrest at its inception any tendency to press for retaliation.

There are, of course, the lesser countries who have no colonial possessions to be considered. They have protective systems of their own, and are ready to negotiate reciprocal Customs treaties. What measures of retaliation are open to them beyond what they have done already to limit British trade? If in some small instances retaliation should occur, would not the certain gain more than compensate for possible loss?

In the parliamentary debate on the Preference proposals of the Imperial Economic Conference the question of preference on currants will arise, and the possibility of some loss of Greek trade will be urged against the proposal.

Greece, with a population of 7,000,000 people, in 1922 purchased 3,700,000*l.* worth of British produce, or 10*s.* per head, of which 962,000*l.* were represented by cotton textiles; Australia, with 5,600,000 people, in the same year bought 60,400,000*l.* worth from Britain, or 10*l.* 19*s.* per head, 11,700,000*l.* being cotton piece goods.

If the 15 per cent. *ad valorem* preference on cottons afforded to Britain by Australia only increases the British share of the Australian cotton goods market by 10 per cent. (a most conservative estimate), it is of more importance than the whole value of the Greek cotton purchases. The full settlement of the Murray Valley, which is in its initial stages dependent upon the preference proposals on dried fruit, canned fruit and wine, would, on the 1922 Australian *per capita* purchases of British goods, cause this one district to become a market of double the value to Britain as compared to the total purchases of Greece in 1922.

The Empire's Foreign Relations.—Mention was made at the commencement of this article of the letter issued by the North-West Free Trade Union, and of the assertion it contained that Imperial Preference would injure the 'friendly relations of the British Empire and render the Empire an object of increasing dislike to the peoples of the world.' This is an assertion which any representative of the Dominions must unhesitatingly combat and would be justified in strongly resenting.

The Dominions have for over twenty years pursued the policy

which this letter condemns. During this period they have deliberately tried to make their markets of easier access to the British manufacturer than to any other, and they are not aware that this action has caused any ill feeling on the part of foreign nations. If the Free Trade Union's contention is a just one, should not the Foreign Office immediately request the Dominions and Crown Colonies to abolish this pernicious system of giving special advantages to Britain for fear of danger to the world's peace? Even to suggest this appears ridiculous.

Like all the other criticisms that have already been dealt with, this impossible suggestion rests not upon evidence, but upon *à priori* reasoning, and has no foundation in fact. Great Britain may find the largest common measure of economic security under Free Trade, just as most other nations find it under Protection, but it is absurd to contend that any departure by Britain from the policy of *laissez-faire* would cause the Empire to be an object of 'increasing dislike.'

There is one further point which requires consideration at the present time. Many people who have great sympathy with the general ideals of Empire development regard the proposed preferences as being purely for the benefit of the overseas Empire. They consider the difficulties of this country, the grave condition of unemployment, the depression in many trades, and they come to the conclusion that giving preferences to the Dominions is a luxury which post-war Britain cannot afford.

If this view was correct, it would be entitled to every sympathy, because the Dominions, so far as the average of their citizens are concerned, are more prosperous than the mother country, and therefore the British statesman is fully entitled to place the immediate necessities of Britain before the development of the Empire. A full consideration of the facts of the case will, however, convince the impartial observer of—

(1) The relative importance of Empire markets;
(2) The value to British trade of the Dominion preferences;
(3) The importance of migration to the Dominions so as to create the new markets so urgently required by British industry.

The acceptance by Britain of the proposed preferences will be interpreted in the Dominions as an indication that their efforts to assist British trade are appreciated, and this will create the proper atmosphere for the continuance and, in some cases perhaps, the extension of the benefits at present enjoyed under the preferential systems of the Dominions and the West Indies. More important still will be the effect upon migration. Every individual settler in the Dominions means a new market for British goods. A family of man, wife, and three children settled in Australia

means a market worth over 50*l*. a year to British trade; the same family if settled in New Zealand in 1923 would have purchased 82*l*. 10*s*. of British goods, about thirty-three times as much as the same family would have bought from Britain had it settled in the United States. Is it not obvious that, important as the proposals may be to the Empire, they are still more important to Britain, and is not an orderly policy of Empire development Britain's surest road to renewed prosperity?

JOSEPH COOK.

A GREAT IMPERIAL POLICY

II. THE FREE TRADERS' OBJECTIONS

MR. BRUCE in his article in the February issue of *The Nineteenth Century and After* makes a further appeal for 'Imperial Preference,' in continuation of his speeches at the Imperial Conference and elsewhere.

He begins by the assertion that—

> the long-sighted vision of British statesmen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries so directed and controlled both the industries of Britain and the commerce between Britain and her overseas possessions as to build up Britain's industrial strength, to establish a mercantile marine, and thus to assure the future greatness of these wonderful islands. Ships, colonies and commerce are the foundations upon which the present greatness of Britain and of the British Empire has been built.

This statement is singularly contrary to historical fact. The British colonial policy throughout the eighteenth century, before which period our colonies were of trifling importance, was based on the idea that colonies were to be encouraged and developed entirely for the benefit of the mother-country. This principle was emphatically enforced by Spain from the beginning, till, in the early part of last century, Spain lost practically all its overseas dominions. Colbert adopted the same principle in France, and the first of a long series of British Acts of Parliament limiting the right of navigation to British and colonial shipping was passed in 1650. This limitation was extended by the Navigation Act of 1660, and it is unnecessary to accumulate illustrations of this policy throughout the eighteenth century. One of the prominent articles in the Peace of Utrecht was the right of Britain to the slave trade to supply our colonies with slaves. The same policy of monopoly and domination was illustrated by our legislation for Irish trade, and, not to labour the matter with more detail, it is well known that our policy, described by Mr. Bruce as far-sighted, led to the American war and the independence of the United States. We and the world have not lost even economically by this emancipation from political union, for the growth of the United States, in spite of their protective policy,

has led to an immense development of their international trade, and thereby to the enrichment of the countries with which they do business.

The great industrial, commercial and economic growth of this country dates mainly from the time of the Napoleonic war. What is sometimes spoken of as the industrial revolution, which led largely to the substitution of wholesale factory production instead of industries on a small scale, began with the reign of George III., and was mainly due to the application of steam to industry. Steam navigation and railways stimulated the movement, and the early development of British coal-fields gave us a start in the trade of the world. But even in 1801, when the first census was taken, the population of Great Britain was under 11,000,000.

It is unnecessary to give details illustrating the immense growth both in population and in wealth of this country from 1801 to 1921, and, of course, Free Trade is not the only cause of this progress. For one thing, a Free Trade policy only began to make itself felt when Sir Robert Peel came into office in 1842, and many other causes helped our economic advance. The improvement in ocean steam navigation, by largely reducing freights, brought the products of the world, even of the antipodes, to our door. Cold storage has put on our markets meat, fruit, butter, eggs, and other commodities. Ocean telegraphy has quickened the mercantile activity of the world. The development of banks has mobilised the savings of the nations. In short, every advance, scientific, economic and political, has co-operated. There is no more a 'key' principle or idea in commerce than there is a 'key' industry in national production; most final products are the result of the co-operation of many activities, and though the inventions and improvements which have increased the wealth of the world are not the monopoly of any favoured nation, the would-be monopolists of Protection gained by the increased activity and power of production of those whom they treat as rivals, if not enemies, instead of considering them as they really are, co-operating in the material enrichment of the world. Mr. Bruce, in advocating a policy of Protection, is clearly under the impression that the prosperity of a country depends largely on its advantageous position as a seller, and that as buyers we are conferring a benefit on those who sell to us, and that we ought to get some further advantage on account of our willingness to buy.

He thinks, erroneously, that this country adopted a Free Trade policy in the expectation that other countries would follow our example, and that, if they did not, our policy of free imports and of duties levied only for revenue was a mistake and should

be abandoned. No doubt the advocates of Free Trade hoped that a policy so advantageous would recommend itself to foreign legislatures. But Sir Robert Peel proclaimed that the right way to fight Protection abroad was by free imports here, and Free Traders have never admitted that their policy could not be justified unless the world followed our example.

Mr. Bruce seems to think that our producers are in danger from unrestricted competition from underpaid labour, depreciated currencies and dumping, and that this danger will lead to irritation and hatred of our foreign rivals, and he sums up (p. 158) that the ideals of Cobden and Bright have failed because we have been unable to induce other nations to subscribe to them; and he goes on to say:

> Must we not now face the fact of their failure and find a new way to promote the world's trade and the maintenance of the world's peace?

He adds that to him 'the path seems clearly marked along the lines of Empire development and closer Imperial trade relations.' He adds: 'This does not necessarily involve Protection and Preference,' but he does not indicate any other method, and as he starts from the assumption of the failure of the Free Trade policy, it is clear that the remedy involves the abandonment of the policy which he says has failed. He lays down four propositions, which he seeks to establish:

(1) Britain's need for developing new markets.
(2) The present and potential value of the Empire as a market.
3. Britain's need of the Empire as a source of foodstuffs and raw materials.
4. The value of the preferential advantages given by the Dominions to Britain.

It is clear that Mr. Bruce, by asking for new markets, means markets where we shall sell, not where we shall buy. The object of selling is to get paid; that is, exports are of no use unless they enable us to obtain imports, not necessarily directly from the country to which we export, but largely by the adjustment of the purchaser's debt through his claims in other countries, which, through the clearing house of the world (mainly London), consign to us goods which we need, and which the original purchasers from us do not need.

If we examine the overseas trade of Britain we shall see that what we mainly require is foodstuffs and raw materials, including in the latter much which is entered in our Board of Trade returns as 'manufactured.' Thus in 1922 we imported 1,003,000,000*l.*, of which nearly 472,000,000*l.* were food and tobacco, 298,000,000*l.*

raw materials, and of the remaining 230,000,000*l.* classified as 'manufactured,' fully 83,000,000*l.* should be reckoned as raw materials, leaving 147,000,000*l.* of manufactured goods. Of manufactures which are really raw materials the following are the principal:

	£
Petroleum	36,000,000
Non-ferrous metals	15,000,000
Paper	12,000,000
Leather	11,000,000

In 1913 we imported 577,000,000*l.*, of which 214,000,000*l.* were for food and tobacco, 190,000,000*l.* raw materials; and of 170,000,000*l.* entered as 'manufactured' we have:

	£
Petroleum	7,000,000
Non-ferous metals	28,000,000
Paper	7,000,000
Leather	10.4,000,000

leaving at most 118,000,000*l.* of what may possibly be treated as manufactures. The volume of our imports of manufactured articles has fallen off considerably since the war. This is not surprising, as Germany, before the war, was our principal source of manufactured imports, and in 1913 she sent us 56,000,000*l.* classed as 'manufactures'; of these less than 5,000,000*l.* should be classed as 'raw materials,' leaving about 51,000,000*l.* manufactured. In 1922 she sent us under 25,000,000*l.* classified as 'manufactured,' from which should be deducted less than 1·8,000,000*l.*, leaving about 23,000,000*l.* of manufactured imports, a falling off of 48,000,000*l.*

If we consider our exports, of which Mr. Bruce is contemplating the expansion under the head of new markets, we may compare 1922 with 1913 either as to value or as to volume. As to our cotton trade, our exports have fallen off in volume by 40 per cent. In value they have increased by 50 per cent., from 126,000,000*l.* to 187,000,000*l.*, in 1922. In woollens and worsteds our exports have gone up in value from 36,000,000*l.* to 63,000,000*l.*, or 75 per cent., in 1923. In volume our imports of wool have decreased from 1913 to 1922 by 9 per cent. In machinery our exports have gone up in value from 34,000,000*l.* in 1913 to 52,000,000*l.* in 1922, an increase of 53 per cent.

This growth of our external trade, the result of a Free Trade policy, cannot be considered as our permanent possession. Our great advantages, apart from the energy and intelligence of our people, have thus far been—

1. That we were the first to adopt and apply our active industrial and commercial policy.

2. That, as the growth of organised industry depends largely on coal as the cheapest and most effective force, our rich coal-fields within easy reach of our centres of manufacturing activity, which, in fact, draw manufacturing activity to their neighbourhood, gave us a great advantage.

3. That our island and geographical position, moored at the door of continental Europe, and with the maritime habits the consequence of our insular position, also helped our development.

4. That Free Trade helped these natural advantages, and gave us the lead in the world's commerce.

But some of these advantages are transitory. The world in its more active centres has become industrialised, and is as quick as we to compete for the world's trade. In some respects we have depended too much on the rule of thumb and relied rather on practical experience than on theory and basing our industry on scientific methods. No doubt, before the war the Germans were pressing us hard, and possibly in some respects outstripping us in this respect, and now the United States are challenging our skill and commercial activity.

The great development of electricity as a source of power, and the substitution of water for coal as the generator of this power, brings into the field of trade those countries whose want of coal was a serious drawback. The substitution of oil fuel for coal takes from our merchant shipping an important element in its supremacy, and further improvements through internal combustion engines may also scrap a good deal of our plant. In short, no one can foresee what the applications of science to industry may be, and how far these applications may equalise our chances or even put us at a disadvantage. The Thomas Gilchrist process invented here, but soon the possession of the world, was the cause of the great revolution of the basic process which made German ore fully available for iron and steel, and led to the immense development of the German iron and steel industry. No tariff legislation will protect us from world improvements and world changes, and so long as we try to be the workshop of the world, which is the condition on which we maintain a population of over 40,000,000, we must rely solely on our ability to compete with others in the markets of the world. If our industrial population fell off by 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 we might be more self-contained and more independent of oversea markets. As it is, we have to import 85 per cent. of the total imports needed to feed the workmen and produce the articles which pay for these imports and maintain our people.

But to imagine, as Mr. Bruce does, that by restricting the number of those with whom we deal, which must be the effect of trying to divert our trade with the whole world, to a trade which,

as Mr. Bruce clearly shows by his speeches and articles, is mainly interested in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada, with a white population of about 17,000,000 people, is a hallucination which hardly needs to be refuted. As a matter of fact, British India, which has dissociated itself from Mr. Bruce's policy of Imperial Preference, did a trade with us in 1922 of about 141,000,000*l.*, as compared with Australia's 125,000,000*l.* There is no doubt that the activity of the population of our dominions, coupled with the vast undeveloped resources of their territories, makes them valuable auxiliaries in our world trade both as buyers and sellers, but that is no reason why we should seek to restrict our trade with the rest of the world in order possibly to do a larger business with them. We rejoice at their expansion, and welcome their products on equal terms in our open market. We give them many advantages. Our money market has been open to them, and the goodwill of our capitalists and our natural confidence in these vigorous offshoots has made it easy for them to come here and finance their undertakings. But why should Mr. Bruce and those other colonial Premiers who support his views imagine that we should be inclined to do for the Dominions what we decline to do for our own industries? Our policy has been for nearly eighty years that the British manufacturer must rely in competition with other countries on the excellence and cheapness of his own products, and we decline to levy a tax on our consumers and to increase the cost of the articles they buy in order to levy a contribution upon them to subsidise industries which could not compete with other countries in an open market.

Mr. Bruce in his speech to the Imperial Conference, reported in *The Times* of October 10, 1923, dwelt on the fact that in addition to a preference on British goods amounting, according to him, to 7,000,000*l.*, we had further protected our trade by anti-dumping legislation aimed at countries with depreciated currency. It would be well if Mr. Bruce would explain more fully the value of this legislation. According to the latest published returns of Australian imports for 1921-22, the total imports were 103,000,000*l.* Of these in order of importance were the imports from the United Kingdom, the United States, British India, Japan, Dutch East India and Canada. From these countries, none of them with a depreciated currency, there came nearly 84 per cent. of the total imports of all the countries sending not less, at the lowest, than 1 per cent. of the total imports. France alone, with a currency at that time of about half its sterling value, sent 2,700,000*l.*, or 2·6 per cent. of the total Australian imports, being seventh in order of importance, and after France came Switzerland, New Zealand, Sweden and Ceylon, all countries with stable

currencies. The remaining countries sent in all just over 10 per cent. of all the imports to Australia.

If we examine the principal exports from Great Britain to Australia and the principal imports, we find under the head of apparel, etc., Class IX. of the Australian returns of oversea trade, that the total imports were 32,511,000*l.*, headed 'Apparel Textiles and Manufactured Fibres.' Of these imports the United Kingdom took the vast preponderance with 21,790,000*l.*, or more than two-thirds; Japan came next with 3,770,000*l.*; then the United States of America with 1,518,000*l.*; France with 1,357,000*l.*; Switzerland, 1,280,000*l.*

There seems no opening here for a country with depreciated currency to capture the trade unless excluded by legislation.

The next class in importance among Australian imports is Class XIV., 'Machinery and other Manufactures of Metal,' amounting to 22,525,000*l.* Here are the imports from various countries in the order of their importance:

	£	Per cent.
United Kingdom	12,386,000	55
United States of America	7,238,000	32
Canada	1,445,000	6
France	335,000	1·5
Belgium	326,000	1·4
Sweden	156,000	·6

It is evident here that there is no serious competition from France and Belgium, the two countries with depreciated currencies, the three leading countries, United Kingdom, United States of America, and Canada, having 93 per cent. of the whole imports.

If we examine the imports to Australia for 1913, the year before the war, we find that they were nearly 80,000,000*l.* Of these 41,000,000*l.* was the product of the United Kingdom, or 51 per cent.; from the United States of America, nearly 11,000,000*l.*, or nearly 14 per cent.; India, over 3,000,000*l.*, or about 3·8 per cent.; Germany, 7,000,000*l.*, or over 8 per cent.; New Zealand and France, about 2,200,000*l.*, or about 2·7 per cent.; Japan, under 1,000,000*l.*, or less than 1·3 per cent.; Canada and Ceylon, about the same; Switzerland, about 1·4 per cent.

Thus we see that in the period during and since the war Germany has practically disappeared, and the other leading countries have not varied much in their percentages of trade, except that Japan, Canada, and the Dutch East Indies have made a substantial advance, and that New Zealand has fallen off. But France has not improved her position as an exporter with her

seriously depreciated currency. No doubt the substantial trade with Australia has fallen off, as prices are now quite 50 per cent. higher than in 1913, and, therefore, our trade of 1921-22 should be valued at 120,000,000*l.*, instead of 103,000,000*l.*, if it is to maintain the volume of 1913.

It would be interesting if Mr. Bruce would tell us what are the tempting offers of preferential trade which he says he is receiving, but which from his Imperial patriotism he rejects for the present. But he apparently warns us that unless we respond to his advances he is prepared to look elsewhere for commercial advantages.

At this moment negotiations are going on between Australia and Canada, but according to recent reports they are not very promising.

Mr. Bruce urges us to give a preference to Australian dried fruits in order to maintain a population of 750,000 on 2,000,000 acres in the Murray Valley. He calculates that their population, which we are to help to call into being, will be able to take 8,000,000*l.* a year of British goods. The people of Australia take at present about 20*l.* a head of imports, of which 10*l.* come from Great Britain. It is rather a sanguine estimate to assume that their new population will make a living such as to attract Australians or possible immigrants on holdings of less than 3 acres a head, or taking five to a family holding, of less than 15 acres.

Mr. Bruce elaborated this Murray Valley project more fully in his speech to the Imperial Conference.

He told us that in 1914 the Murray Valley produced 12,000 tons of dried fruit, of which Australia took 80 per cent., and 20 per cent. was exported, that is, 2,400 tons of dried fruit, but he contemplates with the development of the scheme it will be needful to export 80 per cent. of the products. As Australia will probably still take at least as much as before, that is, 9600 tons; he looks for an export of four times that amount, or nearly 40,000 tons. He also hopes for a large development of the canned fruit trade, of which he tells us it produces 300,000 cases and export 150,000 cases. But in 1926-27 he expects to export not half, but four-fifths, of the product; that is, if Australia can still take 150,000 cases, the whole production will have to be 750,000 cases, in order that the 150,000 cases still retained in Australia may leave four-fifths of the total product for exportation; as a matter of fact, we imported in 1923 about 110,000 tons of dried fruits, of which less than 9000 tons came from Australia. As to canned and other preserved fruit, our total imports in 1922 were less than 35,000 tons, of which about 1,000 tons came from Australia. Our chief sources of supply for dried fruit were—currants, 52,000 tons (48,000 tons from Greece, 4,000 tons from

Australia); raisins, 59,000 tons (principal supply, 18,000 tons from the United States of America, 4500 tons from Australia). Thus, before Mr. Bruce can give effect to his magnificent schemes in the Murray Valley, which, however, would have to be subjected to a rigorous examination, he would have to show (1) whether an increased price would not reduce, instead of increase, the consumption here, and a preferential duty must increase the price; (2) whether Mr. Bruce hopes to substitute Australia for the countries which now dominate the dried fruit trade; (3) what likelihood there is that the United Kingdom will take the 40,000 tons which Australia hopes to ship, instead of the 9000 tons which it ships to us at present.

Mr. Bruce clamours loudly for a preference for his dried fruit, but let him be reminded that the United Kingdom is already his principal market. In 1922 Australia exported less than 12,000 tons of dried fruit, and of this about four-fifths came to this country, and most of the remainder went to New Zealand.

The whole value of the exports of Australian dried fruits in 1922 was under 1,000,000*l*. If this product and export was increased fourfold, the gross value would be under 4,000,000*l*. Of course, the profit would be much less, but if we put it at 20 per cent., that would give an income from this developed cultivation of 800,000*l*., a little over 1*l*. a head for all the contemplated settlers.

We have heard of the satirist who represented the Mussulman trader as proclaiming, 'In the name of the Prophet, figs.' Mr. Bruce proclaims, 'In the name of the *Empire*, dried fruits.'

But the history of Australian development shows little tendency to the development of agriculture; on the contrary, the activity of the wage-earners and of the trade unions has led to the development of urban industry under the high protective tariff and to the concentration of the population in the large towns, so that in a country with vast undeveloped agricultural resources the tendency is to the continuous increase of the capitals. So far from encouraging agriculture, we have seen the State of Queensland break its contract with the lessees of sheep runs, and the Commonwealth Government is continually approaching to State handling of industries, how disastrously was shown lately in its Commonwealth shipping venture. Last autumn the fruit-growers protested that they did not want Protection, but to be liberated from hostile Protection by the taxing of sugar which they needed for preserving their fruit crops. The duty on sugar, imposed for the benefit of the Queensland sugar planters, is by the returns of 1922 6 per cent.

Mr. Bruce puts as the first of our needs the development of new markets, but with all his preferential tariffs, the benefit of

which he puts at 7,000,000*l*, its operation is strongly protective for the Australian producer. This would not be denied by Australian politicians. We should greatly prefer a moderate tariff not exceeding 10 per cent. all round, with no preference, to a tariff where our goods are charged duties amounting sometimes to 40 per cent. I find on p. 441 of the *Commonwealth Return of Overseas Trade for* 1921-22 that of *ad valorem* duties levied on 19,463,000*l*. under the preferential tariff, nearly 13,000,000*l*. paid duties of not less than 25 per cent., and only 3,500,000*l*. paid duties not exceeding 10 per cent. Such a tariff can hardly be described as one tending to develop new markets for Great Britain.

It is not to be wished that the oversea trade of Australia should tend to be concentrated on the United Kingdom. In fact, as the Dominions grow they will find an advantage in developing their direct trade with other countries, and this is already pre-eminently the case in Canada, where the direct trade with the United States is far larger than the direct trade with the United Kingdom.

In Australia this tendency is developing on the two most important of its exports, wheat and wheat flour and wool. These two items—wheat and wheat flour, over 34,000,000*l*.; wool, 47,000,000*l*.—account for 79,000,000*l*., or more than three-fourths of all Australian exports. Of wheat and wheat flour less than two-fifths came to Britain, more than three-fifths to other countries. Of wool less than half came to Britain, more than half went to other countries.

Mr. Bruce complains that Australia is in danger of losing its meat trade with Britain, and suggests 'stabilising the prices of meat and of wheat.' I am afraid this means securing a higher price to the producer at the expense of the consumer. Why Mr. Bruce should meddle with the wheat trade, which is widely distributed, I do not see; as to meat, of a total export of about 4,800,000*l*. 4,400,000*l*., or 90 per cent., came to Britain; surely there is no need to disturb a trade while we are practically the sole customers.

When Mr. Bruce seeks legislatively to interfere with the course of trade it may be pointed out that there is room for Australia to bestir itself. We may ask, Why did the relatively small colony of New Zealand send us in 1922 over 9,000,000*l*. worth of butter and Australia less than 7,000,000*l*.? Why did Australia send us 1,200,000*l*. of frozen mutton and New Zealand 4,500,000*l*.? Mr. Bruce said nothing in his speech or his article about fresh fruit. Australian apples are an import which has grown enormously in the last ten years, and certainly the Southern Hemisphere has the most liberal protection for fresh fruit by the

alternations of the seasons and its summer taking the place of our winter.

Mr. Bruce in his article puts No. 3 of his desiderata 'Britain's need of the Empire as a source of foodstuffs and raw materials.' Does he mean by this that we ought to tax foreign foodstuffs and raw materials so as to stimulate the Dominions? He says he will confine himself to wool and cotton. All that can be gathered from his article is that to have wool we must have sheep, to have sheep we must have cattle, to have Dominion cattle we must have satisfactory markets for beef. Mr. Bruce does not tell us why Australia fails to supply our market with beef, while Argentina and Uruguay send such large quantities. If Australia could send us good chilled beef as Argentina does in such increasing quantities, there is an open market here. Possibly the longer sea voyage is an obstacle. But, whatever the reason, Australia, with its vast area, much of it fertile and suitable, does not take a leading position in the supply of beef, this is a matter for Australians to tackle, and Mr. Bruce has no right to come here with enigmatic suggestions, which, if they mean anything, mean some form of preference for Australian meat. Whether his order of progress from imported meat to the supply of wool is correct or not must remain unproved. It is a little like the nursery rhyme of the pig that would not get over the stile.

As to cotton, Mr. Bruce contents himself with saying that there is a shortage of cotton in the United States of America, and that within the Empire there are millions of acres upon which cotton can be satisfactorily grown, particularly in Africa and Australia. All we can say is, 'Let them grow it, and we shall be glad to buy it.' There are also millions of acres in Brazil where cotton not only can be satisfactorily grown, but *is* satisfactorily grown, and Lancashire will welcome good cotton from whichever part of the world it comes. As many areas as widely distributed as possible are the desiderata for the consumers of cotton. We do not wish to be dependent mainly on the United States for cotton, nor mainly on Australia for wool; our interest is to have as many competing producers as possible for all our wants.

Mr. Bruce closes his article with words of warning which sound almost like a threat. His intimation that if we decline Imperial Preference the Dominions can turn to other countries which have already made overtures has already been noticed. Australia has no difficulty in selling its wheat and its wool, which are 80 per cent. of all its exports. Its meat and butter, which amount to nearly 13,000,000*l.*, are nearly all now sent here in an open market. Does Mr. Bruce think that on the remaining

small items he is likely to get a greatly increased demand from other countries, and what is the price he is prepared to pay? When he has presented his scheme to the Parliament of Australia and got its assent and the assent of the anonymous nations which are alleged to be anxious for a deal, it will be time for us to consider whether there is anything in his proposals which would be of any weight towards modifying our settled policy.

One word on a point that seems to impress Mr. Bruce greatly. He attaches more importance to fully manufactured goods as exports than to re-exports or exports of raw material, or articles on which not much manufacturing labour has been expended; as to re-exports, we should not have them to sell to Australia unless we had bought them with exports to the country from which they came. In 1922 we re-exported to Australia over 5,000,000*l.* worth of foreign merchandise. The largest item was various kinds of silks, aggregating nearly 2,500,000*l.*; the total re-exports of foreign silks were 4,400,000*l.* Thus Australia took more than half our total re-export of silk. The tables of British trade do not state from what countries these goods were re-exported, but anyhow they must represent British goods and British labour expended in procuring them.

Mr. Bruce's next proposition is that fully manufactured goods represent more British labour than raw materials. As an illustration Mr. Bruce takes our exports to Australia of cotton piece goods and woollen tissues. In 1922 we exported to Australia 11,700,000*l.* of cotton piece goods; we also exported 2,800,000*l.* of other cotton goods. But these cottons included in their price the raw material of foreign importation, and British labour is only concerned with the difference between the cost of the raw material and the cost of the finished article, and the shipping charges to Australia. We have no recent figures as to the relation of the initial cost of the raw cotton compared with the final cost of the finished article. The Census of Production for 1907 put the total cost of the cotton output at 174,000,000*l.*, and the cost of the materials at 128,000,000*l.*, which would give the proportion as 74 per cent. materials and 36 per cent. labour. Whatever may be the correct figure, it may be assumed that at least half of the 14,000,000*l.* of cotton goods exported from Britain to Australia has no relation to British labour or to British unemployment. On the other hand, if we take an article such as coal, which, though not important in the case of Australia, is very important in the general trade of Britain, we exported in 1923 very nearly 100,000,000*l.* worth, and this was almost entirely expended on British labour, either immediately in colliers' wages or indirectly in transport charges and in interest on the cost of equipping the coal mines, which again is very largely a matter of

wages, either direct or to the makers of machinery, etc. Mr. Bruce will easily understand in the case of wool, of which Britain imported in 1922, including mohair, over 60,000,000*l.* worth, that this sum, which enters into the cost of all woollen goods, is not employed in setting workmen here to work, but has been expended in promoting the industry of the wool-producing countries, and 27,000,000*l.* of this expenditure on raw wool went to Australia.

SHEFFIELD.

THE CONSERVATIVE FAITH

It was the Westminster Harlequinade—the bye-election necessitated by the death of a quiet, judicious old member who was liked and trusted by all sorts and conditions of electors in a constituency which is an epitome of England—that prompted the writing of this dissertation. I am a person of the very slightest political consequence; indeed, it is only at the time of a General Election that local politicians remember my existence and send me supplies of printed matter (you cannot call it literature) in order to enlighten and strengthen my dark and decrepit mind and, when the day of days arrives, despatch an effusively-decorated motor car round to my door to transport me to the nearest polling station. I am, to use Disraeli's phrase, a sort of a brute vote, and there are myriads like me up and down this busy old country. We are simple souls, dumb and rather hard of hearing: we are not moved by 'great speeches' (even Mr. Lloyd George could never break on us the *hwyl* of his eloquence), and when we have to decide as to the bestowal of our votes we have an awkward habit of looking into the characters of rival candidates, just as we do when it is a question of choosing business associates. We may seem like ruminating cattle to the politicians who are described as 'brilliant' by the organs of the great journalistic *impresarios*, but nobody has ever yet succeeded in buying us on the hoof or in stampeding us in any direction against our will. We do not, it is clear, belong to the class of our compatriots described by Defoe in his *Character of Englishmen*:

> A discontented nation, and by far
> Harder to rule in times of peace than war:
> Easily set together by the ears,
> And full of causeless jealousies and fears:
> Apt to revolt and willing to rebel,
> And never are contented when they're well.

We are so deeply in love with England as to be quite inarticulate in our loving; confident in the superior strength of our civilisation, we leave patriotic braggadocio to Scotchmen, Welshmen, Irishmen. We know by a long-descended instinct the clauses of the imme-

morial policy that conserves our country—*e.g.*, the *dictum* of the *Libel* of Henry VI.'s reign that we should:

> Cherish merchandise, keep the admiralty,
> That we be masters of the narrow sea,

and invariably insist, before it is too late, that our servitors from the Celtic fringes should carry them out. Collectively, we display a massive indolence; that is one reason why we make use for a time of un-English Prime Ministers—a Disraeli, a Lloyd George, a Ramsay MacDonald. There is another reason—our secret conviction that politics, as a profession, is less reputable than any kind of productive business. We give our Celtic servitors, out of our generosity, plenty of rope, but, when it is necessary, know how to make a noose in the rope's end. In a word, we are the essential Conservatives, and if we seem strangely quiet and immobile at times, remember that this is the *vis inertiæ* of a granitic block.

What did we think of the Westminster bye-election—the Westminster Harlequinade, in which there was such a noisy use of the slap-stick? In the quiet, businesslike way in which we arrange the ending of such affairs we saw to it that the right man should win, but by so small a majority that the party organisation which takes our name (sometimes in vain) should have a timely warning against the evils of indiscipline and shilly-shallying. It followed a General Election which was a premature attempt to realise an honest ideal and was a shocking example of 'muddling through' based on abundant misinformation. Sooner or later it is inevitable that our skilled, productive workers—the classes who are up against the full force of foreign competition all the time and enter into amicable arrangements with their employers and get smaller wages than the men engaged in the sheltered occupations, who can, and do, stop the working of the whole industrial mechanism—will have to be protected against the products of cheap foreign labour. Without such protection they cannot hope for decent wages, equal to those of a dustman or an omnibus conductor, or for the security of employment, which is the first essential of industrial *moral* and the comfort that is an intellectual thing. If their trade union leaders made it their business to study the general prosperity of an industry, instead of concentrating on the question of the division of dwindling profits, the matter would have been settled long ago. But, as the late Samuel Gompers, the American labour leader, once told me, the typical trade union official in this country has not the 'broad-gauge mind' required for taking the wide view of industrial problems which is possessed by his equivalent in the United States. Once the productive workers understand the real position, neither the

internationalist, who says that such a measure of self-defence would merely 'put a lot of poor Germans out of work,' nor the importer of foreign-made manufactures (especially 'made-in-Germany' stuff), who can boast, as the war profiteers did, that they are 'not making brass, but picking it oop' will be able to maintain the Free Trade illusion, with its absurd mirage of universal peace. Mr. Baldwin took the honest line when he insisted that the Conservative Party should appeal to this country on this vital issue. But his advisers made a criminal mistake in persuading him to consent to a lightning General Election which was as reprehensible in its way as any lightning strike. It seems to have been brought about in a hurry and a flurry because the party organisers in London—owing to its distorting atmosphere of political gossip, the worst place in England for gauging the general political situation—thought that the opposing parties would be caught in a state of disorganisation. They did not know that the Socialists are always ready for action—that, as one of their leaders told me, 'Our central offices are at every street corner.' Party 'tactics' of the kind have never been profitable in this country, for the English public—especially the essential Conservatives I have been describing—hate to be rushed in that way. And in this case all sorts and conditions of business men deeply resented the quite unnecessary interference with the huge Christmas trade, which becomes of more importance every year and is now estimated at close on 80,000,000*l.* in the aggregate. Worst of all, the party organisers had not prepared their case; so that many of the candidates, especially the antiquated worthies who expect to have their thinking done for them, were hopelessly at sea when heckled by the glib young Socialists who had had a training in soap-box oratory and Labour economics. Perhaps the failure, which might have been averted, or at any rate greatly minimised, if the campaign of enlightenment had been prolonged until January (always a dead month in business—so that a General Election is actually helpful to trade!), was really a camouflaged blessing. It brought the half-hearted brethren (such as those who still yearn for the leeks of Cambria under the Coalition, with its many luxurious gatherings, called conferences, in pleasant foreign cities) into the open, and we saw them all festooning their several fences. And it compelled the party machine to replace itself with a living organism, in which the young men, whom war has brought into touch with life's sterner realities, and who have acquired the regimental officer's affectionate knowledge of the worker as soldier, are at last to play their part.

A great trilogy of tragedies used to be followed by a play of satyrs, a sort of farce. So the General Election was followed by the Westminster Harlequinade. It added to the gaiety of the

nation, no doubt; it was a 'colossal wheeze' to the frequenters of little Soho restaurants and the outside hangers-on of the National Sporting Club. Mr. Winston Churchill combined the parts of Harlequin and Columbine—just as, according to his son, the late Theodore Roosevelt, who also had a hard-boiled ego, thought of himself as both bridegroom and bride at any wedding he chanced to attend. I have always rejoiced in the infinite variety of Mr. Winston Churchill, and it was in a mood of joyous admiration that I wrote the following panegyric, imagining him opening his bag, his budget of the modern Crichton's universal and crowd-compelling achievements, on the hustings:

Item : a Georgian song, a gem
Devised to please his dear E. M.,
Looking like sticks dropped on the floor,
Sounding like coals dumped in next door.
Item : a small sweet symphony
For trumpets, in the key of C,
Ending, to ease the egoist's bump,
With flourishes on the Last Trump.
Item : a sketch-book closely scribbled,
Wherein the Dadaists are out-fribbled,
Crammed with cartoons to make our Max
Hold up both hands and hollo 'Pax!'
Item : apocalyptic pages,
Which feature him to future ages
As England and America's son,
As Foch and Beattie rolled in one.
Item : a choice of sophistries,
Brave, brisk, bewildering battle-cries—
Ingenious inexactitudes
To please the mob in all its moods.
Item : a special personal plea
Proving he ratted royally,
Put party loyalties on the shelf
Yet still was loyal to himself.

And so on and so forth: it was impossible to avoid paying a personal tribute to one who was always in the picture, rushing round with a *cortège* of other than political artistes, including our terrible little friend, Jimmy Wilde, who was always a box-office as well as a boxing success. As for the picture papers, how they did gloat over the affair, to be sure! Yet, strange to say, there was for me more disgust than delight in a manifestation of electoral levity which seemedquite unsuited to the seriousness of the times, and to a constituency in which Westminster Abbey is situated. It was no consolation to me to remember the saying of the late Professor Thorold Rogers that there are fleas even in the Holy of Holies. It was displeasing to me to note that the part of Pantaloon, full of old-gentlemanly hesitations, was played in this Harlequinade by the party organisation. I did not complain to myself, though

regretting the fact, that the central powers received the penitent cordially and tried to persuade the local organisation (Mr. Churchill's assertion on this point has never been explicitly denied) to adopt him as candidate. A mistake, surely—for a sympathetic knowledge of industry and of industrial life is a necessary part of any Conservative leader's equipment at the present juncture, and a constructive policy is required. 'Anti-Socialist' speeches, however well they read, can only be destructive criticism—a mere tissue of negations; and, with all due respect to the son of the inventor of 'Tory Democracy' (a phrase people are trying to revive), he has not the knowledge and experience for anything more. And the English public dislike anything that is merely 'anti'—a proof of instinctive political sagacity of which I was made aware when, at the outset of the war, an article of mine led to the establishment of the Anti-German Union, which subsequently found for itself a more constructive name, though its Frankenstein was quite content with the old style. When the party organisers discovered that the local Conservative organisation in the Abbey Division proposed as their candidate a young man with a stake in the constituency, who had served in the war and had a sound record of municipal work, it was their obvious duty to give him their full support without a moment's delay. There was some hesitation about doing so, and the fate of the seat was imperilled. The Socialist candidate got about four times the number of votes cast for his predecessor in what was in the nature of an electioneering forlorn hope.

Just as an expert zoologist can deduce a dinosaur from a single fragment of bone, so the historian of the future could, if no other evidence were available, arrive at an accurate estimate of the general political situation in the early part of 1924 from the record of this Westminster bye-election. One significant fact that *definitely* emerges is this—even a so-called 'nonentity' (as Mr. Nicholson was unjustly styled by popular journals grateful for the excellent copy provided by the heroic carpet-bagger who opposed him) with some experience of municipal affairs and a family tradition of sympathy with the industrial classes will be preferred to the old-style party leaders, who would sooner face a public meeting than a problem of administrative business. The brilliant orators are at a big discount; public opinion places them in the category of the picturesque personages gently satirised by the Oxford humorist:

> . . . whose eloquence sonorous and splendid
> Was so often the cause of repealing the laws which those great rhetoricians defended.

Fortunately for the Conservative Party, they have found in Mr. Baldwin a leader with the right experience and temperament

for his task. He has his faults, no doubt; like so many modest and absolutely honest men, he is likely to be too easily influenced by men with some axe to grind, types that are to be found in every party organisation—they go not out by prayer or fasting!—whom he believes to be as honest as himself. Moreover, he is, like the essential Conservative, rather too amiable and easy-going; his main desire, as he has himself confessed, is to live in the country, to read the books he loves, and to go on with his experiments in stock-raising. But I shall be greatly surprised if this cultured Cincinnatus does not, as time goes on, prove himself rather a stern disciplinarian. Already in his speeches he has taken his own line, which is the right line, with a courageous defiance of the mere plutocrats, still convinced that 'a man can do what he likes with his own,' who have always been a source of weakness to the Conservative Party. He has deprecated the merely 'anti-Socialist' propaganda, which, for reasons already suggested, can never sway public opinion in this country. His intimate and sympathetic knowledge of industrial conditions, which caused him to be described by an artisan as 'a working-man's Prime Minister' and gets him salutations in the streets from friendly navvies, is an asset possessed to the same extent by nobody else in the present Conservative leadership. Like Joseph Chamberlain, who could never have brought himself to live anywhere out of sight of the great city, so wise in the world's service, which made him, which he helped to make, he has his home close to Stourport, which is the seat of Baldwin's, his great iron-making business. On the surface he is neither picturesque nor poetic, though there are often flashes of imagination in his plainest matter-of-fact speeches, and he has had the audacity to quote *The Blessed Damozel* in the House of Commons. For all that, there is poetry in the man, and, since I see no reason why Dryden's method of writing about politics and its protagonists should not be imitated in these latter days, the laughter-to-order of Scotch daily diary-writers does not prevent me from quoting a verse-tribute to the man in himself:

> Poets to-day do now their souls reveal
> In epic iron and in lyric steel,
> In every engine exquisite that sings
> The soul's new empire over soulless kings.
> This man subdued a strong, poetic mind
> Into the daily service of mankind,
> Where Stourport furnaces roar day and night,
> He found a blissful and serene delight.
> None better knew the dangers that environ
> The men who daily meddle with hot iron:
> Daily with them he felt the scorching breath
> Of the white flow, whereof each drop is death;

Theirs was a fellowship forged in the flames
That burn away the etiquette of names.
'Stan' he became to them, and they to him
Were grim, good-humoured mates—'Bob,' 'Dick' or 'Jim'—
Not to be won by any talker's art,
Not to be held save by the manly heart,
Which knows full well a heart-felt courtesy
Is still the braver part of charity.

And with this real knowledge of the men toiling on the industrial front Mr. Baldwin combines a vision of the Empire—everything that Rome could never be and everywhere where Rome is not:—

Yet fair, far visions doth his soul pursue,
Lovely and wise and worthy to be true,
And sudden thoughts aspire from his plain speech
Which to imagination's heart can reach—
So where a furnace towers in the dark
Oft the observer sees a fiery spark
Through the high heaven mounting fast and far,
Making the midnight brighter by a star.
He sees our Empire throned in all the seas,
From Indian isles to the last lands that freeze,
Awarding to the world a lasting peace,
To all its citizens a fair increase.
Then with a plain and poignant honesty
He frames for us a fire-side policy
In little words expressing things so great
That Death they can outlive and outfate Fate:
Faith, Hope, Love, Work—the English heart is stirred
To finer usages by each small word.
Faith in the people, Hope in days to come,
And Love and Work that build the English home.

It is good to have an Englishman and a man of iron in the place of the long succession of lawyers, men of words and often Celtic in their psychology, who have been so prominent in politics during the last two or three decades. And even the *Daily Herald*, which covers and keeps warm all the 'ics and 'isms of Labour thought, could not refrain from praising the most valuable characteristic of our leader when he succeeded the lovable Bonar Law as Prime Minister. 'As a business man,' said that oft-perplexed periodical, 'he has a strong sense of social responsibility. The idea of Disraeli, that the landed gentry of England owe it to themselves to improve the lot of their labourers, he tried to adapt to trade. When there was a lock-out he continued to pay the wages of his employees. His aim of introducing, by kindness and consideration, a new spirit of fellowship between employers and employed may be impracticable, but there is no doubt of his sincerity in pursuing it.' Landowners, almost without exception, have adopted Disraeli's principle, and the number of captains of industry

who are following Mr. Baldwin's example is much larger than it was in pre-war days. But there are still far too many employers who, because they cling to the *laisser-faire* ideas of the Manchester school, do not feel that they owe anything more than the weekly wages to their employees, and, what is even more perilous, the modern organisation of industry on the plan of the limited liability company tends to the oft-heard complaint of the aggrieved worker: 'I can't find a man to have it out with.' The old employers, who laid the foundations of all great industries, were always accessible to hear a grievance and render rough-and-ready justice; in the days of my boyhood in Lancashire such disputations were as often as not conducted in broad dialect. The lack of this personal contact between man and man (it is commoner in America to-day than in this country) is a constant cause of the friction which may lead to the form of civil war known as a strike. Wherever and whenever possible, it must be restored.

It is with the Conservative faith, not with the Conservative creed (*i.e.*, the 'platform' of proposed measures which must be formulated from time to time), that I am mainly dealing at present. Even the essential Conservative is too apt to forget that his political mission is to conserve the country, not any particular social order or system of governance. You could not conserve a plant, for example, by arresting its development at one particular stage. History shows us, and so does the study of the backward races which still survive on this planet, what becomes of a community which stereotypes its social order. The true vitality of the Western nations is essentially the outcome of being involved in the stream of tendencies called politics, which is always sweeping away dead matter, institutions that have survived their serviceableness. To be a Conservative, then, is to conserve all the principles of healthy growth, not the tangible results of wealth or the mechanisms of a system of governance. It is the people which it must be our chief aim to conserve, for without them the country itself would be a worthless wilderness.

In the past the professed Conservative has thought more about the conservation of property than about the conservation of life. The war, which was won by men, not by things, has taught us all to revise our scale of comparative values in this matter. Even if we reduce the problem to cash terms, the utter absurdity of allowing a specimen of *homo sapiens*, who can or could work, and is worth at least 2000*l.*, to run to waste is apparent at a glance. If valuable machinery were allowed to remain unused, neglected, and rusting into a pile of red dust, we should rightly regard the owner as a candidate for Colney Hatch. What, then, is to be thought of a great and wealthy nation which tolerates the existence of more than a million unemployed, a

percentage of them losing character and rusting into unemployables, in its midst?

It is a problem of which we are heartily ashamed, and all anxious to find a solution. It cannot, however, be solved in a day; it could not even if the country were as rich as it was in pre-war days. The Socialists have their remedy, which, they think, will not only cure the existing ill, but also for ever prevent its recurrence. For the sincere, convinced Socialist I have a good deal of respect, remembering the sagacious saying of King Oscar of Sweden that a young man who is not a Socialist before the age of twenty-five has no heart, and if he remains a Socialist after that age has no head. There is nothing wrong with the Socialists—except that they have not grown up intellectually. And their plan, which has the simplicity of a schoolboy's thesis, and is built up out of the science-confuted dogmas of Rousseau and Karl Marx, has always broken down and failed to have the desired effect when, as has often happened, it has been tried on a small scale. It is the first and last duty of those who wish to conserve the race to prevent the Socialists from ever having the chance of repeating these experiments on a colossal scale, and wrecking for ever (for once they had really got to work a return to the old economic order would be impossible) a social system which is the slow and steady growth of thousands of years. But their child's thesis appeals to the untrained mind of childish simplicity, and it is only by exhibiting a better alternative plan and explaining it to the people in all its bearings that we can hope to prevent the advent of a Socialist Government, with power as well as place, which would use direct as well as indirect action to accomplish its declared ends. The Communists, no doubt, would succeed in wrecking a Socialist Government. But that would be a still worse evil; for the Communists are zealots (having the temper of the Puritan sectaries who hoped to erect a theocracy to their minds and destroy not only the 'malignants,' but also all that differed from them on minute points of doctrine), and would not shrink from destroying the whole race if they could thereby realise their jungle-life ideal. From this nearer and further danger we cannot hope for a personal deliverer. A Mussolini has been possible in Italy, where the conception of the *imperium* entrusted to two persons, or to one in a crisis, is deeply rooted in national history. No such root-conception exists here.

The Conservative Party, now that the Liberals have committed political suicide by an uneasy alliance with the Socialists, not for a mess of pottage even, but to gratify party rancour, are the only safeguard for the future. They must build up their policy on the axiom that *the most important, the invaluable and indispensable, product of each and every industry is the man who works in it.* That

is to say, the conservation of the race, its brain-power and its hand-power, is the first thing to be considered; and next to that the natural well-tried organisation of *capital—direction—and labour* which, though it may have faults that can be amended, cannot be safely replaced by any machine invented by doctrinaires in a study.

E. B. OSBORN.

THE LAND: OUR NEED OF SMALL HOLDERS

THE only stable industry of a people is the husbandry of the land. In it a nation can absorb practically the whole of its population, and there are few necessities of life that cannot be supplied on 10 to 20 acres of good land.

A man, if he is properly instructed and owns a small holding, cannot starve in this country. He can sow his wheat and oats. The miller will grind them in return for a portion of the grain. The farmyard will supply a family with eggs, bacon, and milk, which are all products constituting the foundation of natural, wholesome food, and will always fetch a price in every market town.

So far our great political leaders, be they leaders of party or faction, are persistent in their profession of ardent desire for the alleviation of unemployment and the betterment of the condition of the people.

The Conservative Administration passes away after brief office, and after staking all on fiscal reform for the relief of unemployment.

The Liberal Party comes forward with no solution, and adopts a policy of antagonism to all proposals, while fervently proclaiming the needs of the destitute workers.

The Labour Party takes office, but up to now its solution of unemployment lies merely in unremunerative work, such as roads, lighting, and other county and municipal enterprises.

All this futility of effort points to a lack of perception, points to the narrowness of vision of our political leaders, whose drab outlook on all political questions is that of the average urbanised Englishman.

In any other country but ours the obvious solution to this problem would be the opening up of the land to the people.

How long would our Continental friends stand for a policy of kennelling people in large and industrially stagnant towns when there were lying at hand many thousands of acres of rich land partially cultivated and rapidly turning to grass? To-day we have a depopulated countryside and a congested town population. To-day we have the most coveted agricultural produce markets in the world, and at the same time we have the largest

slum centres in Europe, where the best blood of our race is steeped in misery and demoralisation. All this must be attributed to past Administrations. To-day the main body of the people know less than nothing of real security and freedom, know less than nothing of our primary and national occupation—husbandry.

On the continent of Europe land reform had come in before this industrial awakening. The French Revolution had swept away the domination of the nobles and opened the land to the people. Germany, Holland and Denmark, through wise counsels, had legislated for and encouraged a system of small holdings which gave security, stability and freedom to these countries such as we have never known. Under our existing system agriculture has deteriorated and productiveness has shrunk. The pleasures of game preservation and a general carelessness of farming interests have led to this mismanagement and have played havoc with an industry that should be the main stay of a country.

Have the farming classes degenerated? Have they become insular and mentally stagnant? Are they allowing this rich country of ours to revert to the conditions that prevailed in mediæval England? The whole tendency of agriculture at this moment is to revert to grass farming. The average farmer is content to eke out a living by slovenly and crude cultivation. He is content to produce small profits on large farms, to produce a small yield per acre with the least trouble to himself. What little constructive thought he puts into his work is to save himself trouble and responsibility. He has handed over to the foreigner markets worth 300,000,000*l*. In short, he is content to make two ends meet, and to allow rural England to sink back into pasture.

In last year's *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, Mr. C. S. Orwin, of the School of Rural Economy of Oxford, had a leading article on agriculture. In it he vigorously attacks intensive cultivation. He emphasises the law of diminishing returns. He writes as the experts and professors of the laboratory write. He gives careful lists of experiments, with tables of diminishing returns on artificial manures, and concludes by advocating the laying down of grass, the breaking up of small farms, and the adoption of a primitive ranching policy. And while he applauds the value of research work, he strongly recommends the English farmer to have nothing to do with it. He is the typical agricultural expert of to-day, who preaches primitive methods and professes scientific knowledge.

If these experts of ours took up the question of deeper tillage, the breaking up of hard pan and the efficient pulverisation and cleansing of the land, they would become useful servants to the industry. If they preached the reclamation of the low-lying rich

estuary lands and the draining of the marshes, England would owe them a debt of gratitude. At present they are teaching retrograde farming, and what science they have is of little value to the farmer.

Judging from the standpoint taken up by Mr. Orwin in his article, he sides with the present system, but he cannot leave the vexed question of small holdings alone. He admits that the small farm of 50 acres produces 4*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* per acre more than the 250-acre farm, but tries to minimise this important fact by stating that the production per man is less on the 50-acre farm than on the 250-acre farm. How he arrives at this figure he does not say. In the cold light of experience and common sense, this is contrary to all the laws of ownership as against the law of production by wage-earning.

A 50-acre farm is practically run by the owner himself, and the fact of ownership makes that man work longer hours and give greater attention to his work than any wage-earner could or would do, and in consequence his work value is proportionately greater. It is a known fact that, if a farmer's land is reduced in area, his energy increases in proportion to the reduction. He finds it necessary to develop new sources of revenue and open out other branches of the farming industry, such as pigs, store cattle, poultry and dairy produce. In fact, the smaller the farm, the greater become the sources of productive revenue.

It has been proved beyond question that all land has a divisional quality dependent on its fertility and friability, *e.g.*, that in the rich Fen district of Lincolnshire a family can prosper on 5 acres of land, while in average soil it would require 20 acres, and in the shallow chalk and sandy soils land is valueless to any small holder. Till now the land that has been available for settlement has generally been the worst in the district, and it is beyond dispute that the best land is held in large farms owned by large landlords. So long as this abnormality exists in our political and economic life, so long will our population stagnate in big towns, and social unrest remain amongst us.

Land reform is the foundation of all reforms and goes to the root of nearly every disorder. Let us picture a reformed country, our country, after having thrown its energies into land reorganisation, assailed by no prejudice and opposed by no selfish, antagonistic vested interests. Let us consider a Land Ministry run on lines similar to those of our self-governing Dominions. The first task of such a Ministry would be to classify the soils of the country into first, second, third and fourth classes, and to fix the maximum acreage to be held by a single individual at, say, 100 acres of first-class land, 200 acres of second-class land, and 300 acres of third-class land, while the fourth-class land would be unrestricted.

The Land Ministry would call upon the large landowners to choose the land they preferred to retain, while the remainder would be available for land settlement, and opened out for private purchase or settlement under the laws of the new Act. A universal sale value per acre would be fixed for each class of land, with a sliding scale value in addition, to depend on proximity to markets, railway and water facilities. All land on an estate available for ultimate land settlement would be acquired after due notice had been given, and time allowed for crops to be sown or harvested. All transfers would most probably be made in the autumn, when the land was lying in fallow. A land loan would be arranged, paying interest at 3 per cent. The Treasury would be given authority to treat the land acquired by the Land Ministry on a basis of gold security, and would accordingly issue paper currency to the amount covering this security. As soon as all this was done the Land Ministry could start land settlement, commencing with the first-class land and working through to the third-class land.

Four departments of administration would probably be found adequate :

(1) A selection department to get into touch with the people and to select applicants.

(2) A land acquisition department.

(3) A constructional department for building roads and homesteads and establishing water supply, etc.

(4) An administration department, consisting of instructors and rent collectors.

Now if such a task were to be laid on the shoulders of our present Ministry of Agriculture, and if we took as its basis of capacity its past achievements in land settlement, the result would be an absolute failure. For such an undertaking one wants a *personnel* chosen from the class which proved invaluable in the war, young men who brought their common sense, their practical, matter-of-fact business knowledge and patriotism, to bear on the military situation, and who turned our citizens by the million into highly trained soldiers in an incredibly short time.

Such a *personnel* would in a short time acquire and assimilate efficient land settlement. They would grasp the real meaning of the work upon which they were engaged, and would realise that they were building up hundreds of thousands of permanently secure family units, units that would revitalise the deteriorating manhood and womanhood of to-day. They would be building up a great and truly free community in the heart of England. The children born under these natural and healthy conditions would be the forerunners of a stronger, cleaner and happier race than those who now first see the light of day and pass their life in the dismal squalor of our big towns.

This *personnel* would, in a short time, absorb, as they absorbed war efficiency, every technical detail of land settlement both from the Continent and from our colonies. From this collected knowledge, and with the incentive of giving relief to countless desperate and despairing families, they would build up an agricultural system of instruction, supervision, produce-collecting, grading and selling that would be able to hold its own with any outside market.

So far as the financial side is concerned, such a scheme is absolutely sound. All holdings would be valued before the lease was drawn up, and a 3½ per cent. rental on capital, with supervision and dilapidation charges, fixed. All small holders would have power to purchase their holdings by instalment, on more or less the same basis as the Balfour Irish Land Bill.

In this way the country would be assured that this expenditure would not in any way affect the ordinary revenue and taxation, as it would be accumulating a ½ per cent. reserve fund.

The benefits derived from such a policy would be incalculable. In the first place, there is room, if the land is properly divided up, to absorb one million families, each probably consisting of man and wife and three children. This would give security, health, and happiness to five million people. Secondly, the cost of establishing each family would be, on an average, 1500*l*. The average settlement in wooden homesteads per year would be 50,000 families, which would mean an expenditure from the loan of 75,000,000*l*. This sum would at once bear 3½ per cent. interest, but, besides this, it would give employment up to one half of this sum in construction work, in the building of houses, etc., to the value of 37,500,000*l*. The remaining 37,500,000*l*. would fall into the hands of the landowners, who would most probably reinvest it in industry. Thirdly, the land would begin to yield a greater return through the care, energy and thoughtfulness of countless hands, and unemployment would vanish.

This rough and ready outline of a land settlement policy, carried out by an active Land Ministry, is by no means a Utopian ideal. Innumerable practical proofs could be brought to bear upon each point. There is not a small holding on good land to-day that is not well established, despite plundering local middlemen and profiteers. The rental charges are, on an average, well over 6 per cent., and a 3½ per cent. rental would be willingly and easily paid. The present small holders have had to acquire their knowledge of all round cultivation as best they could, and have had to fight their way hampered by an unsympathetic and sometimes hostile Ministry of Agriculture. With a sympathetic Land Ministry and a practical and helpful supervisionary staff, whose main duty was to encourage and raise the standard of

production, and see fair play in the marketing of produce, there would be no looking back.

It has been found that the town artisan is the best cultivator: he is more adaptable, readier to learn, and adopts efficient methods faster than the man who has spent all his life on the land, and has ingrained in him the narrow, wasteful habits of the big farmer. It can be proved that small holdings enormously increase the prosperity of the villages and country towns round them, and that where land settlements have been established trade has doubled.

If, instead of having 1½ million unemployed in the large towns, the country population was doubled by self-supporting families, the internal trade of the country would be given a great impetus, the stimulating effect of which would be life-giving to many of our industries. Lastly, as our internal agricultural production increased, we would gradually become more self-supporting in many of the necessaries of life, and would thereby keep some 100,000,000*l.* to 200,000,000*l.* circulating in our own country to give work and prosperity to countless workers.

Where is the party that will champion the regeneration of England? Where is the party that will take as its guide the simple and unerring laws of Nature, and frame a policy that has been proved sound by precedents without number: The placing of the people upon their own native soil for the purpose of producing food for their industrial brothers and sisters living in the towns?

E. HAMMOND FOOT.

AUBER'S RIDGE, MAY 1915

AFTER the success of the Neuve Chapelle offensive, which amounted in reality to little more than the capture of that place and a few prisoners, and the knowledge, acquired later through our Intelligence, that with a more enterprising plan, more shells and guns, and more men to push through, this quite local affair might have been turned into a considerable success, the General Staff seemed to develop a temporary attack of 'offensive' fever.

The height of this fever was the source of the very ambitious attempt on Auber's Ridge in May 1915, which culminated in such a dismal failure all along the line, and which, for the time being, damped the fighting men's ardour and decimated their regiments. Had all the assaulting troops been taken right away back for six to eight weeks, out of all danger, out of sight and sound and smell of trench warfare, had they been instructed never to think of a parapet or any sort of cover again, and then had they been given what the military books call a good 'jumping-off place,' they would everywhere have carried the enemy's first line trenches.

As far as my own regiment was concerned, we were given a very considerable rest in safe billets some way back; we practised wood warfare, getting out of trenches by means of ladders, dragging bridges with us, crossing dykes, and so on. This was all done by stop-watch under the eyes of the G.O.C., and it was done very well, officers and men showing intense enthusiasm.

At this time we had no idea, or at least a very vague one, as to where we were going to attack; but we knew we should have to clamber out of deep trenches, cross dykes full of water, perhaps carry our own bridges, and expected eventually to strike open country and advance through woods.

As the day for the attack grew closer we were taken a little nearer the front line at Richebourg. My company was employed for a considerable time in preparing ground for the attack. Every night we went through our own front line into No Man's Land, filled up holes, levelled old breastworks, put up little direction

posts in unseen places, so that by the time we had finished we knew this bit of ground by heart, and, most important of all, we knew exactly where a very formidable dyke, that ran parallel to our front line and some 60 yards from it, was going to be bridged.

One very strange incident occurred while we were preparing the ground. I was told by my commanding officer one night that there was an old 'keep' of breastworks and trenches in a certain spot that we must clear away. After we had done our work that night I thought I would go and have a look at it, and consider the best method of demolishing it. As I reached the 'keep' a bullet whistled past me, and, from experience, I knew it was very close. Thinking it was a 'stray,' I proceeded to make my investigations, when another bullet only just missed me. Now the old 'keep' lay in a hollow, and the German front line, some two or three hundred yards away, was not even visible. After a third bullet had, so to speak, grazed my cheek, I decided that there must be a sniper or a German patrol in the 'keep' itself, and that I had better get some men and search it thoroughly. I returned to my company, and collected a patrol of some six to eight men, three of them being first-class bombers. We examined the keep and every bit of the trench and found nothing; but in doing so I had two men badly hit.

The next night a whole platoon was put on to demolish the place, and they had one man killed and several wounded, and had to work in reliefs; it took them two nights to do the job. We never discovered where the bullets came from or how we were seen in the dark. One of my subalterns, who perhaps had been reading Le Queux, talked about the 'invisible ray,' and I believe he was somewhere near the mark.

Another night, while looking round to see if we had overlooked any breastwork or other obstacle, I jumped into a deep trench, and, to my horror, found about a dozen Germans kneeling on the fire-step, their heads resting on their butts, and an officer kneeling a little way from them with field-glasses in his hand.

They were facing our front line, and I had jumped in from behind. I whipped out my revolver, and was on the verge of crawling out again when something struck me: the men were leaning sideways, and their heads were not on their own butts. They were all stone-dead, and from a look at closer quarters I found they had all been struck down the right side of their heads by shrapnel. That night we buried them in the trench where I had found them.

The day of the attack was approaching. All senior officers and company commanders were summoned to Locon to a lecture by the G.O.C. At this lecture we were given detailed instructions,

maps and plans. The scheme did not lack ambition: my regiment was to leap over the first assaulting troops, cross another three lines of German trenches, capture a battery of artillery and a distillery, then, having gone about five miles, fire rockets and spread sheets on the ground to show our aeroplanes how far we had got.

We returned to our regiments full of the offensive spirit and only longing for the day. I had my company into a barn the next morning, one platoon at a time, and told them everything, laying special stress on the fact that our bombardment and subsequent barrage would be so intense that the Germans would be on the run, their *moral* broken, and their one idea to escape our bayonets. I promised them I would not ask them to do the impossible or throw them into a death-trap, and asked them merely to follow their officers.

They asked several questions, and were one and all as keen to get off the mark as their officers.

At last we were told the day (May 8) and all 'time' arrangements. The Munsters and the Welch were to be the primary assaulting troop. The bombardment would commence at 5 a.m. on May 8. At 5.40 these two battalions would assault and capture the first two German lines. Ourselves and the Gloucesters would then advance, pass through the assaulting troops, and carry out our own appointed tasks. We spent all May 7 writing letters home, sharpening bayonets, clearing up billets, taking in ammunition, bombs, rations, etc. On studying our large scale trench map I discovered, to my dismay, that we were not going to attack on the ground we had prepared, but over perfectly strange country, and I then and there told my subalterns it was a pity.

On the night of the 7th all our valises and blankets were packed and taken away, and about ten o'clock we set off in dead silence to our assembly trenches. After having gone some distance we had a long halt. Evidently there was some hitch in front. Word now came back that the attack was postponed, and we turned about and marched back to the billets we had just left. I never heard the official reason for the postponement. It is not always mentioned in histories of the war.

It always seemed to me unnecessary to treat regimental officers and men like half-witted children. It is much easier to make the best of a thing if one is given a good explanation. 'Theirs not to reason why' may have been sound in Balaclava days, when the men were not so well educated; the private of to-day is a thinking, sensible man, and there is no reason why he should be treated like an automaton.

It is difficult to exaggerate the 'damping' effect this return to billets had on us all. Apart from having no blankets or anything hot to drink or eat, we had to go through the suspense

again, and, of course, there is such a thing as reaction. Only a matter of absolutely vital importance should be allowed to postpone an attack. I went through the same sort of thing years afterwards, when I had to undergo a very severe operation for a wound. The operation was timed for 4 p.m.; I had been doped with morphia, and had got up quite a good supply of courage. I walked into the operating theatre with a nurse, saw the table, doctors, etc., and was told they had forgotten some certain sort of 'gut,' and I must go back and wait half an hour. I never had any more courage, but as the effects of the morphia began to wear off began not to care if I ever came round again or not.

So we spent a miserable night and another whole day in suspense. On the night of the 8th-9th we went off again, but there was nothing like the same spirit amongst the men. There was no necessity to tell them to stop talking or singing or laughing: men going to their execution could not have gone more soberly.

Most of the night of the 8th we spent in wet, narrow assembly trenches. A few big guns behind us sent over an occasional 'Lizzie'; the front lines were unusually quiet. My three subalterns came and sat with me, and we kept as cheery as we could, digging hard now and then aimlessly, to keep ourselves warm. I suppose that we all felt that it must be our last night together. We could not all get through scatheless. I remember telling one of them, who was a little down on his luck, that anyway, if we were killed, 'there's a damned fine crowd of fellows somewhere.' That thought always helped me. I always thought I should, if I got my ticket, meet all those fine men who were killed on the retreat at the Aisne, Ypres, and other places.

As soon as day broke a lot more big guns woke up, and big shells went screaming over our heads towards the German lines. We issued a tot of rum all round, not to produce Dutch or German courage, but to restore circulation and 'liven us up generally.

At 5 a.m. a terrific bombardment from our guns burst out—terrific, that is, for the early 1915 days. We could not see the effect of this tornado of shells from our assembly trenches, but we imagined that the Germans were being blown out of theirs, and their breastworks knocked to pieces. After what seemed a very long time, rumour came back that the Welch and the Munsters had gone over the top and were in the German lines, and we were getting ready to move up. Just before leaving our trenches an order came for us to stand fast.

I walked up to the road and heard most disquieting news. The assaulting troops had failed to carry even the first German

line, and both battalions had been cut to pieces; our guns were firing short and dropping their shells into our wounded men; the Germans had rushed up masses of machine guns; the bombardment had been a complete failure, etc.

Most of this turned out to be only too true. Climbing up inside a dilapidated house, I saw that our heavy shells were falling short of the German breastworks, and that the latter were absolutely intact. Time fuse shrapnel did not knock down sandbag breastworks 4 to 6 feet thick The Germans, good Prussian troops, behind this solid cover, were not prevented by our shrapnel fire from laying their machine guns through well-made loopholes on our few dyke bridges There were not enough bridges They were not painted black

The assault had been a failure, but not through want of gallantry in our infantry The Munsters had the best piece of ground to attack over, and parties of them actually got to the enemy's breastworks, where they were massacred. Every officer was killed or wounded, and this most gallant battalion was brought out of action by its quartermaster

If the enemy did *not* bolt, if their breastworks were *not* knocked to pieces, how could a man in full kit, and loaded up with iron rations and ammunition, be expected to scale the breastworks under showers of bombs? The first attack had failed, no other could have half as much chance of success Good troops do not fail without a good reason

I am convinced that, had some responsible person come up, not one more life would have been thrown away in such a hopeless endeavour Several bridges had been broken down; the enemy's breastworks were intact, their *moral* unshaken, they were having time to bring up more machine guns and more ammunition, to repair damages and evacuate their dead and wounded, f they had any

There was complete muddle A battalion of the Guards came through us and went up to the already congested front line trenches, only to return again a short time afterwards We were then ordered to move up The communication trenches were crammed full of troops coming back from the front line Several of our best officers were killed because they scramb'ed out of the trenches to try to ease the congestion, their lives were simply thrown away

At last we occupied the front line with the Gloucesters Company commanders were summoned to the C O, who told us that we and the Gloucesters were to attack at 4 p m, after a half-hour's bombardment Two companies were to assault and two to follow in immediate support, our object the enemy's front line only.

I got my platoon commanders, with their platoon sergeants, together as best I could in a narrow front line trench, and explained what we were to do. Our objective being now merely the German front line, instructions were simple and short.

The battalion was to carry the German trenches on a certain frontage: A and B Companies were to assault, supported by C and D Companies, my B Company on the left, in touch with the Black Watch; A on the right, in touch with the Gloucesters. Both these other battalions would assault at the same time. The guns would bombard for half an hour—3.30 p.m. to 4 p.m. At three minutes to 4 p.m. my Nos. 5 and 6 platoons would scramble over the top, followed immediately by Nos. 7 and 8, and, under cover of the barrage, get as near to the dyke as possible, or even cross it.

All being clear, we looked over the top or through loopholes to see what the ground was like in front of us. Three things were quite obvious: firstly, our morning bombardment had done no apparent damage whatever to the enemy's breastworks; secondly, there were not nearly enough bridges, only one opposite my company's front, and even that appeared to be damaged; thirdly, from the number of dead bodies visible, our assaulting troops in the morning had suffered severely. Most of the dead were clustered round the plank bridge, and another cluster of bodies showed where another bridge had collapsed. No wonder the first assault had failed, the bombardment ineffective; an 'unjumpable' dyke, running parallel some 60 yards from our front line, spanned by one narrow deal plank bridge (there had been one other); and the Germans about 250 yards away, behind solid sandbag breastworks, in which steel loopholes were dispersed at frequent intervals! Our prospects of success seemed hopeless, but, luckily, there was so much to do that there was no time for thinking. I had only three subalterns—one having gone sick with jaundice a few days previously, thus saving his life—so that one platoon had to go over led by its sergeant. We settled down to do all that was possible to shake the *moral* of the Germans in front before we attacked them. During this long wait they were given ample opportunity of repairing weak spots in their breastworks, bringing up more men, ammunition, machine guns, evacuating wounded, and so on. They knew now that behind their sandbag breastworks they were safe from our shrapnel bombardment; could even fire their machine guns through steel loopholes with impunity; and, although their wire was badly cut, realised the value of 'an obstruction under close rifle fire of the defenders.' They knew where the dyke was bridged, and that our heavily equipped men could not cross except by the bridges, and that, having crossed, they could not use their dreaded bayonets

until they had scaled the breastworks. No wonder they waved their caps and shouted, 'Come on, you English swine'! I knew perfectly well that my own colonel considered our chances hopeless, and I understood from him that our brigadier was against this second assault; but we were ordered to attack, and there was nothing more to be said.

Our position while waiting was not very pleasant. The Germans, probably foreseeing a second attack, kept putting shells on to our trench. I twice had my hat blown off by shells bursting on the parapet, but I do not remember any of their shells actually bursting in the trench. One of our greatest difficulties was going to be getting over our own breastwork. In this part of France digging was not possible for more than 2 or 3 feet. When this depth was reached the water oozed up, so that our front line, like the German one opposite, consisted of a shallow trench and sandbag breastworks 4 to 5 feet high.

In my company frontage I could only find two pairs of wooden steps. With care two men might be able to ascend these steps at a time; but they should have been wide enough for ten men to rush up abreast. I walked up and down my men; they all seemed very calm, and were standing about in little groups round their officers. Probably, like myself, they had committed themselves to the very worst. We had had two days and three nights of excited suspense; the second night we had no sleep at all; we had stood to arms long before daylight, and remained standing in our hastily dug assembly trenches, waiting for the word that the assaulting troops had got the German front line, and that the latter were in flight. This word we had never got; instead we had seen failure, muddle and chaos. We had met the surviving assaulters, and had been told, 'Impossible!' 'Bombardment a complete failure,' 'Our guns firing short,' 'Only one officer left,' and so on, and now we were waiting to be thrown into the furnace, and we fully realised that a good many must be nearing the end of their lives.

Our watches showed 3.30. At once the guns began, and the scream of shells drowned everything. Our machine gun officer mounted his guns on the parapet, and raked the German breastwork. No German was to be seen, but they were firing back. How eagerly we watched for effects from our bombardment. We watched in vain; our heavy shells were going right over; not a sandbag in their breastwork gave way. I asked my colonel if we were to assault in the event of the bombardment being a complete failure, and, as expected, was told, 'Yes.'

At 3.45, in the middle of our intense shrapnel bombardment, a tragedy occurred on the left of my company. Some Gurkhas were somehow mixed up with the Black Watch, and for

unknown reason they suddenly rushed forth to attack the Germans. The Scotsmen, either because they thought the time had come or because they saw black troops in front of them, also rushed out with a yell. The whole lot were mown down by our shrapnel, and that attack was finished. A few Gurkhas came back, and, with a smile on their faces, sat down on the outside of their parapet. There was no time to go and see what was happening in the Black Watch trenches, as my leading platoons were already stealing out over the top and running towards the dyke. I ran along and collected all my company bombers, and took them to the extreme left, thinking that, as the assault from the left had shot its bolt prematurely, we might find ourselves in the German trench with our left flank in the air, and would have to bomb down leftwards to join up with somebody.

At 4 p.m. our bombardment ceased, and all at once hell was let loose. Two platoons had got out and run up to the dyke; one pair of steps had collapsed; at the other a platoon was trying to get out. Men were pushing each other up. A few got over and rushed forward, but far more were shot as they reached the top, and fell back dead or yelling with pain into the trench. The bottom of the steps was choked with dead and wounded men; some were trying to scramble up the breastworks; and all the time our two other companies were pouring into the line, so that platoons and companies were hopelessly muddled up. In this crowd, getting out of the trench became an impossibility, and all further effort ceased. I remember suggesting to the commander of D Company that we had better all heave each other out and try an attack in mass, but he would not hear of it, and doubtless he was perfectly right, because we should never have crossed the dyke. It is difficult to say exactly what happened now. We were told that the guns would open a ten minutes' bombardment to help our men lying by the dyke to get back and to bring our wounded in. This was done successfully, and the remnant of my three platoons came in. Not one of my three subalterns came back, and I could get no definite news of their fate. One man told me they were all killed, another that they were too badly wounded to move. I could only hope that they were wounded, and we could get them back after dark. The company on my right hardly got a man out. One platoon officer received fifteen bullets across his chest at the top of the steps. It appears they had one pair of steps and a gap in the breastwork, and each point was marked by a German machine gun. It was quite impossible to evacuate our wounded with all the communicating trenches choked with troops coming up and going back; and as dusk descended our front was a pathetic sight. One or two ghastly-looking men, with death already on their faces, walked up the

trench without equipment or rifles, murmured: 'Stomach!' lay down in a dug-out and waited in great agony. Poor devils, we could do nothing for them; their only chance was to lie still, but they were dead before we were relieved at 9 p.m. The Germans were very quiet, and there was no firing on either side. When it was dark their display of Verey lights showed how 'jumpy' they were, and that they were still in awe of a further attack from us.

I decided now that I must find out what had happened to my subalterns, so I crept over the top and went to the dyke. I took a man with me, who said he knew where they were, but in the darkness we eventually lost each other. I got to the bridge over the dyke, and the sight was appalling. Just on the further side lay one of my subalterns, quite dead and riddled. My 'Orilux' torch showed a bad hole in his groin, and other wounds in his head and neck. He was lying in wet mud, and two dead men lay partially across him. Another lay just this side of the dyke with his head under water. This subaltern was hit in the stomach and held up till dark by his servant until he died. My third boy had been the first to get over the top, and with his platoon sergeant and one private had got quite a long way: they met their deaths only some 60 yards from the German trench. I could hear the Germans talking, and it was only by shamming dead every time a light went up that I could get near these three: Jackson, Sergeant Gunter, Private Davies ('Sloppy Davies'), three of the bravest and best; such men are hard to replace. I wished I could have got their bodies back, and all the others too, who were just as brave, but it was impossible. It took me nearly an hour to crawl back to the dyke. While standing there I heard a slight groan, and asked if anyone were alive. Another groan answered me just down by the water. There I found Jackson's servant, and knelt down and spoke to him. He whispered that he was hit in the back, paralysed, and asked to be left to die. I tried to lift him up, but the poor fellow yelled so that a blaze of Verey lights went up, and a machine gun began to splutter; so I told him I would come back to him, and went into the trench to collect some men. I called for four volunteers, and though the men were willing to come, they did not believe anyone was alive. It was difficult work bringing poor Roche in, because he was in such agony, but I told my men that, whatever he said or however much he yelled, they were to pick him up bodily and carry him in; I myself went a little way ahead with a rifle to keep off any wandering Germans, who might be out looting our corpses. In spite of a great deal of noise and countless Verey lights, they got him in, and he eventually made, I believe, a complete recovery. When we got Roche back we found our company gone, and a battalion of the Rifle Brigade in charge. I was told by an officer

that they had relieved us, but had no idea where my company had gone. This new battalion was under orders to make a night assault. I told them plainly what I thought of their chances. One of their senior officers had much to say on the matter. Two bombardments, two daylight assaults, both failures, and then a battalion brought up in the dark and ordered to assault over absolutely unknown ground in inky darkness, cross a 6-foot dyke, trip over numerous corpses, and attack a 4-foot breastwork. I believe their colonel absolutely refused to attack; at any rate, the order was cancelled.

I had now to try to find my company. The only information I could get was from my groom, who had brought my horse up. He thought they had gone back to their old billets at Hingette. For the first time I began to think of what had happened. Three platoons practically wiped out, and my three subalterns lying out there dead and gone. I most sincerely wished I had gone too, and cried myself all the way to Hingette. About four months we had been fighting and billeting together, and four months of that life was a long time—four months of taking over trenches, repairing trenches, digging new trenches, going back to billets, returning to a new part of the line, being shelled together, sleeping together, patrolling over the top at night together, sharing all the dangers and discomforts, trenches half full of water, trenches full of mud, rain, snow, frost. A four months' fighting friendship is worth as much as a forty years' one in peace-time. At Hingette I found my company, tired and miserable. I went at once to my colonel, and said I must have someone to keep me company. I could not alone face the same big farm room, with its same four beds and just my thoughts. I was given one new subaltern, and though he helped with the men when I was dogged tired, he was not much consolation. To make things worse, the old lady of the farm came in and asked me: 'Where is Lieutenant J.?' 'Lieutenant L.?' 'Lieutenant W.?' To each I answered: '*Tué*.' She cried bitterly. We had been with her for three or four weeks.

So ended our part of the Auber's Ridge attack. Not only on our front, but all along the line, the attack failed. A few scattered parties were reported to have got into the enemy's line in one or two places, there to be captured or killed.

H. M. B. SALMON.

RICHARD JEFFERIES

II.—His Philosophy of Life

The first part of this essay[1] was an attempt to consider the material in which Richard Jefferies worked. As a musician uses sounds, as a sculptor uses stone, so Jefferies handled, as the material for his creations, that very complex mass of sense stimulants which we call 'the country.' It is, indeed, a varied collection of all the sense impressions that can penetrate to the mind of man, a subtly woven texture of sights, and sounds, and scents of very varied sorts. Never did artist handle so many materials in the same workshop. Although he did not claim to have made a new sphere of art, yet Jefferies might well be placed with Wagner, who declared that he had so linked together the separate crafts of music, literature, and scene-painting, that he had created a new art, which was distinguishable from any of its component parts, and must be judged as a new whole.

In like manner, Jefferies gathered together the very varied sense impressions of country life into a whole which cannot be clearly classed as Nature study, as science, or as rural poetry; it is not merely a history of human rural life, or an analysis of the songs of birds or of the colours of flowers. As the open downs of his native place covered a larger area of earth than the cramped, window-lit studios of the painters who worked in towns, so Jefferies's art covered a wider range than the great mass of the literature of his day.

So much for Jefferies's material. But the material is only the foundation of the artist's work. The important part is the superstructure which he builds thereon. In other words, the problem is to understand what Jefferies made out of this complex mass of country life, human and unhuman, living and lifeless. The country sights, and sounds, and scents were his data, as it were. What theories did he deduce from them? What did they all amount to when they had passed through the workshop of his mind?

The most important thing about Richard Jefferies is that he

[1] *Nineteenth Century and After*, March 1924.

composed a great philosophy of life. Of course the 'art for art's sake' school will protest, with the affectation and fine posing that is usual in that 'precious' set, that Jefferies was first and foremost a great artist. Indeed he was. And what, after all, does that mean? The greatest artist is one who succeeds in expressing himself in the clearest manner; the man who does not waste our attention on a single unnecessary note, or word, or line of form; who selects only the necessary words, or sounds, or colours to describe his meaning, so that the attention is concentrated on the essentials alone. But, when all that is said, it is the meaning that is supremely important. It may be no other meaning except that colour and melody of form are the most important things in the world. It may possibly be that the greatest artist may teach that there is no greater logic and reason in life than the thoughtless chatter of a milkmaid or the song of a lark. But, true or untrue, there is always a meaning under the surface of the great artist's art. It will always express the desire that the artist had in his mind when he worked. It will express the object for the sake of which he wrote or drew. It may be the supremely important fact called beauty; it may be only that less important fancy termed a rational argument.

Great art is something that is perfectly expressed; that is, something which is stated with such perfect clearness that the meaning is grasped with the vividness and instantaneousness of a lightning stroke. The most important thing to discover is what Jefferies meant to state. What was his philosophy of life?

It is a strange paradox, but this man who would seem, at the first glance, to have been wrapped up in the idea that 'Nature' is more important and more beautiful than anything else, at heart was, on the contrary, entirely wrapped up in the supreme importance of man. Nature had little meaning in his eyes except because of its influence on the mind of the man who regarded it.

When closely analysed, there is something heartless about Jefferies's opinion of Nature. It was almost ungrateful to think so poorly of the giver of all those numberless gifts which certainly made him the man he was. He clearly did not believe that the beauties of woods, and fields, and air, had much, if any, existence outside the mind of man, which he thought supreme. He tells us that he used natural objects in order 'to have from all green things, and from the sunlight, the inner meaning which is not known to them.' Jefferies has no sense whatever of a Divine power outside the human scope; but he is enlarged to a colossal pride when he tries to express the possibilities of the development of man. 'There is an immense ocean over which the mind can sail upon which the vessel of thought has not yet launched,' he

writes in *The Story of My Heart.* Then follow these words of magnificent conceit: 'I hope to launch it.'

This best known of all his writings, *The Story of My Heart*, written down on paper for the first time about four years before he died, although he had been turning it over and over in his mind since he was seventeen, is his nearest approach to a direct statement of his conception of life. With singular and almost dangerous absence of reserve, he lays bare his heart. He knows perfectly well he is taking artistic risks; and the book must be treated with the respect due to the secrets of the confessional box. It is one of the great confessions in the history of man. It is man on his knees before the impenetrable mystery of life. Hemmed in on all sides and driven back on every front, this baffled creature bows down to write a solemn last testament of all he had struggled to say, and had even failed to understand.

There is something so entirely characteristic of Jefferies in the form of this solemn act. He was a man who despised the priest above all. So, for his absolution, this pagan goes to the top of his beloved downs, and on the crest of the hill he flings himself on the grass and, in a delirium of self-abandonment, reveals his heart to the wind, to the sun, and the far-away sea. It is equally characteristic that this confession—it is not, strictly speaking, a confession at all, for it is rather a cry of haughty confidence—is of something that is beyond his hope of reaching. But perhaps confidence in what is beyond hope is not precisely confidence at all.

So this confident confession may even be in substance a haughty cry of despair. But then most of the important things of life are quite uncertain.

Richard Jefferies climbed to the top of the hill, amongst other reasons because he desired to get away from all previous human experiences and laws. He professes to reject all traditions and start afresh. He would have us believe that he was the first and only pagan one. 'All the experience of the greatest city in the world could not withhold me. I rejected it wholly.' For, in theory, to obey traditions is to fall away from the strict rules of paganism. Of course this declaration that he is defying and ignoring all traditions is half-conscious bluff on Jefferies's part. This beautiful song of paganism which he had written for us (in all his works) was only possible because he had absorbed, perhaps without knowing it, the essence of the culture of thousands of years of man's life. Jefferies may say (or even think) that he is defying all the conventionalities of civilisation. On the contrary, he is one of civilisation's most delicate products.

He defied such merely temporary trivialities as the merchants' and manufacturers' *un*civilisation of the last few generations in

Western Europe and America. But there was no man who ever lived who so whole-heartedly embraced the greatest traditions of the world as did Richard Jefferies. For he accepted the life of man in the fields, the country, with all it contained; and man at the work of producing his crops and herding his flocks in the open air is the oldest tradition of the race. It is a tradition which even goes back to the life of the animals which live by hunting their prey.

When Jefferies worshipped the sun and the elements, that was no rejection of tradition. It is the oldest religion of man. 'The sun was stronger than science, the hills more than philosophy,' he tells us. The creed was not new; it was primeval, and preserves the very essence of man's first thoughts. 'Give me fulness of life, like to the sea and the sun; give me fulness of physical life.' Again, he says: 'I burn like a torch.' It is the joy of animal living, which is the main spur of man.

Jefferies persistently refused to concern himself with the affairs of the mediæval period, and leapt over it back to the days of Greece and Rome. Herein he is strictly pagan in the narrower sense. Undoubtedly his mind was more in harmony with the hot-blooded Greeks and with the self-reliant Romans than with the intervening saint-worshipping and baron-respecting men of the Middle Ages. Jefferies, as already said, had no conception of a Deity in any anthropomorphic form. To him 'what we understand by the Deity is the purest form of Idea, of Mind'; it is this 'Fourth Idea,' that 'Soul-life,' which is the goal of his most persistent efforts, so he tells us again and again.

So he tells us, and most sincerely does he tell us so, yet with equal sincerity and openness he tears his declaration to pieces before our eyes. From the wildest optimism he slips back, as a man falls from the top of a cliff, into the purest pessimism:

> Everything happens by chance. No prudence in conduct, no wisdom or foresight, can effect anything. . . . As Xenophon observed in old times, wisdom is like casting dice and determining your course by the number that appears. Virtue, humanity, the best and most beautiful conduct, is wholly in vain. The history of thousands of years demonstrates it.

Now it is obviously an unwise thing to waste one's years seeking for a great Fourth Idea, or a Soul-life, which depends on nothing but the throwing of dice. 'I conclude that there is an existence, a something higher than soul, . . . more perfect than Deity.' So he writes in his great confessional book. But when he is drawing the wisdom of common man, and not the inspiration of philosophers, he preaches another creed which scarcely fits into this religion of the soul.

In *The Story of My Heart* his prayer is 'That my soul might

be more than the cosmos of life.' But turn to that most convincing figure of the miller of Glads Mill (in his novel *The Dewy Morn*), who

> was a happy man, for he possessed an inexhaustible fund of stolidity. No nervousness and haste, no rushing to and fro, no worry and wear and waste, nor any aspiration deep and high after the beautiful or the true. No longing for any man's applause, no sigh for the light in any woman's eye. He was complete in himself, like a tree. If any man could select his fate, what better could he choose than this? To be in strong good health; to have plenty of simple food and a never failing appetite; to sleep like the wall of the mill; . . . above all, to be content. Beauty, what is beauty, forsooth? . . . Fortune, what is fortune? Nothing is ever a pleasure or a real profit to him who has to labour for it. Truth, . . . you die in the pursuit, and the sea beats the beach as it did a thousand years ago. The stolid alone are happy. Yet there drops from the azure heavens a beam of light, and whomsoever that ray touches must follow it to the end, though cheeks grow pale, though shoulders stoop, though ache and pain increase. The path of the gods pursues beauty, but the stolid alone are happy.

This long passage has been quoted, for it is Jefferies explaining himself, perhaps even more self-revealingly than in his formal confession. It shows, for one thing, how closely the rural philosophy had gripped his mind. This miller defied all the heart cravings of Jefferies' striving hours, yet he writes for his epitaph, 'The stolid alone are happy.'

Incidentally, one may find some of Jefferies' finest work in this novel, *The Dewy Morn*, though, as a whole, it is a failure as a novel. Jefferies was one of the great artists of the world when he measured himself by the length of an essay; at the wide stretch of a full novel he usually failed to reach perfection. This should be no more surprising than it would be to find that an exquisite worker in jewels was unable to design a cathedral. The hero and heroine of *The Dewy Morn* are lifeless figures; but, on the other hand, the miniatures of the miller, of Cornleigh Cornleigh, the squire, of Godwin, his agent, of old Abner, are nearly masterpieces. Cornleigh is almost more than that. The drawing of his motionless face and passionless character is worthy of Meredith:

> Whether Cornleigh Cornleigh saw Felice or not it was impossible to determine. The man was inscrutable. People for years past had asked themselves similar questions about Cornleigh; if he saw or did not see? . . . He seemed to be listening intently, to be pondering profoundly, but nothing ever came of it. . . . He pottered about in a way not easily described, because to describe you must mention something, and Cornleigh did nothing to mention.

There is another object in bringing this example of Jefferies's novels into a discussion of his philosophy, for, after an extraordinary display of observation of human character (putting

on one side, strangely enough, the two chief characters in the plot), the closing scene finds the heroine sitting by her window at early dawn alone, and the conversation takes the form of the flickering of the first beams of light and the first whisperings of the awakening birds. For that was the conversation that the pagan Jefferies knew best. His whole conception of life was country-bred.

But it is in *Wood Magic*, perhaps his masterpiece, that this foundation of Jefferies's philosophy is most evident. On the surface it is a book for children. But if children understand it all, then there are many things known to them that have been hidden from most of the wise. On the whole, one should turn to this book rather than to any other—except, perhaps, *The Pageant of Summer* and a few other of the Nature studies—for the deepest elements of Jefferies's thought, and for much of his most delicious art.

Wood Magic is a book of the adventures of a small boy who lived in a farm-house, and his fellows in arms are the birds, and beasts, and flowers, and trees, and all else that moves in rural places, even the brook and the wind. It is an extraordinarily successful work, so naturally written that the powers of speech and of thought are carried into the lower world without an effort, and we listen without any consciousness of surprise and with a conviction of complete reality.

In this medium of a world unfettered by our human conventions, Jefferies lets his imagination and wit wander with continual charm and with most illuminating wisdom. It is the ideal medium for such an artist, for such a philosopher. It is, in one way, a very brilliant satire on the men and women in the world above. The animals, and birds, and flowers play, as it were, a shadow show of our human follies and tragedies, our wars and our loves. There is that touch of dainty malicious humour which is present in all the great burlesques ; and, like them, it has that touch of originality which is not in the copied forms. The animals and birds of this romance are a delicate blend of the man and the beast which makes them something new in creation. In this world of his own creation Jefferies plays with a freedom which is surely the right of its creator. For they are the puppets of his own fancy ; it is a world of his own imagining. There are not many men of letters who have successfully created a new world.

In this new world, as the grasshopper says to Bevis, 'there is always a great deal of talking going on, for the trees have nothing else to do but to gossip with each other.' Bevis cannot understand—being merely a thoughtlessly ignorant human creature—why the grasshopper should hop along in such a crooked path, and he is told that it is in order that he may see everything and

search out all the beauty near his path. As the grasshopper puts his case for crookedness:

'Tell me, now, is there anything so beautiful as the sunshine, and the blue sky, and the green grass, and the velvet and blue and spotted butterflies, and the trees which cast such a pleasant shadow and talk so sweetly, and the brook which is always running? I should like to listen to it for a thousand years.' [The stupid ants passed their years in storing up wealth, adds the grasshopper.] 'But then, you see, Bevis dear, they are quite demented, and so led away by their greedy, selfish wishes that they do not even know that there is a sun.'

This little Bevis—the restless symbol of humanity wandering in a lower world of beasts and vegetables that live, but do not read books or write them or ask questions, this figure of humanity striving after the unknown, is continually putting to his humbler friends that most inconsiderate of questions, Why? It is the reed in the brook that brings the matter to a climax, and breaks the truth to Bevis:

'I do not know why,' said the reed, 'there is no why at all. We have been listening to the brook, me and my family, for ever so many thousands of years, and though the brook has been talking and singing all the time, I never heard him ask why about anything. . . . And the great oak and every one of his leaves (he has had millions of them) have all been talking, but not one of them ever asked why, nor does the sun, nor the stars, which I see every night shining in the clear water down there, so that I am quite sure that there is no why at all.'

It is not many times in English literature that the great drama (is it a comedy or a tragedy?) of man has been summed up in so few and so simple words. It seizes the one characteristic that marks man from all the rest of Nature—this mad desire to know 'why.' Have the most learned of philosophers or historians defined man more precisely in their biggest books? And Jefferies expounds it in a soft whispering by a brook.

But he has more to teach than the negative doctrine that 'there is no why at all,' for, in answer to more questioning from Bevis, the brook flows on, as it is most natural it should do:

'My darling, I do not know myself always what I am singing about. I am so happy, I sing, sing, and never think about what it means; it does not matter what you mean as long as you sing. . . . I sing loudest at night, to the stars, for they are so far away, they would not otherwise hear me. . . .' 'Why are you so happy?' said Bevis. 'I do not know,' said the brook. 'Perhaps it is because all I think of is this minute. . . . Fling me in some more leaves, Bevis. Why do you go about asking questions, dear? Why don't you sing and do nothing else?'

Thereupon Jefferies puts into the mouth of Bevis the ever-repeated answer of man to a wise nature that bids him be content to sing and not weary himself with thought:

'Oh, but I want to know all about everything,' said Bevis. 'Where did you come from, and where are you going, and why don't you go on and let the ground be dry? Why don't you run on and run all away? Why are you always here?' [And the brook laughed in reply.] 'I do not know where I came from, and I don't care at all where I am going. What does it matter, my love? All I know is that I shall come back again.'

When the brook, in a moment of half-conscious scepticism (which is half human), begins to meditate on its own philosophy of life—'and yet I do not know either if I am really happy when I sing so joyously'—Bevis, with missionary enthusiasm, clutches eagerly at the doubt. 'Stop a little and think about it,' he begs the brook. But the brook is wiser than men; it knows its limitations when men are deceiving themselves with vain hopes. And once more, as the duologue continues, we get the marrow of all philosophy and all history in a few simple words:

'I cannot stop. I must keep running. Nothing can stop; the trees cannot stop growing, they must keep on growing till they die; and then they cannot stop decaying till they are all quite gone. But they come back again. Nor can you stop, Bevis.'

'I will stop,' stamps Bevis.

'You cannot,' answers the brook.

And in these few scraps of conversation between Bevis and the brook are gathered together a great part of the problem of science and most of the mysteries of philosophy. In the whispering of the wind to Bevis on the top of the hill there is, again, more exquisite writing and deep thinking. The wind is eternal, as nothing else in Nature seems so everlasting. 'There never was a yesterday,' whispered the wind, 'and there never will be a to-morrow. It is all one long to-day. . . . Come up and drink me.' 'Shall you be here?' said Bevis. 'Are you quite sure you will be here?' 'Yes,' said the wind, 'I shall be quite certain to be here.'

Although Richard Jefferies had a philosophy which reduced life and the world to something scarcely so tangible as a dream or a shadow, although he would appear to advise us to spend our days in worshipping the sun and our nights in prayer to the stars, yet—being a very great man—he was full of paradoxes. And one of the unexpected traits of this man of rural dreaming was that he had a very outspoken creed in political and social science. Perhaps it would be hard to interpret it into the formulæ of any recognised political party; but that may well be because the politicians talk in terms of rhetoric and act in ways of futile compromise. So they were not likely to cross the path of such a man as Jefferies, who—being a poet and an artist—was precise in his opinions and clear in his statement of them, and so sincere in his

earnestness that he might have looked on compromise as a crime.

Some day a man with the necessary historical knowledge will write a very weighty volume to prove that the poets and artists are the really practical men in life, whereas the men and women of the world, the people who busy themselves on committees and in Government offices and parliamentary chambers, are usually given to much sentimental wandering, which leads them very far away from the facts of practical affairs. A mere glance will detect the poet and mystic beneath the public robes of such as Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Oliver Cromwell, to mention the first three great men of action that cross one's mind.

Certainly Jefferies was a dreamer and an artist. It is therefore not surprising to find that the basis of his political and social creed was that everyone—without any kind of exception—should have an absolute right to all the food and clothing and housing that a decent, well-conducted human body could desire, whereas a sentimental politician usually begins his programme with a lot of rhetoric about an amendment of the Constitution, or some other vague thing that does not matter two straws. Jefferies states this fundamental of physical maintenance in several places. It is put as compactly as possible in *Meadow Thoughts*, where he is describing the wealth of Nature :

> Seeds by the hundred million float with absolute indifference in the air The oak has a hundred thousand more leaves than necessary, . . . nothing utilitarian—everything on a scale of splendid waste . . No physical reason exists [he goes on to argue] why every human being should not have sufficient, at least, of necessities. . . . Provision, I sincerely trust, will be made that no one need ever feel anxiety about mere subsistence. Let there be some imitation of this open-handed generosity and Divine care.

In *The Story of My Heart* he makes a more precise claim and a more savage attack on any who oppose this primary reform :

> Out of thirty-four millions who inhabit this country [he was writing in 1883] two-thirds live within thirty years of that abominable institution, the workhouse. That any human being should dare to apply to another the epithet ' pauper ' is, to me, the greatest, the vilest, the most unpardonable, crime . . It is the well-to-do who are the criminal classes. It matters not in the least if the poor be improvident or drunken, or evil in any way. Food and drink, roof and clothes, are the inalienable right of every child born into the light. If the world does not provide it freely—not as a grudging gift, but as a right, as a son of the house sits down to breakfast—then is the world mad. But the world is not mad, only in ignorance—an interested ignorance, kept up by strenuous exertions.

We saw at the beginning that Richard Jefferies was the pagan in revolt against the ' civilised ' conventions of a Victorian England that believed in money, and breathed the factory smoke that

made it. This pagan worshipper of the sun and the birds threw his challenge on the dust-heap of this plutocrats' paradise. He clearly announced that his fellow-countrymen were

enslaved by ignorance and by interested persons whose object it has been to confuse the minds of men, . . . impressing upon all that to work is man's highest condition. This falsehood is the interesting superstition of an age infatuated with money, which, having accumulated it, cannot even expend it in pageantry. It is a falsehood propagated for the doubtful benefit of two or three out of ten thousand. It is the lie of a morality founded on money only. . . .

One might, were there space, point out that, on this matter, Ruskin and William Morris, with their sense of the value of fine craftsmanship and the honour of labour, should be read as a modification of the hot revolt of Jefferies against the money-makers' piffle. But there is no room to mention a fraction of the admirable matters which can be discovered in the pages of Jefferies. For example, the large part of *Wood Magic,* which treats of the wars of the animal world and the struggle for the throne of the countryside, is a piece of witty satire that is equal to Voltaire at his best. There is the secret history of the Court life of the dynasty of the Kapchacks, the magpie tyrants, and their love affairs, and their constitutional jugglery. There is the fox who was chosen as king for no better reason than because everyone was afraid someone else would be elected. There is the hawk who was safe among 10,000 finches who hated him for his cruelty.

'If only they had marched shoulder to shoulder, all together, they could kill him with ease,' [the reed told Bevis], 'they could smother the cat even. . . But as they cannot agree, the hawk, and the cat, and the crow do as they like'

Here is a final line from a writer who has been dismissed as a dreamer; it is what the old toad of the rhubarb patch told Bevis:

'If you are only going to do a thing, it would be no use if you lived a thousand years, it would always be just the same'

For this great poet of the country had very matter-of-fact common sense. Just to imagine, for example, if he had been made (by some wild fate) dictator of the London County Council, does anyone believe he would have allowed people to go on covering his beloved sun with chimney smoke, when any scientist knows with a little care it can be stopped? When the world is governed by poets and philosophers things will get done. It is the hard-headed business men of England who have made so much of it into a dust-heap and a smoke cloud. It is poets like Jefferies who would give us the necessities, and decencies, and beauties of life.

The poets see the realities of existence. The men of affairs are continually confused by the trivialities that seem important in the eyes of money-lenders and political adventurers, and such like deformities, who live in cities. The most optimistic can scarcely say that these men have made a great success of their urban world. It is possible that Richard Jefferies may be right when he claims that the sun and the sea, the winds and the brooks, the flowers and the birds, are the sanest things in the world. At least, his is a beautiful creed, and very restful to the battered soul of bewildered man.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

THE BIBLE AND THE JESTER

A RECENT and scoffing reference in the House of Commons to the Sermon on the Mount is the kind of jest which of late seems to have become popular. A member of Jewish blood in the same assembly has been greeted with the scoffing question, 'Who killed Christ ?' Talk of Balaam's ass in a witty mood, and you are sure of applause. Jest on the Trinity, and your jest will go down. The phrase is, indeed, suitable, significant of a state of manners worth comment, a degradation from traditions which might be supposed to belong to any civilised people. The strain of the war, the misery and reckless pushing for some sort of position in an impoverished community, have, no doubt, given a loose to feelings and expressions which would formerly have been considered intolerable. But it remains an astonishing fact that these jests are made by grown men with knowledge and experience of the world, and, we hope, some ideas of taste—men, too, of some ability, who, we presume, are not obliged to use the first means that comes into their heads to amuse their audiences.

In youth the figures of the Bible, and particularly of the Old Testament, are those of a lesson-book, not read for the most part with any great sense of conviction, and they become the prey of fantastic rhymes and idle jests. Youth, unlike manhood, knows no better ; it means little by what it says, except the indulgence of that laughter which takes the place of a philosophy of life. Youth is largely selfish and amoral ; youth is, as Goethe wrote, 'drunkenness without wine.' It has not tested life. It does not know what literature means, for it does not feel it as a grown man does. It is naughty because naughtiness is novel ; it has little sense of the world and its neighbour. It does not know how forcible right words are, and how pernicious wrong ones. Its faults of carelessness and irreverence are readily excused by those who have travelled further in life. It will learn better some day. Only a boy, for instance, would think of hiding biscuit tins for a joke among the tombs in Westminster Abbey.

But can we excuse these adult and public jesters who might be supposed to be models of public speech, and whose words are

carried all over the country by the newspapers? It was their business long since to have cast away childish things and achieved an acute sense of conduct which youth, with no experience and few or none of the trials which bring understanding, cannot be expected to achieve.

The House of Commons, it may be urged, is no school of good wit and humour, but a standing illustration of the working of that psychology of the crowd which brings out the lower instincts rather than the higher. But outside the House as well as in it these unseemly jests seem to be admired as well as tolerated, and are regarded, perhaps, as a tribute to the 'common touch,' a touch of Nature that makes the whole world grin, if that world has no more manners than a clever schoolboy. 'We needs must love the lowest when we see it' is a perversion which seems to be quite up to date, or a reversion to the age of Cleon, whose scoffing insolence had a good run before it was recognised at its true worth. The 'common touch' secures at its best a big and enraptured audience; but what if it descends to commonness in which no gentleman could indulge for any gain? A true aristocracy of gentlemen is not much heard of to-day. Arnold, the last generally recognised prophet of that culture which seeks the best that has been thought and said in the world as the thing best worth achievement, is nothing to the present generation, and no teacher of note, either inside or outside the Church, has any marked influence on the tone of public life to-day. But the ideal of the gentleman still stands, and, so far as outward observances of dress and deportment are concerned, never was the public more eager to achieve it, to make sacrifices to put sons in the best place to absorb it. But with this keenness flourishes a desire to flatter and amuse at all costs the greatest number, which is the direct opposite of culture. The half-educated, the quarter-educated—the big children who know no better—have so much said and written for, and *down* to, them to-day that their facetious and rejoicing ignorance is in danger of lowering the tone of the whole nation. They are encouraged to reverence nothing, to leave no nobility unbesmirched. They do not even reverence themselves. They do not know what the better-educated should teach them. They destroy the old gods as obsolete, and wallow in an anarchy of no gods at all, unless it be those that Caliban in his brutish way adored. When the brutish way is the British way, the country will be no place for gentlemen or anybody else who cares how he lives.

Behaviour is an expression of taste, and knowledge, and feeling in combination, as clear and legible as literature or painting, so that when it is coarse and unbecoming its want of delicacy and perception is fully revealed. Behaviour has sunk of late from

the want of that aristocracy we have mentioned. There is no aristocracy that counts; there is a photocracy instead, as the height of distinction to which the democracy can reach. Democracy—that blessed word now in so many mouths—claims full liberty to do as it pleases without any regard for the past, and, one might suppose, with very little hopes for the future. An aristocracy has its dangers in paying too much attention to places and persons, but it includes among its ideals a refinement and a generosity which are always of value to the world. The ideals and convictions of democracy are fluid and uncertain. It has no traditions and boasts of having none; it is more dangerous to intellectual liberty than any aristocracy. A democracy, says Hamerton, that dislikes refinement and good manners, can drive true culture into despair and solitude, and make morbid hermits of the very persons who ought to be lights and leaders. It can cut short the traditions of good breeding, of polite learning and thoughtful leisure, and reduce the various types of the national character to one, that of the commercial traveller. Such a type can go anywhere, and say something about everything. As Arnold pointed out in his *Culture and Anarchy*, some people consider it unrivalled happiness to be able to say what they like.

A jest is a good thing. There is even a pun in the New Testament, as Lamb pointed out. St. Peter was told, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock [*petra*] I will build My Church.' Lamb was a wild jester on occasion, but he was the last person to indulge in that 'custom of profane scoffing in holy matters' which Bacon notices in his essay 'Of Atheism.' Lamb was no favourer of dogmatic religion, but we know from Hazlitt's essay 'Of Persons one would Wish to have Seen,' a subject started by Lamb, what he thought of the Founder of the Christian religion:

> If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him; but if that Person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of His garment.

Though in our fortunate epoch all can say what they like, there are limits to the material of which a jest may profitably be made. To lose a friend for a jest has been accounted a folly for many centuries, and not least among the wittiest of nations:

> C'est un jeune fou qui se croit tout permis,
> Et qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis.

Is it worth while then to sacrifice the Bible and the Friend of all mankind for a sorry quip or two? Before answering that question it is as well to point out the great advantage of profane jesting. Such jests are, when men are disposed to make them, the most easily produced of any. There is dignity in all religions, and a contrast between the dignified and a low image, exhibited

in combination, is undoubtedly striking, and may penetrate to those who have never professed apprehension as their best gift. Thus the subject-matter of profane jesting makes it particularly easy, but for the same reason it affords the least gratification (apart from all higher considerations) to judges of good taste. The pleasure afforded by wit depends on the skill displayed and the difficulty surmounted, which profanity reduces to a minimum.

Speakers who claim or secure a public audience might be supposed to have reached a proficiency which would scorn the easiest methods. But there are great demands made upon our public men to-day. They must always be talking, and always pleasing the multitude, and particularly those parts of it which are least hampered by education or any sense of refinement. They are not, perhaps, pleasing themselves; they are diverting the company. The Greeks called such jesters after those who waited about the altars of the gods to steal some of the meat offered thereon, a labour-saving proceeding of undoubted economy.

But, in spite of the great advantage of being witty with the least possible trouble, there are points about this useful profanity which remain to be considered. Brydone, an eighteenth century traveller, mentions the case of an Englishman who attended Mass at a church in Naples out of curiosity, and on the elevation of the Host remained standing while those around knelt. For this he was reproved by a gentleman near him, as a violator of the rules of delicacy and good breeding in thus shocking the feelings of the congregation. He answered that he did not believe in the Real Presence. 'No more do I, sir,' was the reply, 'and yet you see I kneel.' Mere decency, if good taste is missing, might suggest that it is not well to shock the believer when you intrude on his ground. The true gentleman avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those to whom he is speaking, unless, of course, he hopes by his astonishing crudity to keep his audience awake.

But suppose, if the reader pleases, that the Bible is a vast collection of Hebrew mythology, of no interest from the believer's point of view to an enlightened populace which has got beyond it. Even so it is not contemptible. It still remains as mere literature an unapproachable masterpiece, which good taste should secure from profanation. The Puritans of a bygone age, it is true, played in their talk with the Bible, using a freedom which seems sometimes to approach blasphemy; but that was because it was part and parcel of their daily lives, so familiar a book that its words and examples came to their minds unbidden on every occasion. No such familiarity can be claimed by the present generation; and we may well ask whether the Founder of the Christian religion, if He were but a man, deserves to be made

into a jest for the crowd by persons who should know better. There is no story equal in beauty and nobility to that of Christ. The life and death of Socrates were adorned by all the art of Plato, the greatest master of the most beautiful language the world has seen. But Plato's prose is as nothing compared with that of the humble writers of small literary skill who told the story of the Gospel. For sheer beauty alone that narrative should be sacred. When we see it defiled to make a jest, we may ask: Who spits upon a rose? Who, except a lunatic, throws stones at the masterpieces of human art? This Master has a right to be left alone when the stealers of altar scraps are busy.

Still, the talker, as we have said, must be jesting; he must hold his audience; he must amuse a people that loves sport. Well, the field for the discovery of jest is surely wide. There is the whole world of common life, the eating and drinking which appeals to everybody. There is, for those of easy taste, the great company of our poets, whose high seriousness can be turned to ridicule; there are collections printed and specially designed to assist the slow speaker with impromptu wit; there is even *Punch*. Profanity is easy, but, after all, it is not necessary.

All this is, of course, a matter of taste, and *De gustibus non disputandum* may be the reply of the objector. The proverb is foolish. Nothing is so well worth disputing on, so well worth raising, when it is lowered, as the standard of taste. Taste distinguishes the civilised from the savage, the gentleman from the cad, the man of education from the Philistine. Does the world belong to the Philistines? If so, why does it spend immense sums on education, and force every child to get some of it? Modern taste has improved in some ways. It has laid aside, for instance, those foolish and often dangerous so-called 'practical jokes' in which an earlier age delighted. It does not laugh at deformity, as Homer's gods did long since, though the Homeric Thersites, with his unseemly insolence, is, as Fielding pointed out, the prototype of the scoffer at religion. Such scoffers are retrograde in their humour, funny at the expense of taste and manners. They deserve the rebuke of Lear, 'Fie, fie, fie! Pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.' They have, we must suppose, been thoughtless rather than deliberately offensive, and having been dealt with faithfully, can now return to decency.

VERNON RENDALL.

PUBLIC TASTE

MAN is a creature of habit. Copy-book morality preaches the acquisition of good habits. On the other hand, it has been said that to have acquired habits is to have failed in life.

It is evident, then, that on such a subject generalisation is impossible. At the same time, it is safe to assert that every human being does acquire habits; and that, to a certain extent, habits are essential to the economy of time and energy.

In the æsthetic sphere, however, the acquisition of habit—or rather the acquiescence in custom—may seriously impair the vitality of our judgment; and to maintain an honest individual standpoint in matters of taste involves, and demands, a continual struggle against circumstance.

The insistence, the reiteration, of impressions which we cannot control, tends to obliterate the individual character of our æsthetic perceptions, and to reduce all to a characterless identity, like that of the pebbles on the shore worn by the never-ceasing waves of the sea.

First among the influences to which our minds are subject is that of our more immediate and persistent daily surroundings: our towns—the streets, the buildings, the hoardings we pass every day, the homes in which we move and have our being, the utensils we handle daily, and the clothes we wear and see worn!

All these things have become so much a matter of use, and so strong is the *vis inertiæ* of custom, that it requires considerable mental effort to examine and consciously estimate the character of our daily environment, let alone to change it. And yet to allow the æsthetic faculty to slumber is to sacrifice a part of one's individuality, and leads inevitably to the loss of spontaneous activity of taste, leaving us a prey to commercial art, or to an easy susceptibility to delusion by false prophets and art charlatans.

How, then, is artistic taste to be saved from the toils of convention, artificiality, and falsehood, and secured in freedom, sanity, and truth?

I would make it clear from the first that I have no intention of propounding any æsthetic theories. Æstheticism, or the self-conscious cult of beauty, temperament, technique, or any other

art phase for its own sake, tends, in the long run, to demoralisation. Even the Greeks, who chose the first-mentioned for their ideal—which is still the ideal at heart most popularly believed in—endowed as they were with the finest susceptibilities, proved, in the subsequent deterioration of their sculpture, that art cannot live by beauty alone, any more than by any other æsthetic principle.

Æstheticism is, in fact, the unhealthy husk of art when the kernel—the vital inspiration—has dried up.

At the present time in our homes we labour under several diverse heritages. There is the legacy of embroidery, antimacassars, and all the countless needle activities from the time when 'fancy work,' like the wool-carding of the Homeric age, was the chief occupation of the then gentler sex. Furniture—like the aboriginal heathen in the eyes of the dear lady mission workers—was not considered decent unless it was clothed.

Another idea hard to eradicate from the minds of the people is their differentiation between the useful and the ornamental, or the conception that the essence of beauty is ornament. This idea is most rampant in our town populations: the country-people —I mean unurbanised native villagers (and many still survive in spite of motor cars and codified education)—being nearer to Nature and their wants simpler, their means of ministering to them instinctively take an artistic form—or rather the means, being most simply and perfectly adapted to the ends, partake of that natural beauty or charm that emanates from all honest service. But it is, after all, doubtful if the distinction is not one of degree rather than of kind. It is only rarely that the unsophisticated villager is conscious of the beauty immanent in the simple things around him, the honest accessories of his humble life.

Such thoughts might lead the Philistine to exclaim triumphantly that all this so-called artistic beauty is then, after all, an invention of self-deluded æsthetes, and has no real existence in, or connection with, life.

But, although the spirit of beauty in their simple lives be not consciously felt, it is there all the while lying dormant, until, at rare intervals, a poet or artist, a Burns or a Millet, is inspired with a conscious perception of it, and by his genius reveals it for all the world to see. 'But does all the world see it?' the Philistine asks, taking up his second position. 'Do the people themselves, whose simple lives are depicted, apprehend the conception of their intrinsic beauty?' Not to the same extent as those of more cultured mind, certainly. But this conception can be developed under the influence of the artist, who discovers in man the faculty of seeing himself and his surroundings from outside.

The Greeks possessed this power of externalising themselves

to an exceptional degree, and the perfection of their art is directly traceable to it.[1] They were conscious of it, too, as the only means of seeing things in a true light, and it was the foundation of their philosophy and ethics, as well as of their art.

The prevalence of the fallacy that utility and beauty are, if not opposed, at any rate unrelated, to each other, is exemplified in many an anecdote. There is that of the waiter extolling the properties of the columned dining-hall in which he served. 'And a magnificent ball-room it makes, too, sir.' 'A ball-room?' exclaimed the astonished guest, 'but surely these pillars impede the dancers.' 'Not a bit, sir! not a bit! *We screw 'em off!*'

This story aptly illustrates the principle of business art in architecture—the 'successful' combination of two, so considered, mutually conflicting elements. It is this rooted misconception that has been responsible for most of the builders' atrocities that mar the streets of our towns, and from which even our villages are not immune.

The same misconception is shown in the use of the term to 'beautify,' so frequent in the north; and in this connection there are, again, many stories, perhaps the most illuminating being that of the profiteer who engaged an architect to design him a house, and, on its completion, remarked that, now the 'architecting' was finished, perhaps the architect could recommend a good firm to employ to add the 'beautifications.'

The architect's reply is not recorded. It was probably very short. Had he attempted to argue on the ground of artistic taste, he would probably have been met with the indignant retort that taste was merely a matter of opinion, and that the profiteer had as good a right as the architect to act according to his æsthetic standards.

[1] A striking illustration occurs in the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, l. 1178, where the hero, in the ecstasy of misfortune, exclaims:

> 'Alas!
> Would I could stand and watch this thing, and see
> My face, and weep for very pity of me!'
>
> (Gilbert Murray's trans.).

The sensation of being, as it were, a spectator of oneself when, through a fit of temper or perverseness, deliberately acting counter to one's concurrent sanity of judgment, and realising, while none the less persisting in, one's unreasonable conduct, is a phenomenon of the same kind, but hardly implies any special æsthetic development, as Nature seems to have endowed most people with this power.

It is expressed with characteristic force in Rudyard Kipling's lines:

> 'Oh, I 'ave come upon the books,
> An' frequent broke a barrick rule,
> An' stood beside an' watched myself
> Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool.'

(It is interesting to note the direct reminiscence of Euripides' words—
ἐμαυτὸν προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον στάνθ'.)

Is there, then, no such thing as correct or good taste? Correct taste most people would define as conformity to prevalent custom, but as to good taste opinions would probably differ considerably. And yet it should be possible to arrive at some general definition; and I would suggest that fundamentally good taste is synonymous with, or rather the offspring of, propriety. That is to say, the fact of any operation being performed in the proper way conveys, so to speak, a pleasant taste to the æsthetic sense. What, then, are the rules that determine the proper way a thing should be done? They may be summed up in the terms simplicity, economy, and honesty of means, and efficiency in the thing done, the whole inspired and vitalised by enthusiasm in the doing of it.

It is obviously possible for a man to follow all these principles in living, and never to offend against the æsthetic sense, without himself having any conscious conception of what good taste is, or of the fact that his methods are in accord with it. A simple, unsophisticated human being has no conscious æsthetic sense, any more than a primitive savage has any conscious ethical sense, ot right and wrong.

If Nature were a safe guide, and if the sophistication of the human mind by centuries of civilisation could be discounted, a strong argument might be adduced for abolishing canons of taste, with their conventional and restricting tendencies, and for a return to the simple life, with its instinctive, untrained, elemental sense of economy and of the proper adaptation of means to end But in a civilised era canons of taste, as of many other things, have come to stay, and to disregard them in our present state is to open the door to Bolshevism.

In most of the arts there have been witnessed in recent times attempts to shake off tradition and return to the primitive, but a common result of this artificial regeneration and revolt against conventionalism is a still more rapid conventionalisation of the unconventional, so that the remedy becomes worse than the disease.

Accepting, then, the incrustation by time and tradition of certain elements in our attitude towards the arts, it by no means follows that a policy of *laissez-faire* is the only course, and that nothing can be done to improve the general standard. It is still open to each age to, and, indeed, is essential that each age should, test the current standards, and, as far as possible, eliminate the false and encourage the true.

I have pointed out one of the main aberrations exhibited in popular taste in the sphere of ornamentation. Mr. Clutton Brock, in his *Essays on Art*,[2] attributed the abuse of ornament in domestic art to the heritage from 'the mistress-ridden Court of Louis XV.'—a theory as interesting as it is plausible.

[2] P. 31: 'The Pompadour in Art.'

In the recent Year Book of the Designs and Industries Association, it is pointed out that the weakest element in modern original work is ornamentation [3]:

> The moral is that for the present we need to practise austerity, to do without ornament as far as we can, and give our minds to functional design; and this is the doctrine of the D.I.A., a doctrine not for all time, but for this age, which is debauched by machine-made ornament and needs to purge itself and live cleanly before it can recover a natural delight in decoration.

This is no doubt true. Ornament is the expression of exuberance, the overplus of vitality and joy in work and artistic achievement. In a self-conscious age like the present, spontaneous natural exuberance is rare, and can certainly not be assumed as an underlying force in everyday craftsmanship. A revival *may* come—from some hidden source, in this world teeming with possibilities—and should it come, and the life force of craftsmanship and the joy of creation bubble over, then may we reasonably look for a renewal of true decorative impulse.

William Morris endeavoured to promote this revival by a return to the aims and ideals of mediæval craftsmanship. The ideals were sound enough, and, by their action in testing current standards, bore fruit in a reformation in many departments of house decoration, and still more notably, and permanently, in the art of printing. But his methods were wrong practically, however unintentionally, because they were founded on the mediæval standpoint—that is to say, he was himself so steeped in the mediæval atmosphere and enthusiasm that he premised conditions that were no longer realisable. They survived, but, instead of leavening the masses, they became a luxury, to be practised by an esoteric circle, and subsequently exploited to minister to the wealthy connoisseur—a fate which has killed the soul out of many another honestly conceived attempt at reform. (In the piquant simile once used in a lecture in Manchester by Mr. Gilbert Cannan: 'A prophet arises, and discloses to the people's sight a noble range of mountains; but ere ever they have time to attempt to scale it—whereby alone they can truly enter into its inheritance—the man of business arrives and runs a funicular railway to the summit and exploits it for his own ends.')

In architecture another Victorian protagonist of truth, John Ruskin, took up the cudgels against humbug, and fought valiantly for honest ideals. He had his prejudices, like most Christian gentlemen, but, however much they may have warped and rendered untrustworthy certain of his judgments in art, no one would deny that his writings on architecture form the most complete exposition of sound and healthy, and amazingly lucid,

[3] *Times* Review, Nov. 2, 1922.

teaching of the principles of building construction in our, or, I should imagine, in any other, language.

It is a thousand pities that, to the present generation, Ruskin's prejudices should have so unduly depreciated his reputation as a guide and teacher, as they are but an infinitesimal alloy in the true-ringing metal of his fundamental principles. And many of these principles, deriving from the practice of architecture, have a cosmic quality that makes them applicable to almost any art. Space forbids me to quote what is, after all—in these days of Free Libraries, where Ruskin still holds a place on a neglected shelf—within the reach of any reader. I can only say that were we to subscribe an oath to his principles to-day, a great part of our household furniture and equipment, and even the clothes we wear (our tessellated linoleum, our 'tapestry' and 'wood' wall-papers, our futile ornamental buttons), would be doomed to the scrap heap.

Where the greatest difficulty in eradicating bad taste and falseness lies is in common articles which have become standardised in manufacture, and which, modelled on a decorative style approved by a previous generation or devised by a manufacturer with a strongly developed bump of beautification, have become stereotyped in pattern, so that the purchaser is forced to accept an ugly decorated article or pay more for a plain one—presumably because the demand for the ornamental variety enables it to be manufactured on a large enough scale to yield sufficient profit at a cheap price. If the cause of plain and honest ware were pleaded to a manufacturer, he would reply that the responsibility lies with the public; that he merely satisfies their demand. It is true the original fault may not be his; but the mischief consists in his perpetuating the demand by perpetuating the supply.

It is what is commonly known in argument as a 'vicious circle'; and precisely the same phenomenon is met with in another department of taste, which now calls for consideration, namely, the readers' taste, as exemplified in those newspapers and periodicals of giant circulation so ably satirised some years back in Arnold Bennett's play *What the Public Wants.* The remedy is hard to find in both, and, in fact, in all similar cases.

As regards journalism and the lower types of fiction, the trouble, I imagine, arose originally through the fact that compulsory education threw open the doors of the written language to a vast crowd of people of uncultured mind. The process of culture is slow, and ere the new education had had time to develop it, with shrewd commercial instinct, the pioneers of scrappy and sensational journalism sighted this new field for exploitation, and proceeded to exploit it. Ever since, thoughtful people have been waging an uphill fight against the corrupting influence of a perverted Press and trashy fiction; the fight is far from won, but it

is not yet lost. Various agencies, such as the University Extension Lectures, Toynbee Hall, the Ancoats Brotherhood, and other Settlements, and the Workers' Educational Union, have aimed at bridging the gulf between culture and ignorance. To some it may seem that they have thereby only accentuated, and drawn attention to, its existence, so that culture has become pretentious, and the practical Philistine has invented the term 'high brow' to show his contempt for it. This is true to a certain extent, and hardly avoidable when the spread of culture is left to voluntary agencies with that avowed object. The battle against ignorance and low standards of taste in reading is a battle that should be waged offensively in our schools instead of defensively afterwards, by universal effort concentrated at the source, instead of by a few public-spirited organisations contending against the main stream.

But as the country does not believe in education, refuses to consider it one of the vital services of the nation, and bears unmoved the Government's false professions, backslidings, and breaches of faith, wherever education is concerned, it is at present Utopian to pin our faith to reform based on the training of the rising generation. Yet it is hard to see where else reform is to come from.

Let us turn to other branches of mental or emotional activity, where the cultivation of taste and knowledge is a matter of equal importance, and offers freer scope for treatment and amelioration.

With regard to general enlightenment and improvement of taste by knowledge, which is the province of public museums and galleries, I am afraid the system of conducted tours under an official guide, which is the method now in vogue for turning our public collections to greater educative account, excellent though it is in theory, is not very effective in practice. Official lectures under such conditions inevitably become stereotyped and lifeless, and the general attitude of the audience only too commonly reflects this inanimity. The only effective way of utilising our public collections is to organise recurrent series of group exhibits, by means of which the visitor can *educate himself*. There should also be a *regular* system of circulating loan collections of a similar kind to the provinces, and to the London suburbs (whose nearness to the centre by no means precludes their need).

In art, especially in this age of experiment, it is important that the public should be enabled to get some sequential idea of tendencies. A stray exhibition of ultra-modern work, thrown at their heads, is hardly conducive to the growth of sound judgment. The Tate Gallery and the Print Department of the British Museum have made some tentative efforts on the lines of educational group exhibits, and it should be quite within the power of our smaller provincial and suburban galleries, helped by loans from the bigger galleries, to arrange similar exhibitions on a smaller scale.

The question of popular taste in music is a more difficult one. I have already [4] dealt with it at some length, and can only say here that the chaotic phase through which it is passing makes it hardly possible for the general public to keep in touch with, and acquire an appreciation of, modern musical tendencies. What is rather required is a general elevation of musical taste, and this will be best achieved by introducing the public, and especially the younger generation, to the clean, original sources of native music, and through natural melody fostering their love of music as a natural expression of feeling. To this end are working all folk-song and dance societies, and such admirable organisations as the League of Arts, and the Arts League of Service, and the Village and Country Town Concerts Scheme. For those who wish to carry their musical education further we have seen, during the last season or two, an attempt to organise lecture concerts. All this cultural activity, coupled with the widely available opportunities for study provided by the piano-player and the gramophone, should lead to some advance in the appreciation and understanding of music.

It remains to consider the drama of the theatre and of the cinematograph.

Drama, more than any other of the arts, suffers from over-specialisation and conventionalisation. It seems to be forgotten that the dramatic instinct is an inherent element of childhood, and that the rustic mind is capable of a high degree of dramatic appreciation and impersonation. This has been shown frequently in performances given by village players in our country—not to mention the world-famous Passion Players, whose powerful accumulated tradition weakens in one way their inclusion in the argument, but in another strengthens it; for why should not similar traditions be established amongst our country folk in different parts of England? Why should not every county have an association of village companies, with an annual, or preferably quinquennial, festival? Thus would the spirit of local tradition be kept alive, and not, as now, only spasmodically whipped up by some ambitious, artificial, over-stage-managed, so-called 'historical pageant.'

As regards our metropolitan drama, the prime cause of decadence in acting is the specialisation by our leading actors and actresses in parts that bring out, and enable them to make capital of, their individual personality. In fact, many of our leading playwrights deliberately construct plays around intended protagonists, the result being that, in the some half-dozen productions in a season that all theatre patrons feel they must see, the interest centres almost entirely in the spectacle of a stage

[4] 'The Revolution in Music and Art' (*The Nineteenth Century*, June 1922).

favourite playing variations on the well-known theme of his, or her, 'inimitable' personality.

Now the essence—the whole of the salutary influence—of drama lies in the power achieved by the actor of 'depersonalising' himself, and by sympathy reproducing the life of another, and conveying a truthful impression of this life to the audience. This power of temporary metempsychosis, of migrating from one's stale self into the entrancingly novel and invigorating atmosphere of another being's existence, is one of the most powerful means of broadening the sympathies, leavening the mind with fresh ideas, and preserving or restoring the sanity and truth of outlook of those who act, and, through their medium, of those who witness the acting.

As regards the professional stage, the remedy for poverty of characterisation, lack of variety, and stale tradition—and our modern stage traditions of the normal drama are becoming as stereotyped as any of their predecessors—lies, as every critic knows, in repertory acting. If proof is needed, it can be amply supplied from the old casts of the first of our repertory companies, Miss Horniman's, at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester. The following names of ex-Gaiety members who have made their distinctive mark on the London stage come at once to the mind, and the list could no doubt be considerably lengthened: Sibyl Thorndike, Irene Rooke, Ada King, Edyth Goodall, Muriel Pratt, Hilda Bruce Potter; and, on the male side, Milton Rosmer, Brember Wills, Stanley Drewitt, Herbert Lomas, Esme Percy, and, with their attention now devoted mainly to management, Lewis Casson and, last but not least, Basil Dean. The last-named, after successfully colonising Liverpool from Manchester, has transferred his energies to London, where he is exercising an ever-extending influence, and is generally acknowledged as the leading stage manager of our time.

The Everyman Theatre at Hampstead, which, incidentally, has become a second home for several ex-members of Miss Horniman's company, will no doubt soon be adding its quota to the supply of really capable actors and actresses, and spread the leaven of vital characterisation—that unique quality acquired by repertory acting—among the stale artificiality of the normal one-style histrionics; while the Birmingham Repertory Company (originally founded by Barry Jackson, supported by John Drinkwater, under the name of the Pilgrim Players) has also decided to leave the provinces and join the other forces engaged in restoring London's dramatic sense.

Another company distinguished for the truth, versatility, and unity of its dramatic presentations, namely, that of the Irish Players, indisputably owes its talent largely to repertory practice.

The question of repertory drama at the normal theatre is, of

course, mixed up inevitably, as things are, with the question of finance. A manager, with the best repertory intentions, can hardly be expected, when he 'strikes oil,' to resist the temptation to extend the run of a successful piece. Until managers can be secure of an intelligent repertory public (for which in circumscribed localities the best guarantee is a body of subscribers—a system [5] now mainly confined to societies for Sunday performances of 'intellectual' plays) the best substitute is the itinerant company on the model of Miss Lena Ashwell's, which has in the last season or two done so much to introduce good plays to the London suburbs. If the efforts of this company should succeed in firing the suburbs with a real interest in drama, and lead to the establishment of unambitious local repertory societies, which, relegating scenery to its proper place and making shift with modest surroundings, would concentrate their attention on interpretation, we should begin to have some hope of an improvement in the public taste and of a real revival of dramatic art.

The chief obstacle to this is the competition of the cinema drama; and there are critics to-day who forecast its entire displacement of the flesh-and-blood stage.

The obstacle is serious, I admit, but it only makes the urgency of combating it all the greater. At the least, the saner understanding of emotional interpretation derived from witnessing good acting would do something to save popular taste from the depths to which an undiluted diet of film drama is dragging it.

I cannot here, in an article dealing with so many of the aspects of art, go fully into the subject of cinema drama, and I must confine myself to the most important issue—from the point of view of dramatic influence—namely, the presentation of tragic circumstance and its effect on the audience. It seems to me inevitable that if the emotional susceptibilities of the people are to become habituated to the witnessing of such portrayals of excruciating agony as are congested into what are considered the highest achievements of original film drama of to-day, these susceptibilities must become dulled to all the finer sense of human feeling, and the final effect will be as brutalising as that of the gladiatorial combats in the days of the Roman Empire's decadence. Both as fact and as art, the situations depicted in such film dramas are false and indefensible, and are not rendered less so by the consummate, and at times amazing, skill of the reproduction. Nature has provided two safeguards for the human organism when subjected to either an overpowering emotional sensation or an intolerable physical pain: in the former situation the sufferer becomes hysterical, or in extreme cases is bereft of reason, while in the latter case the sufferer faints, and eludes the intolerable by

[5] Basil Dean has adopted this system for his 'Playbox.'

becoming unconscious. Not so on the film stage. There we are confronted with frail humanity fighting its way through situations of the most distracting agony that can possibly be conceived, and we are asked to believe that in the end the hero (or, more often, heroine) emerges, with *mens sana in corpore sano*, to live happily ever afterwards.

It is admittedly doubtful whether tragedy on the film can be expected to have the same purging effect on the mind of the audience as tragedy on the stage, for film plays, in default of words, have developed along the line of presenting as vividly as possible in concrete detail every tragic situation in the story, so that nothing is left to the imagination. (Worse, they rely for their interest, not on the unity of a singly developed and cumulative tragedy, but on the power of the plot to admit the concatenation of the maximum number of such 'agony moments.' [6])

And it is possible, and, let us hope, probable, that the pernicious effect of witnessing such scenes is mitigated by a fact that, however deplorable from the point of view of dramatic art, is some consolation under the circumstances, namely, that the imagination of the audience is not really deeply stirred, and that consequently the impressions received are little less superficial and ephemeral than those caused by the casual perusal of our sensational pictorial Press.

At the same time, considering the ever-increasing part played by the cinematograph in the recreative life of the people, it would be deplorable if cinema drama developed solely on these lines. It should be possible to portray wordless drama with some approach to the artistic reticence of great tragedy; indeed, it has been proved possible on several occasions on the stage proper before now, and I cannot see why the taste of the people should not be educated up to its appreciation. A stricter economy of pictorial tragic incident would achieve a deeper stirring of the imagination, would change the nature of the cinema's appeal, and remove it from the base ministering to the love of undiluted sensationalism to the higher function of purging the emotions by stirring them to their depths.

It may be that I am asking for the impossible, and that already a cinema tradition has set popular taste irrevocably. If that is so, we must transfer our hopes to the ultimate realisation of vocal drama on the cinema, and trust that, when science has made this new form possible, it will escape the toils of conscienceless commercialism, and assert and justify a claim to recognition as a serious contributor to the evolution of dramatic art.

STANLEY ROWLAND.

[6] 'Thrills,' I believe, is the technical term.

THE ART OF THE DETECTIVE STORY

THE status in the world of letters of that type of fiction which finds its principal motive in the unravelment of crimes or similar intricate mysteries presents certain anomalies. By the critic and the professedly literary person the detective story—to adopt the unprepossessing name by which this class of fiction is now universally known—is apt to be dismissed contemptuously as outside the pale of literature, to be conceived of as a type of work produced by half-educated and wholly incompetent writers for consumption by office-boys, factory-girls and other persons devoid of culture and literary taste.

That such works are produced by such writers for such readers is an undeniable truth; but in mere badness of quality the detective story holds no monopoly. By similar writers and for similar readers there are produced love stories, romances, and even historical tales of no better quality. But there is this difference: that, whereas the place in literature of the love story or the romance has been determined by the consideration of the masterpieces of each type, the detective story appears to have been judged by its failures. The status of the whole class has been fixed by an estimate formed from inferior samples.

What is the explanation of this discrepancy? Why is it that, whereas a bad love story or romance is condemned merely on its merits as a defective specimen of a respectable class, a detective story is apt to be condemned without trial in virtue of some sort of assumed original sin? The assumption as to the class of reader is manifestly untrue. There is no type of fiction that is more universally popular than the detective story. It is a familiar fact that many famous men have found in this kind of reading their favourite recreation, and that it is consumed with pleasure, and even with enthusiasm, by many learned and intellectual men, not infrequently in preference to any other form of fiction.

This being the case, I again ask for an explanation of the contempt in which the whole genus of detective fiction is held by the professedly literary. Clearly, a form of literature which arouses the enthusiasm of men of intellect and culture can be affected by no inherently base quality. It cannot be foolish,

and is unlikely to be immoral. As a matter of fact, it is neither. The explanation is probably to be found in the great proportion of failures; in the tendency of the tyro and the amateur perversely to adopt this difficult and intricate form for their 'prentice efforts; in the crude literary technique often associated with otherwise satisfactory productions; and perhaps in the falling off in quality of the work of regular novelists when they experiment in this department of fiction, to which they may be adapted neither by temperament nor by training.

Thus critical judgment has been formed, not on what the detective story can be and should be, but on what it usually is. For it must be admitted that the average quality is distressingly low; indeed, a detective story which fully develops the distinctive qualities proper to its genus, and is, in addition, satisfactory in diction, in background treatment, in characterisation and in general literary workmanship, is probably the rarest of all forms of fiction.

The rarity of good detective fiction is to be explained by a fact which appears to be little recognised either by critics or by authors; the fact, namely, that a completely executed detective story is a very difficult and highly technical work, a work demanding in its creator the union of qualities which, if not mutually antagonistic, are at least seldom met with united in a single individual. On the one hand, it is a work of imagination, demanding the creative, artistic faculty; on the other, it is a work of ratiocination, demanding the power of logical analysis and subtle and acute reasoning; and, added to these inherent qualities, there must be a somewhat extensive outfit of special knowledge. Evidence alike of the difficulty of the work and the failure to realise it is furnished by those occasional experiments of novelists of the orthodox kind which have been referred to, experiments which commonly fail by reason of a complete misunderstanding of the nature of the work and the qualities that it should possess.

A widely prevailing error is that a detective story needs to be highly sensational. It tends to be confused with the mere crime story, in which the incidents—tragic, horrible, even repulsive—form the actual theme, and the quality aimed at is horror—crude and pungent sensationalism. Here the writer's object is to make the reader's flesh creep; and since that reader has probably, by a course of similar reading, acquired a somewhat extreme degree of obtuseness, the violence of the means has to be progressively increased in proportion to the insensitiveness of the subject. The sportsman in the juvenile verse sings:

> I shoot the hippopotamus with bullets made of platinum
> Because if I use leaden ones his hide is sure to flatten 'em;

and that, in effect, is the position of the purveyor of gross

sensationalism. His purpose is, at all costs, to penetrate his reader's mental epidermis, to the density of which he must needs adjust the weight and velocity of his literary projectile.

Now no serious author will complain of the critic's antipathy to mere sensationalism. It is a quality that is attainable by the least gifted writer and acceptable to the least critical reader; and, unlike the higher qualities of literature, which beget in the reader an increased receptiveness and more subtle appreciation, it creates, as do drugs and stimulants, a tolerance which has to be met by an increase of the dose. The entertainments of the cinema have to be conducted on a scale of continually increasing sensationalism. The wonders that thrilled at first become commonplace, and must be reinforced by marvels yet more astonishing. Incident must be piled on incident, climax on climax, until any kind of construction becomes impossible. So, too, in literature. In the newspaper serial of the conventional type, each instalment of a couple of thousand words, or less, must wind up with a thrilling climax, blandly ignored at the opening of the next instalment; while that *ne plus ultra* of wild sensationalism, the film novel, in its extreme form is no more than a string of astonishing incidents, unconnected by any intelligible scheme, each incident an independent 'thrill,' unexplained, unprepared for, devoid alike of antecedents and consequences.

Some productions of the latter type are put forth in the guise of detective stories, with which they apparently tend to be confused by some critics. They are then characterised by the presentation of a crime—often in impossible circumstances which are never accounted for—followed by a vast amount of rushing to and fro of detectives or unofficial investigators in motor cars, aeroplanes or motor boats, with a liberal display of revolvers or automatic pistols and a succession of hair-raising adventures. If any conclusion is reached, it is quite unconvincing, and the interest of the story to its appropriate reader is in the incidental matter, and not in the plot. But the application of the term 'detective story' to works of this kind is misleading, for in the essential qualities of the type of fiction properly so designated they are entirely deficient. Let us now consider what those qualities are.

The distinctive quality of a detective story, in which it differs from all other types of fiction, is that the satisfaction that it offers to the reader is primarily an intellectual satisfaction. This is not to say that it need be deficient in the other qualities appertaining to good fiction: in grace of diction, in humour, in interesting characterisation, in picturesqueness of setting or in emotional presentation. On the contrary, it should possess all these qualities. It should be an interesting story, well and vivaciously told.

But whereas in other fiction these are the primary, paramount qualities, in detective fiction they are secondary and subordinate to the intellectual interest, to which they must be, if necessary, sacrificed. The entertainment that the connoisseur looks for is an exhibition of mental gymnastics in which he is invited to take part; and the excellence of the entertainment must be judged by the completeness with which it satisfies the expectations of the type of reader to whom it is addressed.

Thus, assuming that good detective fiction must be good fiction in general terms, we may dismiss those qualities which it should possess in common with all other works of imagination and give our attention to those qualities in which it differs from them and which give to it its special character. I have said that the satisfaction which it is designed to yield to the reader is primarily intellectual; and we may now consider in somewhat more detail the exact nature of the satisfaction demanded and the way in which it can best be supplied. And first we may ask, What are the characteristics of the representative reader? To what kind of person is a carefully constructed detective story especially addressed?

We have seen that detective fiction has a wide popularity. The general reader, however, is apt to be uncritical. He reads impartially the bad and the good, with no very clear perception of the difference, at least in the technical construction. The real connoisseurs, who avowedly prefer this type of fiction to all others, and who read it with close and critical attention, are to be found among men of the definitely intellectual class: theologians, scholars, lawyers, and to a less extent, perhaps, doctors and men of science. Judging by the letters which I have received from time to time, the enthusiast *par excellence* is the clergyman of a studious and scholarly habit.

Now the theologian, the scholar and the lawyer have a common characteristic: they are all men of a subtle type of mind. They find a pleasure in intricate arguments, in dialectical contests, in which the matter to be proved is usually of less consideration than the method of proving it. The pleasure is yielded by the argument itself and tends to be proportionate to the intricacy of the proof. The disputant enjoys the mental exercise, just as a muscular man enjoys particular kinds of physical exertion. But the satisfaction yielded by an argument is dependent upon a strict conformity with logical methods, upon freedom from fallacies of reasoning and especially upon freedom from any ambiguities as to the data.

By schoolboys, street-corner debaters and other persons who are ignorant of the principles of discussion, debates are commonly conducted by means of what we may call 'argument by asser-

tion.' Each disputant seeks to overwhelm his opponent by pelting him with statements of alleged fact, each of which the other disputes, and replies by discharging a volley of counter-statements, the truth of which is promptly denied. Thus the argument collapses in a chaos of conflicting assertions. The method of the skilled dialectician is exactly the opposite of this. He begins by making sure of the matter in dispute and by establishing agreement with his adversary on the fundamental data. Theological arguments are usually based upon propositions admitted as true by both parties; and the arguments of counsel are commonly concerned, not with questions of fact, but with the consequences deducible from evidence admitted equally by both sides.

Thus the intellectual satisfaction of an argument is conditional on the complete establishment of the data. Disputes on questions of fact are of little, if any, intellectual interest; but in any case an argument—an orderly train of reasoning—cannot begin until the data have been clearly set forth and agreed upon by both parties. This very obvious truth is continually lost sight of by authors. Plots, *i.e.*, arguments, are frequently based upon alleged 'facts'—physical, chemical, and other—which the educated reader knows to be untrue, and of which the untruth totally invalidates conclusions drawn from them and thus destroys the intellectual interest of the argument.

The other indispensable factor is freedom from fallacies of reasoning. The conclusion must emerge truly and inevitably from the premises; it must be the only possible conclusion, and must leave the competent reader in no doubt as to its unimpeachable truth.

It is here that detective stories most commonly fail. They tend to be pervaded by logical fallacies, and especially by the fallacy of the undistributed middle term. The conclusion reached by the gifted investigator, and offered by him as inevitable, is seen by the reader to be merely one of a number of possible alternatives. The effect when the author's 'must have been' has to be corrected by the reader into 'might have been' is one of anti-climax. The promised and anticipated demonstration peters out into a mere suggestion; the argument is left in the air, and the reader is baulked of the intellectual satisfaction which he was seeking.

Having glanced at the nature of the satisfaction sought by the reader, we may now examine the structure of a detective story and observe the means employed to furnish that satisfaction. On the general fictional qualities of such a story we need not enlarge excepting to contest the prevalent belief that detective fiction possesses no such qualities. Of the short story this may be partly

true, but it is quite untrue in respect of the full length novel. Apart from a sustained love interest—for which there is usually no room—a detective novel need not and should not be inferior in narrative interest or literary workmanship to any other work of fiction. Interests which conflict with the main theme and hinder its clear exposition are evidently inadmissible; but humour, picturesque setting, vivid characterisation and even emotional episodes are not only desirable on æsthetic grounds, but, if skilfully used, may be employed to distract the reader's attention at critical moments in place of the nonsensical 'false clues' and other exasperating devices by which writers too often seek to confuse the issues. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* shows us the superb fictional quality that is possible in a detective story from the hand of a master.

Turning now to the technical side, we note that the plot of a detective novel is, in effect, an argument conducted under the guise of fiction. But it is a peculiar form of argument. The problem having been stated, the data for its solution are presented inconspicuously and in a sequence purposely dislocated so as to conceal their connection; and the reader's task is to collect the data, to rearrange them in their correct logical sequence and ascertain their relations, when the solution of the problem should at once become obvious. The construction thus tends to fall into four stages: (1) statement of the problem; (2) production of the data for its solution ('clues'); (3) the discovery, *i.e.*, completion of the inquiry by the investigator and declaration by him of the solution; (4) proof of the solution by an exposition of the evidence.

1. The problem is usually concerned with a crime, not because a crime is an attractive subject, but because it forms the most natural occasion for an investigation of the kind required. For the same reason—suitability—crime against the person is more commonly adopted than crime against property; and murder—actual, attempted or suspected—is usually the most suitable of all. For the villain is the player on the other side; and since we want him to be a desperate player, the stakes must be appropriately high. A capital crime gives us an adversary who is playing for his life, and who consequently furnishes the best subject for dramatic treatment.

2. The body of the work should be occupied with the telling of the story, in the course of which the data, or 'clues,' should be produced as inconspicuously as possible, but clearly and without ambiguity in regard to their essentials. The author should be scrupulously fair in his conduct of the game. Each card as it is played should be set down squarely, face upwards, in full view of the reader. Under no circumstances should there be any decep-

tion as to the facts. The reader should be quite clear as to what he may accept as true. In stories of the older type, the middle action is filled out with a succession of false clues and with the fixing of suspicion first on one character, then on another, and again on a third, and so on. The clues are patiently followed, one after another, and found to lead nowhere. There is feverish activity, but no result. All this is wearisome to the reader and is, in my opinion, bad technique. My practice is to avoid false clues entirely and to depend on keeping the reader occupied with the narrative. If the ice should become uncomfortably thin, a dramatic episode will distract the reader's attention and carry him safely over the perilous spot. Devices to confuse and mislead the reader are bad practice. They deaden the interest, and they are quite unnecessary ; the reader can always be trusted to mislead himself, no matter how plainly the data are given. Some years ago I devised, as an experiment, an inverted detective story in two parts.[1] The first part was a minute and detailed description of a crime, setting forth the antecedents, motives, and all attendant circumstances. The reader had seen the crime committed, knew all about the criminal, and was in possession of all the facts. It would have seemed that there was nothing left to tell. But I calculated that the reader would be so occupied with the crime that he would overlook the evidence. And so it turned out. The second part, which described the investigation of the crime, had to most readers the effect of new matter. All the facts were known ; but their evidential quality had not been recognised.

This failure of the reader to perceive the evidential value of facts is the foundation on which detective fiction is built. It may generally be taken that the author may exhibit his facts fearlessly provided only that he exhibits them separately and unconnected. And the more boldly he displays the data, the greater will be the intellectual interest of the story. For the tacit understanding of the author with the reader is that the problem is susceptible of solution by the latter by reasoning from the facts given ; and such solution should be actually possible. Then the data should be produced as early in the story as is practicable. The reader should have a body of evidence to consider while the tale is telling. The production of a leading fact near the end of the book is unfair to the reader, while the introduction of capital evidence—such as that of an eye-witness—at the extreme end is radically bad technique, amounting to a breach of the implied covenant with the reader.

3. The ' discovery,' *i.e.*, the announcement by the investigator of the conclusion reached by him, brings the inquiry formally to

[1] *The Case of Oscar Brodski.*

an end. It is totally inadmissible hereafter to introduce any new matter. The reader is given to understand that he now has before him the evidence and the conclusion, and that the latter is contained in the former. If it is not, the construction has failed, and the reader has been cheated. The 'discovery' will usually come as a surprise to the reader and will thus form the dramatic climax of the story, but it is to be noted that the dramatic quality of the climax is strictly dependent on the intellectual conviction which accompanies it. This is frequently overlooked, especially by general novelists who experiment in detective fiction. In their eagerness to surprise the reader, they forget that he has also to be convinced. A literary friend of mine, commenting on a particularly conclusive detective story, declared that 'the rigid demonstration destroyed the artistic effect.' But the rigid demonstration *was* the artistic effect. The entire dramatic effect of the climax of a detective story is due to the sudden recognition by the reader of the significance of a number of hitherto uncomprehended facts; or if such recognition should not immediately occur, the effect of the climax becomes suspended until it is completed in the final stage.

4. Proof of the solution. This is peculiar to 'detective' construction. In all ordinary novels, the climax, or *dénouement,* finishes the story, and any continuation is anti-climax. But a detective story has a dual character. There is the story, with its dramatic interest, and enclosed in it, so to speak, is the logical problem; and the climax of the former may leave the latter apparently unsolved. It is then the duty of the author, through the medium of the investigator, to prove the solution by an analysis and exposition of the evidence. He has to demonstrate to the reader that the conclusion emerged naturally and reasonably from the facts known to him, and that no other conclusion was possible.

If it is satisfactorily done, this is to the critical reader usually the most interesting part of the book; and it is the part by which he—very properly—judges the quality of the whole work. Too often it yields nothing but disappointment and a sense of anti-climax. The author is unable to solve his own problem. Acting on the pernicious advice of the pilot in the old song to 'Fear not, but trust in Providence,' he has piled up his mysteries in the hope of being able to find a plausible explanation; and now, when he comes to settle his account with the reader, his logical assets are *nil*. What claims to be a demonstration turns out to be a mere specious attempt to persuade the reader that the inexplicable has been explained; that the fortunate guesses of an inspired investigator are examples of genuine reasoning. A typical instance of this kind of anti-climax occurs in Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*

when Dupin follows the unspoken thoughts of his companion and joins in at the appropriate moment. The reader is astonished and marvels how such an apparently impossible feat could have been performed. Then Dupin explains; but his explanation is totally unconvincing, and the impossibility remains. The reader has had his astonishment for nothing. It cannot be too much emphasised that to the critical reader the quality in a detective story which takes precedence of all others is conclusiveness. It is the quality which, above all others, yields that intellectual satisfaction that the reader seeks; and it is the quality which is the most difficult to attain, and which costs more than any other in care and labour to the author.

R. AUSTIN FREEMAN.

LAWN TENNIS: A MORALITY GAME

We protest against the principle that the world of pure comedy is one into which no moral enters.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

The sporting spirit is a bridge between time and eternity. Of all the forces that sway the life of man the sporting instinct is the easiest transformed into its spiritual equivalents.—DR. JACKS.

THE object of this essay is to illustrate and enforce from the game of lawn tennis some principles of Christian life. He who first taught them did not hesitate to press home His meaning by the use of simple parables: a lost coin, an empty house, a candle, an old coat, a new bottle; nor need we be afraid to seek morality in a game; 'sermons in stones and good in everything.'

Let me state my task in question form.

Is it possible to regard a game played for the purpose of distracting the mind from the serious matters of life in such a manner as to incline it thereto?

May this pastime become a profitable occupation for mortals whose hours are numbered?

Can there be found in it an exercise for minds and spirits, as well as for arms and legs and eyes?

Is it possible to put new values upon the players, and upon the material of the game—balls, bats, nets?

The answer to these questions is what I propose to seek, but before doing so let me acknowledge my debt to those who have attempted the task before me.

Lawn tennis, be it not forgotten, in a more dignified and difficult form, is a very ancient game, to which references abound in literature. Nor is the present craze for it any new thing. Some 400 years ago François Rabelais thus described the qualifications for a degree at the University of Paris:

So you have in your hand a racket,
And a tennis ball in your pocket,
And that you have skill to trip it
In a low dance; you will be allowed
The grant of a licentiate's hood.

As in mediæval Paris, so in modern Oxford, there is a disinclination

among examiners, amounting in some cases to a disability, so it is said, to 'plough' a 'blue.'

Tennis not only furnished this great master of satire with some of his shrewdest sallies, but philosophers, poets and preachers have been glad to enforce their teaching by reference to balls, rackets and nets, as may appear in these pages.

The Court.—'A court: a space, primarily quadrangular, arranged for playing one of various games, such as . . . lawn tennis,' etc. So runs the dictionary. The word 'arranged' seems to contain only half the truth. The space is not so much 'arranged' as 'enclosed,' or 'separated' from the land round about it. The court, that is to say, forms the appointed battle-field, providing limits which neither combatant may pass, and giving to each an equal territory.

The lawn tennis court, unlike the tennis court proper, is surrounded by no mysterious galleries full of shadow, nor does it possess *dedans*, or *grille*, openings, which invite the players to win the rally by hitting the ball clean through them out of the court. By comparison the lawn tennis court is very stiff, formal, and precise. Every line looks like a policeman on point duty. If this be so, it will be said at once that a symbol so ominously uncompromising can yield no truly spiritual guidance. Had religion to be sought upon a spiritual lawn tennis court, there would be small chance of finding amid its ruthless lines the service of God, which is perfect freedom. A religion which cuts its devotees off from the world around them, burdens them with irritating rules, and safeguards its numberless taboos by the infliction of severe penalties—a religion like that, it will be urged, is not fit to be called a religion.

But perhaps this is altogether too serious a view to take of a lawn tennis court. It may not be so bad as it looks. It may be that it signifies and represents nothing more alarming than that which the Prayer Book calls our 'state of life,' the man in the street his 'job,' and Shakespeare our 'stage.'

'Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor'—here are so many jobs, stages, courts, on one of which it falls to every man to play the game of life.

There is no better maxim for those who would play this game well than the old-fashioned teaching of the Prayer Book: 'To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.'

Much of the present discontent is to be found in the hearts of those who covet not their neighbour's bungalow, nor his wife, nor his parlourmaid, but his job; and there are few men who have not harboured in their hearts at some time or another the disquieting idea that their own work scarcely gives them the fulness of scope

which their talents could desire and turn to account. 'For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.'

It is well, therefore, to remark that civilisation owes little or nothing to the 'Jacks of all trades,' but rather everything to those who quietly, conscientiously, uncomplainingly, have carried one task through to completion. 'It is finished.' Let no one, therefore, waste his time in vainly regretting that because he is a solicitor he cannot be a stockbroker, or that, being a hospital nurse, she is precluded from being a shorthand typist.

As in lawn tennis, so in life, all courts are not equally well laid out, rolled, watered, weeded. The wise man will be known by his cheerful determination to make the best of his own court. 'Soit de bond ou de volée, que nous en chaut-il pourvu que nous prenions la ville de gloire ?'

The Racket.—The word 'racket' comes, so it is suggested, from the Arabian word for the palm of the hand. It goes back, therefore, to the time when all ball games were played with the hand. In its own sphere the first racket marked the arrival of a new age in the story of mankind. The preference for a racket to the palm was a step of tremendous significance, comparable to the discovery of the lethal qualities of the club as compared with the fist, or to the civilising agency of the spoon and fork as compared with the fingers. But though the racket has come to stay, and the man with the racket may be depended upon to beat the man without one, yet it is the man that counts, not the racket. The skilful player with a thirteen-and-sixpenny racket may be depended upon to beat the 'rabbit' even though he wields a three-guinea 'Dreadnought.'

It must be allowed that men are, in all departments of life (not excepting the spiritual) the more effective by reason of their implements and machinery, but there remains an abiding truth in the Psalmist's words: 'Some put their trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.' Good deeds need no trumpet, nor good words a 'loud speaker,' nor are the wonderful works of God to be seen alone by those fortunate enough to possess field glasses.

Some of us serve a long apprenticeship to bats and rackets and clubs, seeking by diligent practice to acquire the necessary skill to wield them well; but sooner or later the day comes when they turn upon us and defy our threatened dominion. Time, relentless time, comes to their aid, and we are left, with nothing in our hands to help us, to face that solemn event which closes our life. 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out.'

It remains to notice the mysterious influence which all

instruments exert over those who use them. 'Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,' said Macbeth to his dagger, as though it were silently urging him on towards the crime he was meditating. There is a sense in which all instruments, even lawn tennis rackets, by their very existence, cry aloud to be put to use. Every racket demands a hand to wield it and gives some palm the itch to use it. A lawn tennis player must, therefore, learn to be master of his racket, not only on the court, but also when it is lying at home safely in the press. The lure of the racket must be resisted when it would entice a man from his duty towards God or his duty towards his Neighbour, or in those cases where it tempts him to woo bodily health at the expense of his spiritual welfare.

The Ball.—From the earliest times the ball has possessed a strange fascination for students of human life. If we would describe the mysterious working of that Power which controls, or does not control, the destinies of men, we can do so in terms of player and ball:

> The Ball no Question makes of Ayes or Noes,
> But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes.
> And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field
> He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!

Montaigne expresses the same thought in his own way:

> This world of ours is only formed for ostentation; men are only puffed up with wind and are bandied to and fro like tennis balls.

A soldier's life is a familiar example of a tennis ball life: 'Harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day, harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night upon his arms, beat up in his shirt the next'—thus Uncle Toby describes the life of a soldier. Nor is it the soldier alone whose life is like the tennis ball. The exigencies of trade and commerce bandy their victims up and down the world; sea-faring men are driven from one continent to another; the search for pleasure makes tennis balls of some, the effort to escape misery, of others.

The tennis ball life is not, however, to be recommended. Its ceaseless motion will itself become ere long a cause of weariness and boredom. Moreover, the solid virtues which attach a man to his home, and to his motherland, are likely to draw byes in lives which are in the process of being sliced and volleyed and bounced about the world. It would be well, therefore, not to mistake its movement for adventure and its licence for freedom. 'So much motion is so much unquietness, and so much rest, by the same analogy, is so much of heaven.'

When Pascal was accused by his enemies of having stolen all

his arguments from other brains, he replied with overwhelming force: 'Qu'on ne dise pas que je n'ai rien dit de nouveau; la disposition des matières est nouvelle; quand on joue à la paume c'est une même balle dont on joue l'un et l'autre, mais l'un la place mieux.' Here, in a telling phrase, is one of the arts of effective living: 'to place the ball well.'

To place the ball between the riches which engross and the poverty which embitters, between the pursuit of this world's goods, with their promise of immediate wealth, and the search for the hidden treasures of God which shall bring a man peace at the last; a right measure of spending, saving, leading, following, speaking, acting—this also is to place the ball well.

Many a man has lost the game of life, not because he had no ball to play with, but because he placed it ill. In his moments of ambition he has hit it right out of the court. In his hours of despondency he has feebly patted it into the net, or offered his adversaries, the World, the Flesh and the Devil, a greedily accepted chance of a 'kill.'

The Net.—'Surely in vain,' says King Solomon, 'the net is spread in the sight of any bird.' The lawn tennis player, however, provides his particular net with a less suspicious and more easily entangled prey. The net is spread right under his nose and gains rather than loses in effectiveness thereby; its dreadful presence and silent obtrusiveness often haunting him and paralysing his most hopeful ventures. The net is, indeed, a carefully calculated obstacle, and metes out to each player a thoroughly impartial justice, being no respecter of persons. In itself it is by no means formidable; it is but 3 feet high, and there is plenty of room above it, even if there is none below. Yet it catches in its toils all that is too low, too short, or too feeble. It restrains the overweening player, and protects the adversary of the over-crafty and super-cunning performer.

In this world we still await the arrival of a legislator whose punishments will always fit the crime; when he arrives it will be time enough to compare his code with a lawn tennis net. Meanwhile, for our soul's health, let us believe in the perfect justice of God. Let us believe that a righteous man receives a righteous man's reward; and that no one escapes, ultimately, the consequences of the ill he has done.

To-day it is fashionable to lay stress on the loving-kindness and mercy of God, and to pass over in silence those sterner qualities which lift His perfect love above the level of good-natured sentimentality. Life without the reality of God's justice would be spoilt, just as lawn tennis would be spoilt without a net. Love, to be perfect, must be able to punish, even though it refrains from punishing; and in like manner everyone speaking the truth

from his heart will confess that in human life as he sees it, in his own life as he knows it, there have been, there are, and there will be again, thoughts, words, and deeds which are rightly punishable by perfect love.

There is need in human life, without question, for something comparable to a tennis net; and since it is always better to fall into the hands of God rather than the hands of men, the wise man will hope and believe that it is God who places it there, and that it is God who will take it away when, but not till when, the game of life can be played without it.

The Players.—The players are engaged in a game; a game is a combat heavily disguised. True, they are not gladiators armed with javelin or spear, struggling for life or death; they are in all probability 'jolly Bank holiday every-day young men'; their weapons are harmless, and the prospect of victory or defeat need prevent neither victor nor vanquished from enjoying his tea. However, although the combat is innocuous, innocent, and make-believe, it still remains essentially a combat.

It is not a far cry from this thought to the application thereof to spiritual life. St. Paul maintains in one place that life is a boxing match, and no reader of the Bible will forget how often spiritual life is spoken of in terms of combat, weapons, armour, wrestling, victory, and defeat.

Considerations of space prevent me going too far and in detail into all the spiritual truths which are associated with a combat, and I must content myself with one or two outstanding examples. In the first place, the need of preparation. No one can hope to win success in life or a lawn tennis tournament unless he carefully fits himself for the combat both in body and mind. If the young men and maidens, whose neglect of training for a tournament is evidenced by misty eyes and fingers stained with nicotine, are equally careless in their preparation for the combat of life, they are handicapping their prospects of success. Nor need that man expect a happier fate in the struggle for his daily bread whose only mental preparation consists in filling his mind with the same gloomy anticipations of defeat with which he is accustomed to await the first round of a lawn tennis tournament. Victory, like the kingdom of heaven, is often taken by force: force of character, force of will, force of practice.

But a lawn tennis tournament is not only a parable of life in its preliminaries, but also in its consequences. Victory! Let us not begrudge the victor his reward. He has every right to a splendid sense of pleasure, satisfaction and well-being. But the sweets of victory, let us remind him, must be digested as well as tasted, if they are to be made to serve his whole welfare. Victory will have been won in vain—whether on the court, or in the

school, or in business, matters not—if it lingers too long in his mouth, cloying his lips with tiresome bragging, or if it sticks in his throat, stiffening his neck with pride.

Among Christians the real reward for good work is more work: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' It should not be otherwise on a lawn tennis court. The most valuable prize the tournament has to offer is not the silver 'what-not,' but rather the further opportunity of placing the skill and experience which have proved themselves victorious at the service of less skilful and less experienced players.

Defeat must be a spur on the heel to prick us on to renewed practice and progress, not a nail in the shoe which disinclines us to advance. Defeat may bring pain, but it ought to be a growing pain. As in the case of victory, so in the hour of defeat, the Christian should not be without comfort. How can a Christian be heard to say that he cannot try again after losing a set at lawn tennis, when he does not hesitate to believe that when he has lost his life he will rise from the dead?

The Christian doctrines of resurrection and perseverance are meant, no doubt, primarily for those who must face and wrestle with the principalities and powers of a wicked world, but they are worth the attention of those who, in the hour of defeat on the lawn tennis court, persist in going into mourning for 'a time, times, times and a half.'

It remains, in conclusion, to clear our minds as to which is the part and which is the whole. In these days of lawn tennis every day of the week, lawn tennis all the year round, lawn tennis for the old, for the young, for the tiny tot, it is possible that a mistake may be made. Let it be said, then, that life is the big thing, lawn tennis the small one. To spend all one's time in playing lawn tennis, as some do, is to mistake the part for the whole. Life demands more practice, greater concentration and determination, from those who would live but passably well than lawn tennis demands from those who would win its most resounding triumphs.

If ever, here or hereafter, the thoughts, words and deeds of men are to be given their real and eternal values,—that is according to the good they have accomplished for God and man,—then it is to be feared the lawn tennis champion, if he has nothing but a lawn tennis championship to recommend him, will have some difficulty in persuading himself that he has a serious contribution to place before the eyes of eternal Justice. A good lawn tennis player may make sad ruin of his own life and, what is worse, of the lives of others, but no true Christian can ruin a game of lawn tennis. That he may play badly is quite possible; that he may receive and deserve a sound beating is more than probable. But,

whether his lot is to be victorious or to be vanquished, he will keep his temper, his head and his tongue. He will not grumble at his partner, at the light, at his racket; he will not play to the gallery or poach the balls his partner can reach; he will not quibble at the decisions of the umpire or air his grievances in the club-house. In a word, behaving like a Christian, he will almost persuade others to become Christians, and he will show that it is possible even on a lawn tennis court to be 'not far from the kingdom of God.'

Pythagoras was wont to say that 'our life resembles the great and populous assembly of the Olympic games, wherein some exercise the body that they may carry away the glory of the prize; others bring merchandise to sell for profit; there are also some (and those none of the worst sort) who pursue no other advantage but only to look on and consider how and why everything is done and to be spectators of the lives of other men, thereby the better to judge of and to regulate their own.' These words express exactly the idea which lies behind this essay.

I have asked my readers to watch an imaginary game of lawn tennis, not, I hope, to pass an idle half-hour or to gratify mere curiosity, but 'to consider how and why everything is done and to be spectators of the lives of other men, thereby the better to judge of and to regulate their own.'

It was with this serious purpose in view that I took up my pen, and it is in the hope that what has been written may in some measure accomplish it that I write in conclusion, 'Game, set, match!'

C. B. HULTON.

THE EAGLE IN A CAGE

> The captive thrush may brook the cage ;
> The prison'd eagle dies for rage.
>
> SCOTT : *Lady of the Lake.*

FROM earliest times the eagle has been looked upon as the lord of the air. We read in the Book of Proverbs, in the thirtieth chapter :

> The way of an eagle in the air,
> The way of a serpent upon a rock,
> The way of a ship in the midst of the sea,
> The way of a man with a maid.

It is part of the confession of Agur which we read here, and in this fine and little-known passage he deals with the four things which are too wonderful to understand.

The flight of the eagle has inspired many poets. Keats, who saw the eagle early in the nineteenth century in its rocky fastnesses on Beinn Cruachan, in the highlands of Argyll, writes in 1818 :

> Eagles may seem to sleep wing-wide upon the air.

He speaks elsewhere of the great bird 'struggling with the buffeting north,' 'cleaving the mists,' 'dim-seen,' 'towering.' How charmingly descriptive, too, are Wordsworth's lines :

> Faint sound of eagle melting into blue,

and the passage in Scott's *Lady of the Lake* describing how the eagle, from her rocky fastnesses upon Ben Venue, 'spread her dark sails to the wind.'

The eagle is the imperial symbol of three universal monarchies : Assyria, Persia, Rome.[1] It is also the royal bird of Greek mythology, and is (or was) the national crest of France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria and Poland. And, to write of more commonplace affairs, it was only the other day that I was driven in a taxi that carried as its mascot a miniature golden eagle with wings widespread.

Of all living things an eagle is least suited to confinement.

[1] An eagle of solid gold was the standard of the ancient Romans, and was carried into battle 'as the proud eagle of all-conquering Rome.'

And yet all zoological gardens throughout the world have their caged eagles—miserable, bedraggled objects, with their joy of life entirely gone. What an appalling existence for a bird that 'seemed to sleep wing-wide upon the air'! All too frequently their cage is a wretchedly inadequate one. In a confined, sordid space, with the odour of flesh clinging about it, four or five eagles may be enclosed together. So small is their prison that it is impossible for them to fly more than a few feet in any direction; and so listless are the great birds, they crouch by the hour upon their perch, uninviting and covered with stale excreta.

William Blake wrote:

> A robin redbreast in a cage
> Puts all Heaven in a rage,

but

> A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons
> Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.

And if it be a crime to imprison a robin—which, after all, is a bird of limited flight and easily tamed—how much more disgraceful is it to take the king of birds and condemn him to a living death, from which there can be no possible reprieve.

I have seen imprisoned eagles gaze wistfully at the leaden sky of the city in which they are confined. Between them and the boundless spaces of the air is an impenetrable barrier of wire netting, which, to their cost, they have many times tested and found unyielding. Do they wonder how it is that the small impish sparrows are able to pass through this barrier, flying impudently in and out through the minute spaces, as though the passage were free to all?

Some of the eagles one sees in cages are young birds, taken from the nest in contravention of the Act that protects the eagle in almost every county of Scotland—how futile, by the way, is that piece of legislation known as the 'Wild Birds' Protection Act'—and these for a time retain their wild instincts.

A friend of mine last summer took to a cage where some eagles were kept in captivity a grouse which he had purchased at a game-dealer's close by. He told me afterwards that, to his surprise, the only bird which showed any interest in the grouse when he held it out was a young eagle. This dejected exile from its fatherland was stirred into sudden activity, and striking the lifeless grouse a terrific blow, carried it away into a corner of the cage, where, concealing its prey from its fellow-captives with its wings, it plucked the grouse carefully, and then devoured it with relish.

How many of the spectators who peer curiously at the gloomy eagles in their prison have ever seen the birds as they soared in freedom above the highest hills of Scotland? Can these people

form any idea of the eagle in its highland home from these miserable, caged specimens? Assuredly not. Far better were it to display a pair of stuffed eagles for the public to gaze upon, and beside them to place some photographs or pictures of the birds at their eyrie in some lonely glen, or sailing high above the mist-wreathed corries. How vividly would a sketch by, let us say, Thorburn or Millais, convey the eagle as it really is in the full enjoyment of health and liberty. And how much more instructive would it be, and how much more humane, than the miserable, spiritless birds the public sees at present.

Perhaps some reader may exclaim, 'Surely it is indefensible, then, to keep any bird in captivity?' With this I do not agree.

Some birds are not unhappy when confined to a comparatively small area. The ducks, for example, that one sees in the zoological gardens and the parks, are to all appearances as contented as in the wild state. Many small birds, too, seem perfectly happy in captivity.

There must be many people who are saddened by the sight of imprisoned eagles. A few days ago I heard a small girl express the sorrow which the sight of a pair of captive eagles had given her, and this opinion was the more valuable as being entirely spontaneous.

While I have treated especially of the eagle in this article, I recognise that there are other 'Raptores,' or birds of prey, almost, if not quite, as deserving of sympathy as the king of birds. The wild, impetuous, peregrine falcon must feel imprisonment as much as the eagle himself.

> O Sorrow! why dost borrow
> The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?

Then there are the erne, or sea eagle; the osprey from its ivy-covered ruined castle upon some highland loch; the far-soaring buzzard; and the impetuous merlin. To all the hawks imprisonment must be a dreadful thing, though perhaps, in the course of years, the feelings of depression and impotence become dulled.

Of the golden eagle I have written to the exclusion of the other birds of prey, because I have spent so many days upon the high hills of Scotland, where the eagle is undisputed monarch of the air and sails easily from hill to hill, covering in a few minutes distances which would take even an experienced climber a long summer's day to walk.

The fiercer the storm the more buoyant and masterful the eagle's flight. I have watched, while struggling in the face of a snow blizzard near the source of the Dee on Brae Riach, the marvellous wing power of this great bird of the mountains. With

back-bent wings he has passed me on his unhurried flight, soaring grimly into the very teeth of the tempest, and I have marvelled that he should be able to see to steer his aerial course through the clouds of powdery snow.

Imagine the joy of some eagle—a bird imprisoned not sufficiently long to forget his hunting—were he suddenly liberated from his cage. Leaning on the breeze, he mounts quickly upward. In five minutes, with never a flap of his wings, he has entered the clouds which are floating across the city of his captivity. There is a verse in Isaiah which reads, 'They shall mount up with wings as eagles,' and none except those who have studied the golden eagle at his mountain haunts know how singularly appropriate this metaphor is.

I have seen an eagle, crossing a hill crest little above the pine trees, mount upward until he was lost in drifting clouds. Soon the clouds passed, and the eagle was still there, a small speck in the blue of the zenith. Ever upward he climbed, until he was invisible to the eye, but a pair of powerful glasses kept him in view some minutes longer. At last, however, even the binoculars failed to show him, for, after seeming like a soaring lark and then a minute black speck, the great bird, with his 7-foot wing-spread, had mounted where no eye could follow him. He must then have been a full 8000 feet above me, and the thing that most impressed me was that, although he had reached this great altitude in a very few minutes, he had not, so far as I could see, flapped his wings once.

Having reached a height of perhaps 4000 feet, our liberated eagle, sailing in wide spirals, endeavours to find his bearings. At length, let us say, he decides that his course toward his ancestral hills and corries lies north. The wind blows fresh from the north-west, which is to our eagle's liking, for he is always at his best when beating into the breeze. He is, we may suppose, sadly out of training as a result of his captivity, but his great wings are so masterful in flight that this inconveniences him little. It is, indeed, a rare thing to see an eagle actually *flap* his wings. Speeding northward at, let us say, forty miles an hour, the eagle at length sights upon the distant northern horizon the snowy peaks of the Cairngorm mountains, the place of his birth. His pace quickens, and as he hurries northward over the high tops of Gaick and Glen Feshie he sees ahead of him the snowy corries of Brae Riach, the birthplace of the Dee. And as he makes his impetuous course a second eagle speeds towards him, none other than his mate, who has been soaring in loneliness above the glens since his capture.

Eagles pair for life, and should mischance befall one of the pair, the survivor may linger unmated on the same ground for a number of years. I have known this happen on the island of

Mull, where the eagle is now very scarce. The season is, we may presume, spring. In the glens the first breath of spring has stirred the birches, so that their scented buds are swelling, but in the remote corrie, where the eagles have their eyrie on the most outlying weather-scarred birch-tree, the snow still lies deep upon the ground.

The great nest, that seems as though by its very weight it must bear the small tree to the ground, is itself free of snow. High above it the eagles soar joyously, from time to time uttering that sharp, yelping cry that is heard so rarely, except in the nesting season. Just under a mile distant stands the only pine-tree in all the glen. It the eagles quickly visit, for they line their eyrie always with green fir branches which they break from the parent tree. They are most particular in obtaining this outer lining for their nest, and equally careful are they to ensure that the two speckled eggs—laid late in March or early in April—shall lie upon an inner lining of a species of *carex* known as *Luzula sylvatica*, or, vulgarly, as 'sword grass.'[2]

For six weeks the mother eagle broods her eggs. Then at last, one May day, two small eagles, clad in snowy down and gazing upon the world with comical pink eyes, lie side by side in the eyrie. For nine weeks they are fed by their parents. To the eyrie are brought mountain hares, rabbits, grouse and ptarmigan, and at times such unexpected animals as squirrels and stoats. Then at length, one July morning, the eaglets take their first flight. Brother and sister—for when two eagles are reared one is invariably a cock, the other a hen—sail down from the eyrie with unsteady flight, and perhaps drop perforce to the ground on the glen below. But next day they are stronger, and soon are able to soar and stoop earthward with the same ease as their parents.

There is an old Gaelic legend that long long ago the birds decided to choose a king. That honour, it was agreed, should be given to the bird who mounted highest into the heavens. All thought that the eagle would be successful, and, indeed, it was not long before he had risen above all the other birds. He had reached a dizzy height when from the plumage of his back a tiny wren fluttered out. High into the air the small songster flew, and the eagle, exhausted by his effort, was unable to overtake it. Thus was the wren, and not the eagle, crowned king of birds.

[2] On March 31 of the present year I crossed a frost-bound hill-top into a great corrie where each waterfall was imprisoned in a glistening sheet of ice. Here was the eagle's home, and already the bird was brooding close on her two handsome eggs, with their lining of Luzula. The grass was brown as midwinter, the heather was burned by the frost. Yet all around the nest were the rose-coloured blooms of *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, vivid patches of colour set in a scene of arctic lifelessness.

SETON GORDON.

A CONTINENTAL SUNDAY IN ENGLAND

Two statements, it may be confidently expected, will be made in effect during any controversy which may occur upon Sunday observance. The first is that ' the greatness of England is due to its Sabbath,' the second that ' we must not introduce into this country a Continental Sunday.' Whether these statements are as axiomatic as they appear to the speakers may be doubted even by those who are convinced believers that the religious observance of Sunday is a matter of national importance.

The greatness of England—and it may be assumed that this country possesses still an element of greatness—fortunately is not due to any one cause. If it were dependent upon Sabbath observance grave doubts might be entertained upon the stability of the foundations of our national edifice. The tide of public opinion and practice has set strongly against Sabbath observance as it was practised in the past, and as it is so often preached at present. The defenders are both honest and courageous, but they appear no more able to keep back the flood than was the redoubtable Mrs. Partington in her onslaught upon the intrusive sea.

The prejudice against a Continental Sunday is deep and wide-spread, although not invariably well informed. There are things done abroad which those with long and intimate knowledge of European conditions would not like introduced into this country. Neither would they desire the spread of the indifference to religion which can be seen, not only in some English popular seaside place on the eve of the August Bank Holiday, but on almost every Sunday night in the West End of London. There is, however, a good side in a Continental observance of Sunday which is largely lacking in England. This side is not always seen by visitors to the Riviera nor by those who gain their impressions of Continental life under the grandmotherly tutelage of the personally conducted tours connected with Church and Nonconformist touring guilds. If the whole truth must be told, there is a good deal of humbug, and still more ignorance, beneath our condemnations of Continental Sundays, although on the other side of the Channel, it must be confessed, there are quarters in which Luther's maxim '*pecce*

fortiter' is applied without the Reformer's qualification, and where disregard of conventions is counted a virtue in comparison with British hypocrisy. The fallacy of comparing the best with the worst, and the worst with the best, is common among the least logical and the most logical peoples of the world. Faults of temperament are to be regretted everywhere, and somehow

> Things never turn out as they should,
> The good are so hard on the clever,
> The clever so rude to the good.

Like other readers of this Review, I have spent abroad in the past many Sundays which I have observed after my own fashion, without much interest in other folks' concerns. The first four Sundays of this year, however, I had the privilege of spending in Italy, and a fifth in Geneva, which stands, so far as Sunday observance is concerned, half-way between Italy and England. On these several occasions I took particular notice of the way in which Sundays were spent, and what I saw certainly provided some food for reflection.

The first Sunday was spent in Rome. In Rome, as is only to be expected, the religious side of life is much in evidence. The streets during the whole morning were well filled with people obviously going to or coming from worship. Perhaps women and children predominated, but this is not peculiar to the Eternal City. The day was one of those glorious combinations of bracing cold and brilliant sunshine which are common in January. The beautiful gardens of the Villa Borghese were crowded. The bands were playing, the zoological gardens were open, but the picture gallery was closed. It was impossible to assess how many of the crowds had been at church. Obviously some had, for they were carrying with them their manuals, and there were priests to be seen walking about and sitting among those listening to the music. There were crowds of young men, the flower of the Fascisti, walking and talking together in groups. All were well behaved, while in the afternoon the gardens and streets had the appearance of a domestic festival. There was the atmosphere of brightness and contentment, without any horse-play or noise, which is to be seen in the London parks on a sunny day in spring.

Naples, of course, is unlike Rome both in conditions of life and in the characteristics of the people. No one who knows them would dream of suspecting the Neapolitans of conventionality. There is no city in Europe where everything is done more in public without reserve or self-consciousness. It would be a great mistake to assume that the Neapolitans are not sincerely affected by religion because they make no ostentatious parade after church, preferring to go to and fro in their lawful occasions on Sundays as

on week-days. The fact that there is no obvious schism between what is religious and what is secular may be counted to them for a righteousness only too often absent in more conventional countries.

The shops in Naples are closed on Sundays, as, indeed, is the case in all other Italian cities, excepting in the poorer parts, where food is sold. It appeared as though it were the custom to shop on Sunday morning, not on Saturday night, which is not surprising in overcrowded neighbourhoods, where the opportunities of keeping food must be like snakes in Iceland. The fishermen envelop the bay with their nets, and all along the great semicircular segment of the bay, the Via Caracciolo, they pulled together, on Sunday as on weekdays, at their apparently never-ending net-ropes. Some women returning from Mass took their places in the queue with their men. The streets and the sea front began to fill towards noon, and in the afternoon the crowds became dense. Remember it was winter, and cold, as it can be cold in Naples. There was music. The great opera house also was open at night, but it was the greater crowds and the closed shops that marked the day. In a great city there must be sides of life sordid and disreputable, but what impressed two English observers in Naples, as in Rome, was the domesticity of the weekly festival and the general cessation of work.

Two intervening Sundays were spent in Amalfi—that old-world republic which preceded Venice and Genoa in commerce, and once set the laws of the sea. Commerce has not entirely deserted its ancient home, but the glory of political domination has gone for ever. Amalfi clings to the mountain sides, a beautiful white ghost of a great past. The city belongs to the Middle Ages. Sanitation is chaotic. The housing difficulty is more than a problem. It is a calamity. Yet, somehow, Amalfi manages to breed a healthy, handsome, and intelligent population, not obviously by the rigid extermination of the unfit. One youth, who shuffled along the path with withered arm and no legs to beg, was a most repulsive specimen of poor humanity. Amalfi needs a social reformer. It has apparently found an ecclesiastical one in the person of an archbishop, whose tall, dignified figure and keen, handsome face may be seen any day in the streets. His charities on an income assessed in English money at 150*l.* per annum stagger belief. But reform in Italy is always concerned less with the outward shell of religion than with the spirit that giveth life. Certainly Sunday is observed devoutly in Amalfi, and it is probably observed much as it was a thousand years ago.

The brightness of a Continental Sunday is obvious, but nowhere in Southern Italy does recreation or rest disguise its religious character. The popular indifference to religion, which is so obvious in England, is less upon the surface in Italy—if it

is there at all. To the bulk of the population Sunday is primarily a religious festival. It is the day for the memorial of the Saviour's death and passion. It is the weekly reminder of the Resurrection. This fact could be more readily recognised in little Amalfi than in great Naples. The churches on Sunday are crowded with worshippers, and it is difficult to see how any unprejudiced man present at the Mass can doubt the simple sincerity of the worshippers. The 'Roman' canon may seem inadequate in form and otherwise unsatisfactory to those who are convinced believers in the spiritual values of the Reformation. Yet, none the less, the vast majority of Italians do keep the memorial of the great central fact of Christianity every Sunday, and would it were so elsewhere! Men may condemn the form of the memorial, but have they no condemnation for the faithlessness of the vast majority of English men and women who keep no memorial, nor even consider they are called upon to do so? The truth is, Sunday in Italy is both brighter and more religiously observed than is the case in England. The brightness is not entirely due to summer skies and the Latin temperament. Gaiety and faith are not incompatible. Some of us believe that they go hand in hand together.

Italians have one great advantage in their religious observance of Sunday. They are not perplexed by any confusion between the seventh day and the first day of the week. The Italian name for Sunday is *Domenica* (the Lord's Day). Saturday is called *Sabato*, or the Sabbath. This is as it was in the earliest days of our religion, and the substitution of the *Dies Domini* for the Jewish Sabbath, as the religious day of Christianity, is one of the oldest proofs of the historical character of our faith. It required a great historical event to impress upon the world a fixed day not to be observed primarily by cessation from work, but by the breaking of bread, the adoration of Christ as God, and the taking of a sacramental pledge not to commit any wrong doing.[1]

Continental Christianity has never departed very far from the primitive conception that the Lord's Day is neither the successor of the Mosaic Sabbath nor a substitute for it. Even during the Reformation there was not the exaggerated spirit of Sabbatarianism to be found on the Continent, as was the case in this country,—although it must be remembered there were many Protestants, even in these islands, who viewed with grave disfavour the increasing identification of Sunday with the Sabbath. To-day in Geneva, for instance, neither Catholics nor Protestants appear to be disturbed by the observance of Sunday in a Continental fashion. The Catholics attend Mass; the Protestants do not. That is the chief difference, and an important one.

[1] *Vide* 'Pliny's Rescript to Trajan, A.D. 112.'

The gain to Italian Christianity to-day of having it clearly fixed in the public mind that *Sabato* and *Domenica* are different days is greater than may be at first realised. It prevents any confusion between the negative restrictions based upon the Mosaic law and the positive duty laid upon all Christians. It has obviated, on the one hand, the sense of unreality and moral repugnance caused by making laws which no one is able to obey literally, and, on the other hand, it has prevented a reaction which has largely lost, in communities elsewhere, all consciousness of the positive duty of worship, and which has resulted in much ignorance or indifference to religion.

It would be impossible in the space allotted for this article to trace historically the steps by which Sunday in this country became more closely identified with the Sabbath than was the case on the Continent. There are numerous well-known books upon the subject, but perhaps anyone who wishes to find a brief, fair-minded and well-written account cannot do better than read a volume in the Oxford Library of Practical Theology entitled *Sunday*, by the Rev. W. B. Trevelyan. The fact, however, remains that to the vast majority of English people, careful or careless of religious sanctions as the case may be, Sunday is the Sabbath.

Many sincere men and women rejoice that Sunday is so regarded. They are shocked by the irreligion and latitude associated with the movement towards what is called 'a brighter Sunday.' They realise the ill effect that this has upon the moral stamina of the nation and the danger to the younger generation, who have the gates of pleasure opened wide to them, and who, after the manner of youth, follow the music and dancing. They sternly oppose any relaxation of Sabbatarian enactments of a past generation that remain. They rejoice openly when a band is prevented from playing in a public park on Sunday. If they are disturbed by any doubts as to the moral stability of their own position, they do not show it openly. And they are inclined to regard as opponents of true religion those who are anxious to get Sunday better observed, although in a different fashion. If I can make the assumption, which Huxley called his own great act of faith, that 'experience of the past is a safe guide for the present and future,' then this article will bring me not a little abuse from those who, despite differences of method, I still consider, dwell in the house of my friends.

There are others—and they are of the salt of the earth—who are neither militant nor unreasonable Sabbatarians, nor are they undisturbed by doubt as to the stability of the ground upon which Sabbatarianism was erected. They are concerned not so much with what the people may not do as with what they fail to do

themselves. Some of these even to-day, so I am assured, attempt to meet the difficulty by making, so far as they may, Saturday their own day of rest, and Sunday an occasion for worship and service. In this attempt they have ancient precedents. Something of the same sort was done during the first two or three centuries of the Christian era, although not with marked success.

The great mass of the people, if they are not indifferent to the whole question, are opposed to the restriction of freedom caused by legislation made in Stuart and early Georgian times. They are not atheistic, whatever may be said to the contrary of a certain section. It has taken centuries to get Christian sanctions into the life of the English, and it will take many generations to eliminate them. There is, however, a grave danger of the mass of the people drifting into practical irreligion, and one of the causes of this drifting must be sought in the popular confusion of thought with regard to the religious use of Sunday, and in the consequent relaxation in religious duties. To return to an earlier metaphor, the flood tide is making towards release from arbitrary restrictions. Those who realise that the restrictions need revising sometimes do not guess there may be beneath them a principle which no nation, least of all a nominally Christian nation, can afford to disregard.

Setting aside for a moment the rights and wrongs of Sabbatarianism, few will refuse to allow that the Fourth Commandment is not obeyed even by those who interpret it literally. It is impossible nowadays 'to do no manner of work' on Sunday, or to enforce this abstinence upon the stranger within our gates, whatever may have been possible in patriarchal Palestine. This divergence between precept and practice is a serious matter. A great Master of Balliol once said that 'no doubt created by sceptics is to be compared to the wide doubt created by those who say one thing and do another.' That this stern saying is true many of us realise personally, to our shame, in far wider spheres than those contemplated in this article. We may disregard the divergence. Many do so, and acquiesce in what is in practice a legal fiction which binds upon others burdens which they do not bear themselves. Others, again, conclude all too hastily that, as there is this unreality in religion, therefore all religion is unreal.

The responsibility for this sorry state of things cannot be laid unreservedly upon those who are dubbed leaders of religious thought. Democracy connotes the responsibility of the people in matters of religion. Those who desire licence or liberty in Sunday observance give voice with a good courage, and plume themselves upon their wide-mindedness. Why should they not? The tide is flowing with them, and they have a good Press. Those who are not Sabbatarians, and yet call themselves Christians, hold

their tongues and say nothing, without feeling much pain or grief. Clergy and laymen alike unite in a conspiracy of silence which they call love of peace. Both swim with the tide. As the late Canon Barnett once said in the bitterness of his heart, 'no attempt is made to enforce a law, nor to reconcile precept with practice.'

Modesty, as well as duty, makes me more ready to shoulder blame myself than to be critical of others, but there is such a thing as the collective responsibility of the Church of England. Whatever may be the case to-day, in the past the Church of England has exercised a predominating influence upon the religious conceptions of the English people. Even to-day the influence is greater than is generally assumed, and the Church of England, in its traditions, does not stand for rigid Sabbatarianism. The Fourth Commandment was introduced into the Liturgy in 1552, with the other nine. There is no evidence that it was intended at first to be interpreted literally. The general intention probably was that the twentieth chapter of Exodus was an apposite lesson from Holy Scripture enforcing the necessity for general obedience to the moral law. The explanation in the Catechism of the Commandments, attributed to Bishop Overton, was written fifty years later, when Puritan influence was on the increase. And in our 'duty towards God' the Fourth Commandment is explained as meaning that we 'should serve Him truly *all* the days of our life.' This is still the mind of the English Church. The pity is that this mind was not expressed more clearly not merely in the Catechism, but in the declaration of the moral law when introduced for the first time as a lection into the then newly revised Service of Holy Communion. There is always a moral repugnance against mental reserves in authoritative statements of faith in the creeds, or of practice in the moral law. This is particularly true when the moral law is prefaced by the solemn words 'God spake these words and said.' It would have been infinitely clearer if the phraseology of the Catechism had been substituted. Moreover—and this must not be forgotten, for it adds to the public perplexity—there are those who maintain *à outrance* that this particular Commandment must be accepted literally and without modification.

It should not be assumed that the active protagonists of greater freedom are either irreligious themselves or opposed to a religious observance of Sunday. For instance, those who know Sir Guy Gaunt are quite certain that, in his advocacy of the opening on Sunday afternoons of the forthcoming British Empire Exhibition, he is sincerely moved only by a desire that every man and woman in England should see a unique object lesson of the activities and responsibilities that God has given them. There would be no question on the Continent that a programme such as the gallant rear-admiral outlines would be in accordance with true

religion. Were conditions the same in England as they are, say, in Italy, many who would not now oppose the scheme might become strong supporters of it. The anxiety that many sincere men feel is that, until something is done to enlighten the British public upon the true Christian purpose of Sunday, the opening of Wembley will add to a popular use of the Lord's Day which, if it is not consciously irreligious, is certainly not religious. This feeling is reasonable, and it is inspired by a sincere desire for the true welfare of the British Empire.

It is not possible, at the moment of writing, to say whether Sir Guy Gaunt will succeed in his effort to get Wembley opened on Sunday. Apparently it is not a well-known Act of Charles II. which stands in the way, but a much later one of George III. The Act of Charles II. deals with trading; the later one, of 1781, forbids public entertainment or amusements in wide terms where money is taken for admission. A legal correspondent of the *Sunday Times* speaks of the Stuart and Hanoverian laws as a 'patchwork' concern which Government after Government has lacked the courage to revise because of the controversial issues involved. He remarks, and with perfect justice:

> The anomalies of the law are very well illustrated by the Sunday opening of the picture-houses. An Act of 1909 gave local authorities power to impose conditions on the proprietors, and the London County Council issued a licence to one with a veto on Sunday opening. He took the matter into court, urging that the Council had no power to impose the veto, since the scope of the Act was limited to safety. He lost the case, but it has since been assumed, upon this extremely doubtful basis, that a county council has power to license Sunday performances. The issue whether such performances would offend against the Act of 1781 was not decided, but there is nothing in the Cinematograph Act to override the old statute, and if the point were squarely raised, it is difficult to see why the latter would not apply. A short investigation has left the writer under the strong impression that every public opening of a cinematograph exhibition for money on Sundays is a tolerated illegality, like club sweepstakes, prize-fights, and the presence of Jesuits in a land where the law imposes banishment for life on them. Laws which are publicly flouted, of course, bring our whole system into disrespect.
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> The Act of 1781 is directed against entertainments for which payment is made, and if the Exhibition were thrown open or partially thrown open to the public, it would not apply. It has been held that payment for reserved seats may be exacted if a reasonable number are admitted free. Whether payment for refreshments, reserved seats for bands, etc., would render free public entry profitable, will no doubt be considered. But while the public has free access to the sob-stuff and inanities of the films, the Hanoverian veto on the Sunday opening of the Exhibition seems foolish.

Sir Guy Gaunt is credited with making an attempt to get a short enabling Bill through the House. If he succeeds, which is improbable, the Act will make another complication in a state of affairs humiliating to those of us who desire that the Lord's Day

should be kept in a manner creditable to Christians. I for one hate the very idea of basing any appeal for Sunday observance upon 'a musty code of Lord's Day Observance Acts' which would, if applied, literally place every man who sells or buys a Sunday paper in the stocks.

Mr. Gavan Duffy, M.P., proposed at a recent demonstration in Hyde Park a somewhat ingenious motion protesting against 'the contemplated closing of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley on Sundays.' The *Yorkshire Post* of March 17 condenses his speech as follows:

> Mr. Gavan Duffy, M.P., in proposing the resolution, said there was not a single trade union representative who had been approached in the matter who was not whole-heartedly in favour of it. He and many others were against legislation which was passed in 1623. *They did not directly or indirectly desire to loosen the sacred bonds of the Sabbath Day. So far as they were concerned, they believed that the educational value to be derived from Wembley on a Sunday would not in any way desecrate, but rather exalt, human genius, as well as the Sabbath Day.* He did not desire people to work a seven-day week. They had a large number of unemployed ex-service men who would be glad to do a day's work on Sunday at the Sunday rate of pay.

It is not with Mr. Duffy's conclusions I am at the moment concerned. It is with his premises and deductions. He assumes, it will be noticed, without apparent qualification, that Sunday is the Sabbath, and he deduces that the Sabbath Day will be 'exalted'—together with human genius—by the educational value to be derived from Wembley. It is quite possible that Mr. Duffy himself understands as much as any Italian the positive Christian duty of worship. It is inconceivable that any Italian would have argued like Mr. Duffy to attain the same end. But then on the Continent the mass of the people understand that the Christian basis of Sunday observance is worship. In England they do not understand.

Mr. Gavan Duffy further states that all the trades unionists he has consulted think as he does about the opening of Wembley on Sunday. Is that surprising? The trades unionists are far from being irreligious. Many of them are devout worshippers in their respective churches. The Ministers of the Labour Government, indeed, sometimes appear to regard themselves as the peculiar exponents of the Sermon on the Mount, and all who came before them as thieves and robbers. But may it not be true that the Labour Party have a very inadequate conception of Sunday observance, and are they not in danger of depreciating the religious value of Sunday observance as a national asset? One trades unionist, only a few days ago, remarked to me: 'Our chaps are set on turning Sunday into a day of politics. They can see nowt else.' It is this inability to see any other purport in Sunday that

really matters. If political meetings take the place of worship, if they leave no time nor inclination for worship, can trades unionism be cleared from responsibility for the state of affairs which many of their own number view with grave anxiety? There need be nothing religiously wrong with political meetings simply because they are held on Sunday, that is if such meetings are put in their right place and in proper proportion. If they leave no place for religion, they are irreligious, but if, as might be the case abroad, they are co-ordinated with religious observance, I can see no necessary religious objections to them except those of expediency. It is quite true that the Labour movement on the Continent is often positively irreligious, far more so than in England, but this cannot be laid down to ignorance of the Christian use of Sunday. There are other causes which are well known not only to enemies, but to friends, of Labour.

A candid critic recently vouchsafed his opinion to me that already in England we had a Continental Sunday without the Mass, and having outworn Protestantism, we had found a refuge in paganism. I have no intention of treading upon the tail of the coat so alluringly trailed before me. I have no desire to reproduce a Continental Sunday in this country in its religious details. It may be possible that our true English traditions are safer for us to build upon than those upon which other nations have built. None the less there is sufficient truth in the criticism to prove that sweeping condemnations of Continental Sundays, made in comparison with our own methods, are neither wise nor in accordance with facts. The strong side of a Continental Sunday is the great emphasis laid upon worship and consequent brightness of the day. The weak side is an assumption, not made by all, that, having consecrated the beginning of the day to God, the remainder does not matter. It is the strength, not the weakness, of a Continental Sunday which all friends of Sunday may wish earnestly could be added to our English traditions.

So far as England is concerned, the radical weakness of Sunday observance for the past two or three centuries has been its negative character. From this, and only partially from the consequent reaction against arbitrary restrictions, has come a wide-spread disregard of worship which is neither Christian nor pagan. There is another tradition of Sunday observance in England which is older than Puritanism, and which has never been dislodged from an honourable position in our national religious life. The story of an ideal observance of an English Sunday in the seventeenth century is told in the pages of *John Inglesant*. Nicholas Ferrar led his household in church and in service with devotion and thoroughness which are characteristic of what is called definitely 'the religious life.' The motive behind the observances at Little

Gidding was positive, not negative. In the seventeenth century were enacted the Sabbatarian laws which still govern Sunday observance, but at the same time there were growing up societies of men and women who did not focus their attention on what other people should not do, but bound themselves to a holy and religious life, to regular participation in the Lord's Supper, and to carry out Church principles. The outcome of these societies was that the Holy Communion was celebrated every Sunday, and the custom of preparing people in church to take part in the Holy Eucharist survived one of the dreariest periods of English Church history.

By all means get rid of the heavy atmosphere which Charles Dickens described as being 'gloomy, close and stale,' but in doing so try to regain that which the bulk of the people of this country have lost—the idea that worship is the true observance of what is primarily the *Dies Domini*. 'This is the day that the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it.'

GEORGE H. FRODSHAM,
Bishop.

THE FRENCH ELECTION

THE General Election in France will take place on the 11th of the present month. This date was not fixed upon without opposition. M. Mandel—Clemenceau's former Secretary—and M. Léon Daudet, the Royalist leader, were against it, because they considered that an election coming so soon after the Chamber had voted the new taxes was tantamount to 'driving the majority of this Chamber to the shambles.' Many other deputies insisted that it was unwise to let the French electorate go to the polls without being clear about the results of the German election which is to take place only a week beforehand. President Millerand is said to have favoured this view, which, at all events, his occasional mouthpiece, M. Gustave Hervé, championed in *La Victoire*. But the French Government does not possess the privilege of prorogation, any more than it possesses the privilege of dissolution (a deficiency which President Millerand publicly deplored at one of the last sittings of the Academy of Political Sciences, of which he is a member). The French Chamber is elected for four years and a half; that is to say, its successor has to meet on June 1, and as there may be in a number of places a second ballot, a fortnight after the first, it was imperative, if the law were not to be overridden, that the election should be held, at the latest, on May 11. But M. Poincaré is too much of a jurist, even too much of a legalist, to override any law, much as he would have preferred a later date.

There was an even more animated contest about the mode of voting at the General Election. Proportional Representation, that is to say, the wholesale election in a *département* of seven or eight deputies representing the votes given to their party, was tried for the first time on November 16, 1919, instead of the former vote by constituencies copied from England. It resulted, as the reader no doubt remembers, in an overwhelming majority for the National Party defined—rather than actually created—by Clemenceau, and recommended to the country by M. Millerand in a famous address at the Ba-Ta-Clan Music-hall. For the first time in thirty years the Radicals found themselves in opposition and could not believe their own eyes. They had feebly opposed Proportional Representation and blamed themselves bitterly for their mistake.

Nobody did so much for Proportional Representation as M. Briand when, in 1912, he described the constituencies, as the old mode of voting had gradually made them, as *mares stagnantes*; the phrase, in spite of some redundance, was as effective as 'rotten borough,' and acted in the same way. It held up to contempt pettinesses bred of purely local interests over against the broader and higher issues which an appeal to a larger section of the country was sure to bring to the forefront, and the Radicals, flushed by the memories of past successes, did not realise that fulsomeness and stagnancy might be applied to them at the election. But it was so. Since then they have not ceased to harp on the defects of Proportional Representation, and in the Senate, where they still have a majority, they put up a desperate and very nearly successful fight for a return to the old method. There is no pretence now of defending noble issues. M. Briand, who has occasional recurrences of cynicism, grieved his admirers by going back on his historic utterance and coolly saying in the Chamber that 'no principles were attached to mere contingencies like the mode of voting, and the best system was that which would return a Republican—*i.e.* a Radical—majority.'

M. Briand is a great Liberal in his tendencies, but he has always been, and will remain, a partisan in his habits. A repentant Socialist, he found an early success in Radicalism of the old school, which his tolerance gradually transformed. At sixty-two years of age and after many experiences he still believes in nothing better than tolerant Radicalism. Just as Catholic minorities can be happy and even protected in Protestant countries as long as they show no signs of wishing to be more than happy minorities, so it is in M. Briand's mind with the parties which Radicalism beat with Marshal MacMahon in 1877, and has constantly beaten ever since. Let them be content with being beaten, and they will not be downtrodden, but if they dare to be successful all weapons will be good against them. This view is largely caused by the fear of a bugbear, for it must be admitted that the Bloc National has not shown any signs of being uppish or even independent; during four years and a half it has faithfully served under Radical Premiers (Millerand, Leygues, Briand and Poincaré) and never had a thought of substituting one of its own men for them. As a matter of fact, the Radicals want power more violently than their opponents because they have been used to it, and in the long debate in the Senate over Proportional Representation they said little else. Finally M. Poincaré had recourse to his familiar method of making the issue a question of confidence and carried it by a few votes against sullen opposition. So the vote on May 11 will be proportional, one deputy being allotted to each 75,000 inhabitants, but the candidates being grouped on lists instead of appearing before the electors singly.

An immediate consequence of Proportional Representation is the practical necessity for the parties in the minority (Radicals, Socialists and Communists) to draw up coalition lists. They realise that their defeat in 1919 arose from their neglect of this precaution. It must be said that coalitions enjoy the favour of politicians. M. Poincaré, M. Forgeot—although this brilliant orator is a typical French individualist—and Senator Chautemps have consistently advocated the formation of a Bloc du Centre, bringing together all Republicans and only excluding the Royalist wing on the right and the Socialists on the left. This idea is plain common sense. The problems connected with the finances of France and her security ought to be important enough to obliterate the old acute consciousness of political differences, and do so whenever selfish calculations are not tyrannical. The readers of *Le Temps*, formerly the organ of the Radicals, are not afraid of an election which would result in a success for the Right, whereas a number of intelligent Catholics would hate a Royalist success; but the Radicals have long been known to be a prey to selfish calculations and act accordingly.

It is pitiful to see their chief, M. Herriot, the mayor of Lyons, a man of great literary culture and of acknowledged personal charm, a patriot too—who would never be caught as his predecessor, M. Caillaux, was, making up his mind to drop an English alliance to seek one with Germany—lowering himself by arrangements with Socialists who would not support him on any vital point should he be in office. The pressure of his party compels him to do so. Some of his friends go even further. M. Buisson, in spite of his eighty years, would not hesitate to admit the Communists, whom he poetically but foolishly describes as 'the flame of the Radical Party.' But the most striking adhesion given to M. Herriot's plan of campaign was that of M. Briand in a speech delivered three months ago at Carcassonne. M. Briand, who is moderation itself in office and who took into his Cabinet in 1921 more members from the Bloc National than M. Poincaré ever dared or chose to select, expressed himself on that occasion as if he were still a young revolutionist. So the Bloc des Gauches, as it is called, is no longer a mere vision, but is being held up on all sides as the only combination likely to rout the Bloc National.

What are its chances of success? They are not so great as would seem at first blush. To begin with, a number of patriotic Radicals, calling themselves National Radicals, are unwilling to associate themselves with Socialists looking for leadership to the International, and draw up lists excluding them; then the Communists, under the influence of men like Cachin and the irrepressible Vaillant-Couturier, affect the contempt for all *bourgeois*, Radical or not, which is in fashion at Moscow; finally, even the

Socialists, *bourgeois* though many of them are, do not always welcome Radical suggestions. In 1919, M. Bracke—who, under his real name of Desrousseaux, is well known as one of the best Greek scholars in France—resolutely set his face against an alliance with the Radicals and was instrumental in preventing a Socialist fusion with them. He does not seem to have changed his mind so far. At a convention of the Socialist Party at Marseilles he defended his old point of view and succeeded in passing a resolution embodying it. But what seems to appear from the daily perusal of the Radical newspapers is the pure and simple conviction that political expediency ought to reign supreme. On the other hand, it must be admitted that such combinations have already been seen at a good many bye-elections. I witnessed one at which the Radicals were beaten in the first ballot and would have most undoubtedly been beaten again in the second one had not a Socialist orator from a neighbouring town persuaded his friends to assist them. However, the presence in many regions of four or five lists instead of two evidently goes against the Radical hope of having one *bloc* opposed to another.

One great obstacle to the formation of a Bloc des Gauches is the difficulty in which the Radicals find themselves of framing a clear, definite programme unmistakably antagonistic to that of their opponents. French elections seldom crystallise the efforts of parties round one intelligible issue, as is almost invariably the case in Great Britain; this accounts for the fact that foreigners often find them difficult to understand, whereas an English election is perspicuity itself and can be followed even by people with no experience of British politics. A real slogan, grasping the mind rather than having to be grasped by it, is rare in France; in fact, the only one that history will recall is the famous *se soumettre ou se démettre* with which Gambetta defeated Marshal MacMahon in 1877. Also elections centred on an economical issue, the only ones that are sure to mobilise public interest on all sides, are an exception in France, whereas they are almost the rule in England. The French generally vote for or against a man or a group of men, or for or against a theory; during more than twenty years religious struggles were in the forefront and provided parties with their platforms; but theories in time pall on the multitude, and Gambettas or Clemenceaus are exceptions.

At the present moment France is confronted with problems concerning her security on one hand, her finances on the other, which admit indeed of a variety of solutions, but these solutions have all to be in the same direction. The Socialist leader, M. Léon Blum, and the Communist leader, M. Cachin, both admit that, with the uncontrollable Nationalist wave now raging in Germany, precautions must be taken to protect the French frontiers. Much more

so M. Herriot and his Radicals. In the same way the necessity of restoring the French finances and the inevitability of coupling the problem of stability with that of Reparations are making for political unity. At one of the last sittings of the Chamber M. Blum prided himself on having said to a German audience at a convention in Hamburg that they had to repair the damages they had caused. All other issues shrink into insignificance when compared with these two. So the only chance of marking off differences between the parties' programmes lies in emphasising mere details. Now mere details do not appeal to the popular mind, or only appeal to it when they are part of a larger doctrine. When the elector reads in his newspaper that M. Poincaré, by taking M. Loucheur into his new Cabinet, has hinted his willingness to resume conversations with England, he understands and generally approves. In the same way he understands and approves when he is invited to connect the appointment of M de Jouvenel with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's ideas on the League of Nations. But when he is told that M. Herriot has different views concerning the Entente and the League he wonders what these may be, but after a few moments he makes up his mind not even to wonder any more. Minute distinctions do not interest him. Again, if the Radicals were, like the Socialists, against the occupation of the Ruhr, there would be nothing confusing, and a clear, unmistakable issue might be the basis for a lucid programme, but M. Herriot is as much for the occupation of the Ruhr as M. Poincaré, only, while M. Poincaré insists on collecting money in the Ruhr, M. Herriot would only use the Ruhr as a coercion to exact deliveries in kind. No election can impassion a country with only such niceties at issue. On the whole it appears clearly now that, whereas the Bloc National will do its utmost to identify its cause with that of M. Poincaré and will limit its effort to the defence of security and reparations, the Bloc des Gauches could only differentiate itself by insisting on the keeping up of State monopolies on alcohol, matches or tobacco, or on the substitution of higher personal income taxes for indirect taxation, or, above all, by opposing the legislation by decrees. Not one of these points has any chance of being popular, and the consequence is that the election is being more or less consciously conducted on the differences arising from the fact that one *bloc* is for Poincaré, whereas the other is against him.

Leaders are almost as shadowy as the programmes. France produces brilliant politicians by the score, men who possess considerable historical or juridical culture and know how to write and speak. I remember Lord Bryce's admiration for the performances he saw in the Chamber when he was preparing his book on *Democracy*. 'Why,' he said, 'I hear perfectly obscure men who speak better than our Front Benchers.' But these trained speakers

are no leaders. They all show the national tendency to believe that as ideas fascinate them they only need to play off the fascination for it to work its way through the world. But it is not so, and Anglo-Saxon politicians of all degrees realise it; while mere intellect disports itself in a French election, the will plays a predominant part in English or American campaigns. A man like Sir Charles Dilke, who exhibited French influences in every sentence he uttered, would be ten times more active than a man like Rochefort, who, however, delighted his very soul. Since Gambetta—who combined the practical qualities of the Jew with those of the Italian—showed in 1877 what one man possessed of an all-devouring ambition can do, no real political apostle has been seen in France. M. Herriot and M. Painlevé, on the Radical side, have indeed appeared during the present campaign in many towns far remote from their own constituencies, but neither says anything that will awake echoes throughout the country. As for M. Caillaux and M. Malvy, they are mum, while M. Briand sits in placid expectation, and M. de Monzie is content with polishing brilliant little speeches. On the other side the scene is even more empty, because the Bloc National counts almost exclusively on M. Poincaré. Neither M. Tardieu nor M. Mandel roams beyond the suburbs of Versailles or Bordeaux, and Clemenceau affects to be already in his grave.

On the whole the situation could be said to develop on its own merits if two powerful leagues and two sets of newspapers did not do the humdrum work which the so-called leaders think beneath them. The election of 1919 was carried for the Bloc National by the Union des Intérêts Economiques, under the guidance of an obscure but highly trained chairman, Senator Billiet. This organisation, which also calls itself Fédération Républicaine, frankly represents capital, but in a wise and moderate manner which Signor Mussolini would admire but would also no doubt endeavour to starch. Its competitor is the Ligue de la République, led by the enthusiastic octogenarian I was mentioning above, M. Ferdinand Buisson, with the assistance of regular 'bosses' like Senator Mascuraud, men who never were supposed to rise above the political pettifogger's ideal, but who know all the tricks of professional politicians. Both these leagues have considerable financial resources at their disposal, but judging by their output of electioneering literature, the Union des Intérêts Economiques must be either richer or better run than its rival.

As for the newspaper aspect of the situation, it would be what it has generally been in previous campaigns if there were not more unity in the doctrines championed in the Press than has usually been the rule. A reader who had no time for more than one Radical newspaper would find all the others ably and amusingly

summed up in the ultra-Radical or semi-Socialist *L'Œuvre*, financed by the Hennessy brothers. During the war *L'Œuvre* made it a point to tell the truth, which was a high ambition, and tried to fulfil its ideals with an extraordinary cleverness, occasionally associated with a disquieting boldness. Since the Armistice the disquieting points have become more and more ominous, while the tone of the newspaper has steadily lost the dignity which the national danger made it imperative for even pacifist journals to preserve. But it is no less true that the whole Radical Press takes its arguments from the leaders contributed by M. Robert de Jouvenel, the embodiment of brilliant ideology served by the nimblest pen, and its wit from the articles of that king of humorists, G. de la Fouchardière. Paradox is plentiful in a periodical run by two such men, but paradoxes are just what a party trying to be at the same time patriotic and international is in need of.

The Bloc National possesses the counterpart of *L'Œuvre* in *L'Action Française*, whose Royalism is just as extreme and occasionally paradoxical, but the contributions of M. Maurras, M. Bainville and even Léon Daudet are a mine of information brazenly pillaged by foe as well as friend, and reflections from their doctrines are to be found in the most unexpected quarters. However, I should say that *Le Temps*, formerly the official organ of Radicals, is now the mouthpiece of the miscellaneous Conservatism summed up by the Bloc National. Its concurrence is the most valuable asset of M. Poincaré, and has caused many a heartburn in the opposite party.

As I said above, M. Poincaré himself is the leading influence in the present election; yet this influence is not altogether clear. M. Poincaré is a moderate and patriotic Radical, but a Radical all the same, while the majority supporting him is anti-Radical. This paradox has appeared perplexing more than once, especially when M Poincaré formed his new Cabinet, almost entirely excluding the majority and calling in men who had recently voted against him on that same legislation by decrees which he regards as fundamental. Yet even this apparent inconsistency has proved useful, because it testifies to the continuation somehow of the strongest feeling France has known since the great Revolution, the Union Sacrée. The Bloc National was reassured by several solemn asseverations of the Premier that its cause was his cause, and by his presence on April 25 at the banquet of the Fédération Républicaine. On the other hand, the Radicals when they clamour, 'Down with the Reaction!' never dare to go quite the length of saying, '*A bas Poincaré!*' They would much rather shout, '*A bas Millerand!*' because the President is anxious to modify the Constitution, which to his Prime Minister is a fetish. So, although M. Poincaré will always lack magnetism, he is popular

with the Bloc National, and not absolutely unpopular with its opponents, as the notary in a small town is often the Catholic families' lawyer, even if he grieves them by never going to church, because he is such a perfect defender of their interests.

The most important element in an election is of course the electorate, but apart from great national phenomena carrying away millions, like the Italian Fascismo or the Chauvinist wave in Germany, it is also the most obscure. Certainly M. Poincaré has the country with him on the subject of Reparations. A speech like that recently delivered by Mr. Graham, plainly saying that if Germany is made to pay Reparations in full she will become a dangerous commercial rival, may or may not be sound economically, but it hurts the sense of justice of the whole French nation. Whatever M. Daudet and M. Mandel may have thought to the contrary, it is also a fact that the French electorate is not angry with the Premier for having raised the taxes in order to stabilise the franc. As for legislation by decrees, it will be popular in France, as it is in Italy and Germany, if it results in tangible economies. On all these vital points we can safely prophesy that the election will be in favour of M. Poincaré.

It may not be as certain as regards the problem of security. The reason is the importance which the country attaches to it and its mistrust of practically all solutions. French people realise that in fact there cannot be any solution, that alliances are precarious, while the League of Nations panacea is, at least at present, more a narcotic than a remedy, and what we can expect in the future, as in the past, can be little better than lulls. France is farther away from wishing a war than she has ever been, yet war-cries are more audible in Germany than ever, and some sort of arrangement must be found, even should it only ensure ten years' peace. It is not by any means impossible that the election should be affected in a direction opposed to M. Poincaré by the success of the Nationalists in Germany. The Radicals are doing their utmost to impress their electors with the idea that the greatest misfortune at the present moment would be isolation, that France cannot get away from isolation without the friendship not only of England, but of the British Government and of the British Press, and M. Poincaré can never be *persona grata* with either the British Government or the British Press or the British financiers. How far the popularity of M. Poincaré can be endangered by this aspect of his policies and the use his enemies are certain to make of it at the last cannot be foreseen. All that we can say is that the millions have a curious way of sensing at times complex issues which even intelligent individuals cannot make up their minds about.

The purely political side of the election is almost as obscure. It was not so in 1919. A *bleu horizon* election was as certain in France

as a khaki election in England. But there is an abyss between the enthusiasm which the victory created five years ago and the weariness which would undoubtedly be the characteristic to-day if a dogged resolve to stick to what seems to be one's rights, impersonated in M. Poincaré, did not coexist with it. Literature has violently divorced itself from war memories and from the exalted tone which during the critical years imposed itself on writers. So has public opinion, but nothing has come to take the place of the wonderful inspiration which the great struggle used to be to even the most cynical. The development of European politics has been accompanied with disgust and disappointment, with doubtful promises and with reproaches, with irritated reminders of ideals and with indignant references to wasted sacrifices. Confusion has prevailed not because issues were difficult to grasp, but because they were too many. All this could only produce fatigue. At the present moment and in spite of the agitation created by an election it is almost impossible to know whether public opinion is more influenced by the Nationalism associated with the Bloc National or by on the whole inferior motives which Radicalism beautifies as the love of peace and philanthropy. At various bye-elections Radicals have been successful, not so much on account of the theses they were defending as because they have an older and stronger organisation, especially in provincial towns, because they are more experienced politicians and because they were so long in power that the average elector has to make an effort to realise that they are now in opposition.

It is mostly between that local animus and higher views that the contest is going on. Anybody with an experience of provincial *milieus* knows how the most important issues are apt to be overshadowed by very unimportant individuals indeed. Should this happen on the 11th, and should there be, in spite of all present appearances, a return to Radicalism, it would be Radicalism of a very different kind from that with which we were familiar until 1914. Practical issues would surge round it on all sides and would compel it to an action hardly discernible from that which M. Poincaré has recently seemed inclined to favour, viz., Nationalism mitigated by an international understanding, much in the spirit of the Belgians. When one tries to visualise the Cabinet which M. Poincaré's successor would have to form it is almost impossible to see it different from the present Administration. This is enough to show that the election, all-important as it may seem at this juncture, has, however, nothing in common with the great elections of 1877, which finished the Monarchist hopes, of 1889, when Boulanger was a possible Mussolini, or of 1898, when the Dreyfus affair was in full swing and Socialism appeared as a formidable threat.

ERNEST DIMNET.

MODERN SAMURAI[1]

'GOVERNMENT,' cried Mussolini in his great pre-election speech at the Palazzo Venezia, 'is a matter of will. It is my will to govern and to go on governing.' There is the gospel of Fascismo in a nutshell. It claims an exclusive right to govern Italy. This is not a question of vulgar office-seeking. It is, of course, true that politicians are never reluctant to expatiate on the patriotic and disinterested nature of their ambitions and their supreme qualifications to govern. But most of them are not surprised if the electors occasionally disbelieve them, and they accept periods of opposition with philosophy. Mussolini, however, differs from them in that he not only claims, but expects, the monopoly of office, in the same spirit as the younger Pitt when he exclaimed, 'I know I can save this nation, and nobody else can.' He differs also by the fact that he is the head, not of a political party, but a caste, a band of the elect, much the same in homogeneity and in absolute personal devotion to their chief as the Communists in Russia, under the rule of Lenin. There are an aloofness from ordinary political methods in his system and an almost religious quality in his position which mark them out as quite distinct from those of political leaders in other countries, and make them far less liable to those waves of revulsion which so often swamp the seemingly unshakable popularity of democratic leaders. The erudite reader will doubtless call to mind the parallel case of Augustus, who was Pontifex Maximus at the time he held the *tribunicia potestas*. Mussolini bases his claim to permanent supremacy upon the general ground that he has brought to Italy a new civilisation and a new spirit. The new civilisation is an order directed by the unquestioned authority of a political aristocracy. The new spirit is that of 'discipline, order, work.' It will at once be seen that these ideals constitute, not an innovation, but a revival. The sole permanent achievement of the French Revolution was the defamation of the aristocratic ideal of government, which has, in fact, in most countries revived, but

[1] The Samurai were the feudal aristocracy of Japan, who ruled the country with unquestioned authority for many centuries. They were subject to a strict caste code.

in appearance hides itself beneath a protective democratic covering. We remember the feudal ages in the corruption of their decadence; but all that has come down to us of their pristine political virtues is some account of the institutions of chivalry, so garbled that its exponents appear as a set of armoured Raffles. We forget the fact that the European aristocracies won their predominance because they were the fathers and shepherds of their people. We are blinded by that philosophic expression, democracy, to such facts as that the Athenian republic comprised only 25,000 citizens among a population of 300,000 slaves and foreigners. We are only just beginning to realise that the most stupendous change in all political conceptions has been caused by the performance of slave labour by machines instead of men; and that the world, having twisted its fabric during a hundred years of agony in order to divide its pattern into ethnological squares, is now beginning the torment of the next division into economic squares. The new incentive to rivalry among nations is the control of the raw materials of power production. The enormous importance of the men who dig coal and iron, the vast power of the individuals who control machines possessed of god-like power, has completely altered society values, and calls for the production of a new aristocracy whose virtue is the same as that of the old aristocracy, namely, efficiency, but whose texture is quite different. The new aristocracy must be composed of persons whose sole recommendation is merit. The meaning of it can be grasped by a literal translation of the word 'aristocracy': 'dictatorship of the best.' The 'dynasty' of the Antonines, who, of course, broke the hereditary in favour of the adoptive system, is a case in point. Either this aristocracy must be produced, recognised, and its claims admitted, or else nations will become the prey of a class war. For it is possible to do two things in a society wherein production and organising are both so vitally important. The Government can allow the apparent disproportion of the respective rewards to exasperate the operatives against the organisers, with the result that the armies of industry tear themselves to pieces or fritter away their powers in futile squabbling. The first process is the triumph of Communism, the second that of Socialism. The alternative is that the Government should be above, beyond, and stronger than class, and should insist on keeping the peace. This is equally easy to say and difficult to do, for it demands qualities in the Government of quite an exceptional character. It demands that government should be in the hands of a political aristocracy possessed collectively and individually of rigid morality, unremitting application, an impersonal and impartial sense of justice, absolute altruism, and transcendent idealism. Upon these

qualities it bases its right to govern, its right to direct and to dictate.

Let us transplant these rather philosophical generalities to Italy. The Fascisti make claim to this right. The question is, Do they possess these qualities, and are they the essential political aristocracy? To this there must be both a spiritual and a practical answer. Spiritually speaking, they claim to be the survivors of the national army which fought and suffered for a great ideal, and by its victory created the new Italy. For us the Great War was not the final stage in an hereditary quarrel, but for Italy it was the last successful effort in the hundred years' conflict with Austria. Every soldier of Vittoria Veneto feels himself a Garibaldi, and until the advent of Fascismo felt himself a Garibaldi betrayed. For during two years he was jeered at in the streets for having been fool enough to risk his skin for nothing. There is no feeling so humiliating as to know one has done rather a fine thing and to find it considered lunacy. The ex-service men endured in Italy what they endured in Ireland under Sinn Fein; and in their adhesion to Fascismo there is all the sense of moral triumph over defamation, all the glory of finding that the ideals with which they fought the war may not be illusory after all. When Mussolini cries, 'We the survivors, we the returned from the grave, demand the right to direct the country we have saved,' it is no stay-at-home profiteer, no organiser of victory, who speaks, but a corporal of the Bersaglieri, with thirty-six wounds in his body. It is not a bad foundation for Samurai to have passed through the fire.

It is not, of course, true that all Fascisti are ex-service men, or that they all supported the war. The original nucleus was formed by Mussolini, De Vecchi and others in the northern cities, and comprised not only *combattenti*, but Nazionalisti and the ex-legionaries of D'Annunzio. Indeed, the original conception of Fascismo came from that prince of *poseurs*, whose immense conceit is redeemed from ridicule by the consuming fire of his spirit. He translated into words the ideals of the war party in Italy, and, in fair play to him be it said, he has never lost sight of them. From the spring of his high-flown patriotism, yes, even from the motley adventure of Fiume, flowed the river of national regeneration; and it is little exaggeration to say that Fiume was a cave of Adullam, where all the high spirits of Italy looked for comfort in the midst of the post-war muddle. But naturally success has brought many and various recruits to the Fascista standard, including thousands of ex-Socialists and time-servers. Some of them have been eliminated by a series of rigorous purges which have cleansed the Fascista lodges of suspicious characters. The policy of Mussolini has been gradually and politely to drive

out of office all Ministers not purely Fascist, except, of course, the Nationalists, who are amalgamated with the Fascisti. He has replaced them either by Fascisti or by men of no particular party, but of approved technical qualifications.

It has been a brave policy, but quite essential to the formation of a Samurai class, which cannot be a collection of men wearing different labels.

Every man in Italy to-day knows that he must break with his party to join Fascismo, but that if he offers it his skill and sincerity free from all other embarrassments, its ranks are open to him. Fascismo will not, therefore, fail through the same mistake which caused the overthrow of the old aristocracies, the mistake of being too exclusive. I could mention some careerists who are still in high places. But I am quite convinced that Mussolini himself has the genuine Samurai spirit, in spite of his occasional descents into vulgarity of pose and language; this spirit overshadows and neutralises the insincerity of others. The spiritual side of the Fascista organisation is best expressed in the oath taken by the National Militia, who vow to serve God, the King, and the country. But some qualifying observations must be made upon its practical aspects. The Fascisti are really drawn from all classes and all political creeds. Mussolini himself is the son of a blacksmith, an ex-mason, and an ex-Socialist. It is true that the movement was originally financed by the northern industrialists, and that it numbers among its followers most of the aristocracy and the plutocracy. But there is no shadow of a proof, or even of an accusation, that Mussolini is bound in any way to his financial sponsors. On the contrary, he can point to the institution of an eight-hour working day, the enforcement of a heavy income tax, the support of the *employés* in several industrial disputes, notably that between the merchant seamen and the shipowners, the extension of unemployment insurance, the large and growing membership of Fascista trade unions, and, above all, to the character of his army, the National Militia, as proof that he favours no man and no interests. This militia has been compared to the Pretorian Guard, and it is true that it is a Fascista army, a force of 500,000 devotees to the cult of Mussolini. It is, however, simply the organisation upon a military model of the whole force of the movement, the practical expression of the determination to govern. It is more an insurance against what the future may bring than a present weapon. Naturally, it offends the constitutionalists; but its existence is part of the Samurai ideal. For the claim to the monopoly of government does involve the use of force against opposition, even though up to the present the general measure of assent given to the Fascista claims renders the use of force unnecessary. But

the Samurai must guard themselves against factious interference with their high duties, and if they are Samurai, they will not use force except against such unjustifiable opposition. Moreover, this caste army is not a force of professional *bravos*. To judge from the 20,000 who marched through Rome last spring, the greater part of them are *contadini*—peasantry, who for the first time in their lives are genuinely supporting a political system.

Naturally a very strict limit must be fixed to this doctrine of the ends justifying the means. Where Fascismo has hitherto failed to live up to the Samurai ideals is in the administration of an even-handed justice. Perhaps the early excesses during the castor oil period may be excused, as being actions committed in a state of war. But there is no excuse to-day for the physical persecution of political opponents, whatever the provocation. Samurai are impersonal ; they are insensible to personal hatreds and incapable of personal vendettas. Insults to the ideals of the caste may be avenged. Mussolini, as a Samurai, may legitimately say that when the matter at issue is the honour of Fascismo or of the fatherland the 'Fascisti are still ready to kill or to die.' But he is not entitled to extend immunity to those persons who are known to have sacked the house of Signor Nitti, and beaten Signor Amendola in the streets of Rome. Such persons should be expelled with ignominy from the order. Again, allegations of undue favouritism in the retention of Fascista *employés* when the staffs of State offices and enterprises are being reduced are very frequent. They remain vague allegations only, but nothing destroys the character and reputation of a movement so much as favouritism, and this must be avoided at all costs. Samurai have no personal ambitions. Their ideal is that of loyalty to their caste and service to their country. Their motto is the motto of Cromwell, 'The State in choosing men to serve her takes no count of their opinions. So but they render good service, that satisfies.' It is only fair to add that the new conditions of State service are admirable in spirit ; that henceforth a man will be rewarded or punished solely according to the character of his service, upon which yearly reports will be rendered. It is obvious that this system opens endless opportunities for graft and favouritism. But its spirit is right, and its administration will be right, too, if the Fascisti live up to their ideals.

The questions of morality and sobriety are obviously delicate. The Italians are, however, an extremely temperate people. A drunkard is as rare as a mute. In every village there are one or two habitual drunkards, but the town populations are even more sober. They are frugal and thrifty and amazingly prolific. Their brains are wonderfully quick and intelligent, if somewhat unbalanced and unpersistent. In character they are simple and

easily led, and though they pride themselves upon being smart, so that *furbo*, or cunning, is an epithet of the greatest praise, and their favourite saying is, 'Thick boots, slim wits,' yet their cunning has no vice in it. Probably their worst characteristic is their absence of a sense of fair play, though this is counterbalanced by an immense capacity for generosity. On the whole they are excellent raw material for Samurai to handle. The Fascisti have done several good things. They have closed the casinos (though, rather inconsistently, the weekly State lottery continues). They have closed numbers of houses of ill fame. The most curious incident is one reported from Genoa. There the local pickpockets were called together and addressed by the Fascista leader. He naïvely announced to them the inauguration of a new *régime*, and told them that a course of life which might have been possible in the old Italy would not be tolerated in the new. His hearers were advised to mend their ways with all speed. I find something altogether admirable in this new version of 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

The application to their duty of these new leaders of Italy is also fully up to standard. Mussolini is everywhere and does everything, and he exacts a ten-hour day from his subordinates. They justify their leadership, because they ask nothing of their people which they do not do, and more than do, themselves. In 1923 the working days lost through strikes were under 10 per cent. of those lost in 1922. Some people see in this fact a proof of the tyranny of Fascismo over the working classes. This is an absolutely false inference. There have been practically no strikes because the people have not wanted to strike, nor thought striking necessary to the assertion of their dignity. I may be optimistic, but I think Fascismo has found the way to make an industrial civilisation as peaceful as a patriarchal civilisation, for it has given to both employers and employed an ideal above their narrow class interests. Continued belief in this ideal is contingent, of course, upon a continuation of industrial prosperity, involving the absence of unemployment and the maintenance of the purchasing power of wages. The Fascisti have left no stone unturned in their efforts to promote industrial prosperity. They have concluded commercial treaties with all and sundry, and in so doing have followed so closely practical realities that Jugo-Slavia, the heir of the hereditary enemy, and Russia, their political antithesis, are the latest recruits to the commercial brotherhood. They have made unexampled efforts to increase emigration facilities, and have actually raised the emigration total to 40 per cent. of the pre-war figure. It is the deserved reward of unremitting toil that their task has been simplified by a bumper harvest.

The Samurai are distinguished from the ruck of mankind by

their nicer sense of honour. The Fascisti have some claims to have fulfilled this requirement. Nothing does them more honour than the way in which they have fulfilled international engagements flatly contradictory to their professed ambitions. Corfu was a blot, but it has been erased by scrupulously honourable conduct towards Jugo-Slavia, the reward of which is the treaty signed last month. It is true that the Fascisti are destitute of the sense of international co-operation, because it is too closely linked in their minds with Socialism. But they arrive at much the same goal by a different road, because their common sense tells them that isolation is not the way to increase the national prestige, and is, besides, suicidal for a country so woefully destitute of raw materials. Thus even his opponents admit that Mussolini is a man who says what he means and can be trusted to do what he says.

The idealism of Fascismo is most difficult to define, and its prophets generally confine themselves to declaring what it is not. Such phrases as that 'Fascismo is liberty, but not liberty to assassinate the fatherland,' or that 'Fascismo is the concrete negation of all social, democratoid and socialistoid ideology,' do not take us very far. Perhaps the idealism of Fascismo may be best positively and paradoxically defined as the idealism of realism. The Fascisti say to the nation, 'You keep quietly at work and leave to us the tasks of speaking for you, arguing for you, acting for you. We guarantee you justice at home and respect abroad.' All the rather offensive talk in which they indulge at the expense of democracy is merely the exuberance of men who have truly conquered the exasperating washy social theories which were so fashionable immediately after the war. The strength of their position depends upon their driving this fact into the comprehension of the Italian people. For, in spite of their jeers at democracy, they diligently employ the methods of the democrat and even of the demagogue. A tame Press ceases only to chant their praises in order to heap the vilest and often the most unfair abuse on their opponents. As a pressman I should be the last to decry the utility or power of the Press, but I do think the Samurai should insist upon more sober and dignified daily talks to their people. Fortunately for them, the Italian papers are little read outside Italy, or it would, indeed, be a case of 'Save me from my friends.' The observer living in the country becomes dulled to superlatives, and can take these lyrical exuberances at their proper value without his gorge rising to such an extent that his perception of the good in Fascismo is strangled.

Again, Mussolini himself is the first to cultivate the arts of popularity. He is supremely accessible and always courteous, albeit intimidating, to his visitor. He has a fine and imposing presence, which impresses itself forcibly upon the interviewer. The effects are sometimes disastrous. A certain magnate who

came to lay before him a detailed scheme to assist Italian emigration to and trade with Canada was so overwhelmed as to become completely incoherent. He produces the same effect upon the mass as upon the individual. He is one of the finest of a nation of dramatic orators. The husky voice begins almost in a whisper. The weary statesman has hardly sufficient strength to tell the nation of the work he has achieved for it. Then the eye begins to lighten; the voice clears and rises. Suddenly the thick body stiffens, the great head is flung back, the lips curl away from the teeth, the eyes glare, and a lightning phrase is jerked out with the clang and the ring of a struck shield. There is never much substance in his speeches, but they excel in the unexpected word and in driving force. It is probably his ubiquity that has given him his unique personal position, for by sheer force of personality he has won an enviable facility in securing applause whatever he does. The nation was solid behind him over the Corfu business. He is universally congratulated for concluding a treaty with Jugo-Slavia which gives the latter exactly what Count Sforza was broken for suggesting. His weakness is a liability to personal hatreds. He sincerely detests persons like Albertoni, Nitti, Sforza, and Amendola, and is not fair to them. As for his colleagues, some of them—De Stefani, Federzoni, Acerbo—are fine men.

This attempt to appreciate the character and motives of the Fascisti will have succeeded if the reader has realised that he is studying a phenomenon which contains the germs of a really big world movement, of which the spiritual side is far the most important. He should not be blind to its practical defects, its local terrorism, its occasional mistaking of savagery for strength and of paradox for paradise. Yet its devotees undoubtedly possess a capacity for self-sacrifice which raises it above a mere political movement, and which gives grounds for the belief that it may develop into a ruling caste so wide and so approachable as to be ever freshly virile, so unselfish as to be proof against criticism, so wise as to be safe from calamity. My greatest fear is that the Fascisti may not understand themselves, may be unable to formulate their ideals, and so may suffer the fate which overtakes even the best intentioned when the accident of events makes living hard, or when the newness of their gospel is tarnished by time. It is really worth their while to ponder the Samurai ideal, and think whether it is not what they want: the expression of the unformed desire of eager souls searching they know not quite what. It would give them coherence and permanence, and future ages would hail them as the discoverers of a system which had brought peace and justice to the world.

COLIN R. COOTE.

THE FAILURE OF THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS

In a book published two or three years ago, a well-known German economist said that his country was now inhabited by two distinct peoples: the 'dancers' and the 'weepers.' It was a very happy description of the extraordinary situation brought about by the fall of the mark.

During the past four years the accumulation of vast fortunes has gone on in Germany *pari passu* with the impoverishment of the masses of the people. Probably there has never, in any country, been a period in which the enrichment of the rich was so precisely the measure of the impoverishment of the poor. For what has taken place has been a wholesale transference of the property of those who had little into the pockets of those who had much. Nor has this transference been the result of the free interplay of economic forces. On the contrary, it has been, in the main, the inevitable consequence of the deliberate policy of Governments. Germany has, in fact, been ruled in such a way that the poor not only bore almost the whole of the burden of maintaining the State, but were also delivered over by the Government to despoilment at the hands of their wealthy fellow-countrymen. And it is a very singular and instructive fact that while this was going on the Socialists were the largest party in Parliaments which acquiesced in it and played a leading part in Governments which carried it out.

It is often made a reproach to the German Socialist leaders, by their own rank and file and by foreign sympathisers, that they have failed to put into practice any of their own political doctrines. The charge is an ignorant and foolish one. At no time have the Socialists had anything like an absolute majority in the Reichstag, and any attempt on their part to turn the economic fabric of the country upside down would not even have been 'democratic.' (They have never reached the point of political hypocrisy which allowed the Bolsheviks to tyrannise over Russia through a junta of middle-class intellectuals and call it 'the dictatorship of the proletariat.') Besides, it would have been madness to attempt a complete transformation of the economic foundations of so highly industrialised a country as Germany during the period of

confusion, uncertainty and instability which resulted from the war and the pressure of victorious creditors. And even if the Socialists had made the attempt, it would only have led to their own overthrow in a bloody civil war. Germany is not Russia, and her classes were both able and ready to fight for their property, if not for their privileges.

Attack on the Socialists for their failure to realise their ultimate doctrines is, in fact, the most effective form of apology for them, since it diverts attention from their much graver failure to realise the opportunist portion of their programme. Before the revolution they persistently demanded that the main burden of taxation should be shifted from the weaker to the stronger shoulders; but at no time and in no country has the cost of maintaining the State been so largely borne by the poorer classes as under recent German Cabinets. They persistently demanded that the administrative activity of the State should discriminate, if at all, in favour of the poor, but at no time and in no country has it shown such bias in favour of the rich as in Germany during the past four years. They persistently demanded that the artisan classes should be protected against exploitation by employers of labour, but, with Ministerial portfolios in their hands, they acquiesced in an exploitation of labour without a parallel in modern times.

Nothing is farther from me than to suggest that this astonishing result of Socialist influence on Governments has been due to insincerity, dishonesty, or even the corrupting influences of power and emoluments. On the contrary, German Socialist leadership has all along contained a stronger element of disinterested idealism and sincerity of purpose than is to be found in most political parties. In fact, the most tragic feature of the Socialist fiasco in Germany has been its fresh demonstration that good intentions alone can effect nothing, and that safety is to be found not in quantity of counsellors, but in their quality. Where the Socialist leaders fell short was in their ignorance and their inability to think. Like most politicians, they had learnt by rote, with greater or less thoroughness, the text-book moves in the game of platform controversy. They knew the stock openings in the game and the stock rejoinders to the stock answers. But very few of them had been trained to real independent thinking, and an unprecedented situation, without even analogies in the previous politics of their time, found them devoid of the mental energy and adaptability necessary to cope with it. They thus fell easy victims to shrewd men of business whose own affairs had required precisely this mental energy and adaptability, and had also, to some extent, presented problems similar to those on which the whole economic life of the nation was now to depend. While the Socialists strained at the gnats which were familiar to them from their old pre-

revolutionary propaganda, they swallowed whole herds of camels, the nature of which they did not recognise. They fumed and fretted because the Imperial monogram was not removed from public buildings, or because titled officers were allowed to remain in the Army, but meekly acquiesced in the greatest fiscal raid ever made on the poorest classes of a nation, and allowed the whole position won by the artisans at the revolution to be steadily undermined till nothing remained of it but a quaking crust.

The most striking instance of the failure of the Socialist leaders to protect the interests of those who had sent them to Parliament is found in the incidence of the income tax. This tax was regularly deducted on pay days from the salaries and wages of petty *employés* and of workmen. These classes, therefore, were compelled to pay it in full both quantitatively and qualitatively. The full nominal percentage due from them, which was deducted from their remuneration before they received it, was at the same time, at any rate approximately, the full due proportion of the 'gold value' of their earnings. Seldom were the fall of the mark and the corresponding rise in prices so rapid that the purchasing power of the workman's earnings, or the actual value of that proportion of them surrendered to the State as income tax, was appreciably reduced before wages were paid out at the end of the week. Only in the autumn of 1923, when it became general to adjust prices instantaneously to the value of the dollar, did the workman's income tax lose any considerable proportion of its 'gold value' before it was paid into the Treasury. Taking the inflation period as a whole, it may be said that he paid and the tax collector received value due.

Farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and professional men, on the other hand, paid their income tax months, or even years, after their assessments had been made, and, nevertheless, paid only the nominal sum due under these assessments. How this worked out can best be shown by illustration. Let us suppose that a manufacturer, who was assessed on January 1, had in the preceding year made 1000 articles, on each of which his profit had been M. 100. His income from this source would have been assessed, on the basis of past profits, at M. 100,000. If he came into the class which pays 20 per cent. in income tax, the amount due from him would have been M. 20,000, or his profits on 200 of the articles manufactured by him. Before he actually paid his tax, however, it might very well have been that, in consequence of the depreciation of the mark, the price of these articles, and, consequently, his nominal profit on them, increased a thousandfold. In that case his income from this source would have been M. 100,000,000, and the profit from one of the articles which he manufactured would have sufficed to pay his income tax five times over.

It must not be supposed that this imaginary illustration is fantastic in its details. Owing to the confusion brought about in the Finance Ministry and its agencies by the fall in the mark and the resulting perpetual revision and readjustment of accounts of all kinds, the collection of assessed income tax fell badly into arrears. It was no uncommon thing to hear of income tax being collected a year or even two years after it had fallen due, but still only in the nominal sum of the original assessment. Indeed, it is notorious that in consequence of delay in collection the bigger fortunes, to all intents and purposes, escaped income tax altogether. There were periods in which the income tax deducted from salaries and wages before they were paid constituted between 40 and 50 per cent. of the entire Treasury receipts. And it should be remembered that in England most of the contributors to this 40 or 50 per cent. would have escaped altogether, as their remuneration would have fallen within the free limit.

If we take that portion of the last financial year which was not affected by the issue of the rentenmark, namely, April 1 to October 31, 1923, we find that during these seven months income tax deducted on payment of salaries and wages yielded 17,185 billion marks, that levied by way of assessment only 3256 billion, or less than one-fifth as much. The total revenue from direct taxation during this period was 28,486 billion, of which income tax from small incomes accounted for more than four-sevenths. The total ordinary recurring revenue for this period was only about 49,467 billion.

The grotesque injustice of laying the main burden of the national expenditure on the weaker shoulders was greatly aggravated by the dishonesty of the self-assessment of the more affluent classes. Immediately Erzberger launched his financial policy, which, but for depreciation, would have made very large calls on the property of the prosperous, the evasion of taxation became an important feature in the affairs of every German business man. It soon became an almost universal practice to keep two sets of books, one for the information of the heads of the firm and a second to hoodwink the tax inspector. Nor was a specious justification of such duplicity far to seek. It was urged that money paid to the Government was handed on to the Allied Powers as reparations, and that it was the duty of a patriotic German to oppose obstacles to this process. Eventually the sense of financial obligation to the State disappeared almost entirely. Fraud against the Fisk ceased to be a subject of shame, and became one of pride. Wealthy men boasted against one another how they had settled their last year's income tax for the price of a glass of brandy or a box of matches. It became axiomatic that no one but the clerk and the artisan paid direct taxes to the full

legal amount, and even the taxing authorities, hitherto the most punctilious and unbending official body in the country, were infected by the prevailing demoralisation and shut their eyes to abuses the investigation of which would have thrown more work on to their already overburdened staffs. Even if the old bureaucracy had not been affected by the general lack of scruples, it would have been no match for wily business men with wits sharpened to the keenest edge by the magnitude of the profits of evasion. It had been built up on the sanctity of routine, and had always been slow and rigid in its movements. Now it was continually being overwhelmed by a fresh flood of revisions and prescriptions, for the carrying out of which its traditions afforded but very meagre guidance. In such circumstances, all the efforts of the Government to get the better of the evaders were in advance doomed to failure, and it is doubtful whether the art of under-assessment had ever before attained the high pitch of efficiency at which it has stood in Germany during the past few years. Thus the more affluent classes neither qualitatively nor quantitatively bore more than a small share of what was due from them in direct taxation.

During the period in question, however, only a very small proportion of the national expenses was met out of taxation. Much the greater part was covered by the note presses, that is to say by inflation. Here too the Socialist leaders were found wanting. Till inflation had run its course and ceased to be a practicable method of raising revenue they failed to realise that it constituted a tax of a most burdensome kind on those very classes of the population which were least able to pay. So long as the outside world continued its foolish speculation in marks, the great bulk of this tax was borne by the foreigner. The difference between the price paid for marks in his own currency by the foreigner and that received by him if he resold them was a gift to the German Government. How great was the aggregate donation received by Germany in this way is not precisely ascertainable. Estimates of its dimensions vary over a very wide range. Distinguished economists have put forward figures equalling and exceeding Germany's total payments of reparations both in cash and kind. But even while the outside world was meeting the great bulk of the cost of the upkeep of the Reich, the poorer classes in Germany always suffered greatly from the consequences of depreciation, and eventually they bore almost the whole burden. Business men soon realised that depreciation was a process which, if properly utilised, meant profit and not loss. They either put their money into industrial shares or foreign currencies or built it into their fixed capital as it was earned. In so far as they bought foreign currencies, they stimulated depreciation, and for its last frenzied

phase they were almost solely responsible. The farmers at first filled sacks with bank-notes, but ultimately they realised that paper money lost purchasing power more rapidly than it could be accumulated, and that they were growing poorer instead of richer. They had already raised their standard of life to a much higher level than they had ever known before, and a further obvious employment of their unprecedented gains was the redemption of mortgages. Before the war the aggregate hypothecation of real estate in Germany was computed at the equivalent of at least 2,500,000,000*l.*, and of this sum anything from 70 to 90 per cent.—estimates differ within these limits—was paid off before a judgment of the Supreme Court decided that a mortgagee was not under legal obligation to accept in debased currency the nominal amount of the debt due to him. Since then a decree promulgated by the Marx Government under the Special Powers Act has sanctioned the appreciation of mortgages not yet redeemed up to 15 per cent. of their original gold value. If, therefore, we estimate at 2,000,000,000*l.* the value of the present made through depreciation to owners of real estate at the cost of mortgagees, we shall certainly not be guilty of an exaggeration.

When the peasant owners, who form the bulk of the German farmers, had got rid of their mortgages, they rebuilt their dwelling-houses and steadings, filled their yards with new reapers, thrashers and electrical motors, covered their wives with furs and jewellery, and equipped even their infant daughters with dowry linen for far-off problematical nuptials. Grand pianos now serve a purely ornamental end in many German peasant cottages, and in some a sewing machine is to be found in every room. The peasantry as a whole does not understand the stock market and preferred these tangible forms of property to infinitesimal shares in remote, invisible and possibly non-existent coal mines or shipping companies.

But while some classes were thus, in one form or another, accumulating wealth, the great bulk of the German population was being correspondingly stripped of its possessions. Proportionately the farmers gained most, because, besides paying no effective taxation, they were the producers of those commodities the prices of which accommodated themselves most rapidly to the falling level of the mark. Those who suffered most were the small *rentiers* living on investments bearing interest at a fixed rate. Very soon tens of thousands of these were utterly ruined. From competence they sank swiftly to beggary. Already by the end of 1920 the incomes of these people had lost nine-tenths of their former value, and a couple of years later they had ceased to have any value at all. In so far as they were unable to work, the members of this class have since been living on charity or just keeping

body and soul together by selling their trinkets and such household objects as could be dispensed with. The artisan class, however, also made great sacrifices. So long as the fall of the mark was not very rapid, wages always lagged behind prices. The course things usually took was this : the mark fell, and prices rose, those of foodstuffs taking the lead. As soon as the pinch was really felt the workmen demanded more money, and in the end they got it. But meanwhile the employer had been selling his products at the new rates and paying wages at the old ones. When, in the autumn of 1923, all prices were quoted in 'gold marks,' the paper equivalents of which rose automatically with the dollar rate, the remnant of the workman's last week's wages sometimes lost half of its purchasing power on two successive days. Naturally the lot of casual unorganised labour was much worse than that of the trade unionists. One day the Ministry of Communications was beleaguered by a crowd of charwomen who had just been paid for the preceding week and had not received enough to buy each of them a single loaf of bread.

It is hardly necessary to point out that what all these people lost on the mark was gain to the Government, and ultimately to the wealthier classes, which otherwise would have had to pay, through taxation, for the upkeep of the State. Instead of making these classes pay, the Government met practically its entire expenditure simply by issuing bank-notes. In the end a stage was reached in which less than one one-thousandth part of the national expenditure was met from taxation, and the whole of the remainder by the multiplication of paper money with the printing presses. When this frenzied finance was ultimately abandoned, the mark had sunk to one-billionth of its original value, and the Government was in a position to buy up for the equivalent of about 10,000,000*l.* the whole of the paper money then in circulation. The entire balance between that sum and the actual gold cost of running the country was, of course, paid by the people whose marks had had a lower purchasing power when spent than when received. This balance was also a gift to the more affluent classes, which, but for the 'inflation tax,' would have been compelled to pay taxes to meet the deficits in the Budget. No Government could have dared to demand openly and undisguisedly from the poorer classes of the population even a tithe of what they had to pay through the 'inflation tax.'

But German Governments in which the Socialists were participant, if not predominant, did not confine themselves merely to making the poor pay practically the entire cost of running the State. They also took money in vast quantities out of the pockets of the poor and, without passing it through the national treasury, transferred it to those of the rich. This was done in

various ways, but I will confine myself here to that by which much the greatest gifts were made to the wealthy at the expense of the poor, namely, the discount methods of the Reichsbank. What this State bank did was to advance money on bills at moderate interest without making any provision for depreciation that might occur before the date of redemption arrived. The effects of this in practice can best be illustrated by an hypothetical case worked out by a contributor to a leading Berlin paper. He assumed that a business man had discounted with the Reichsbank every three months from November 15, 1918, to November 15, 1923, a bill of the value of 1000 gold marks, and immediately invested the money received either in foreign currencies or some other stable security. It appears that on only five of these bills would the Reichsbank have had any profit, while its total loss on the whole series would have been 6396 gold marks, which, on the assumptions made, would all have gone into the pockets of its hypothetical client. The investigations of a Reichstag Committee left little doubt that some of the money thus advanced on discounted bills was used for the purchase of foreign exchange which the Reichsbank was selling cheap in order to support the mark. In such cases the Reichsbank not only provided the means to defeat one purpose of its own policy, but actually gave handsome presents to the people who were thus working against it.

It is true that during the period of these last financial monstrosities the Socialists were no longer represented in the Government of the Reich, but they still headed the Cabinets of Prussia and other States of the German Federation. This gave them a powerful influence in the Reichsrath, which is the Parliament of the Governments of the Federal States. They also had much the most numerous party in the Reichstag, and published over a hundred daily papers in various parts of the country. Nevertheless they never tackled the scandal with the resolution, energy and persistency which its prodigious character demanded, and their timidity and hesitation were undoubtedly due in part to the consciousness of their own laches and lack of straightforwardness. Frankness was possible only on the terms of self-inculpation. In a fair apportionment of guilt the Socialist leaders themselves must have borne a large share of the burden. They had taken up unthinkingly the cry that everyone in Germany was being ruined by the exactions of the Allies, and continued to believe it long after the captains of industry and commerce had realised how enormous were the profits that were to be made out of depreciating marks. When at last the true facts began to dawn upon the Socialist leaders, they dared not admit how fatally they had been deceived.

Just as complete was the failure of the German Socialist leaders in their capacity as trade union officials. In their Press they continually urged that wages were far below their pre-war gold level and insufficient to furnish a working man and his family with the calories necessary to normal health ; but they recognised only when it was too late that employers of labour were making profits never dreamt of before. True, the magnitude of these profits was very ingeniously concealed. Very early in the process of inflation the German manufacturers discovered a method by which they could disguise their gains and thus avoid the payment of taxation. As fast as their earnings came in a large portion of them was added to their fixed capital in the form of new buildings and plant. When the sums thus employed appeared in the balance-sheet at the end of the year, under the heading of some kind of works maintenance or renewal account, their nominal value was so small, in consequence of the continual fall of the mark, that they generally passed unnoticed. What their actual value was as fixed capital depended entirely on the date at which they had been spent. Their aggregate and ultimate effects have been to make German industry at the present time the best equipped in the world.

Similar uncertainty prevailed with regard to various 'special reserves' which began to appear in balance sheets with increasing frequency as the mark gained momentum on its downward course. Assuredly these reserves were not left lying at the bank, but were invested in some stable security as rapidly as they were earned. They therefore represented a value far in excess of that they seemed to possess when they came to the knowledge of the public. It may be recalled that the dollar, which was worth only M. 74·50 at the beginning of 1921, rose to M. 184 before that year closed, to M. 7350 by the end of 1922, and finished up the period of depreciation, in November 1923, at 4,200,000,000,000. By that time it had long been a byword in Germany that the object of a balance-sheet was not to reveal, but to conceal. The balance-sheets certainly did conceal the real position of many industrial concerns very effectively from the Socialist union leaders, who would have got much better terms in wages disputes if they had suspected how huge were the real profits industry was earning. In reality the capitalists hoodwinked the Socialists in the board rooms as they humbugged them in the Parliaments. It is very significant that the inflation boom passed off with hardly a single serious labour dispute. The reason for this was that the employers were nearly always in a position to give more than the men insisted on having. Another thing which should have aroused the suspicions of the union leaders was the amount of apparently superfluous labour kept on by the big industrial con-

cerns. Labour was so cheap in comparison with profits that it was sometimes an economy to pay a man full time for doing only a few minutes' work daily. But though these superfluous workmen no doubt congratulated themselves on the ease with which they earned their wages, the share allotted to labour from the profits of industry was probably lower in Germany during the inflation boom than it had ever been before.

Similar incompetence was shown by the Socialists in the administration of the party and trade union funds. The same ignorance, lack of experience, and intellectual inertia which prevented the Socialist leaders from understanding the effects of depreciation on industry and the national finances, also incapacitated them from dealing in a business-like way with the union subscriptions given into their charge. Mark balances were accumulated at the banks, but the bigger they became, the less they were worth, and when stabilisation arrived the union coffers were empty, and no serious resistance could be offered to the employers' demands for reductions of wages and increases of hours. Thus, at one of the supreme crises of their history, the German workmen were handed over bankrupt both individually and corporatively to the tender mercies of the capitalists.

By their failure to grapple with the situation created by the fall of the mark the German Socialist leaders incurred both a positive and a negative loss. On the one hand they forfeited much of their old following, and on the other they missed an unparalleled opportunity of winning adherents among sections of the population which had hitherto been hostile to them. Large numbers of artisans deserted their ranks to join those of the Communists, who, uncompromised by participation in Governments, had alone openly exposed the trickery of the industrialists and the various official financial scandals. The ground lost by the Socialists in this direction was, however, of trifling extent in comparison with what they might have gained in others if from the outset they had made themselves alert and vigorous champions of the victims of depreciation. With the exception of the Communists and themselves, every party was more or less under the influence of inflation profiteers and therefore hampered in its action. The other parties were also completely hypnotised by the Nationalistic cry that the Allies alone were to blame for all privations and sufferings in Germany. If the Socialists had grappled boldly with the depreciation problem, patiently expounded its true character, and clamorously insisted on redress of the injustice that was being done, they would have earned the gratitude and support of hundreds of thousands who in the past had always regarded them as enemies. The *rentiers* and pensioners, the professors, doctors, lawyers, literary men and artists, who bore

the first brunt of the depreciation, would have rallied in masses to any party which boldly proclaimed and lucidly explained that they were being pauperised not to placate a conquering enemy, but to pay taxes for and fill the pockets of their more prosperous fellow-countrymen. But the Socialist leaders themselves did not understand this, and so could not explain it to others. And by their failure to do so they lost the only chance they are ever likely to have of gaining a firm footing among the great middle classes of Germany.

E. H. WILCOX.

THE FREE SEAS IN PEACE

THE RUM-RUNNING CONVENTION WITH THE UNITED STATES

THE trouble with the United States over the application of the Volstead Act to British ships has been happily settled; but there are a few points in the Convention which require elucidation. Pondering our agreement to an extension of American jurisdiction to such a distance from the coast as the suspected ship can run in one hour, I feel like the curate who assured his bishop that there were thirteen reasons why a certain ceremony should not have been approved by Convocation, and received for answer: 'My son, there are eighty-seven reasons why it was approved.' So I am sure I could find thirteen reasons why so vague a limit should not have been adopted: as that it is not clear whether the 'hour's run' is to be calculated by the ship's advertised speed or by her performance over the measured mile, whether it will vary according to the weather prevailing on the day she is boarded, a calm sea and a following wind, a raging head wind, or a fog in which she is going dead slow. But these and all other reasons must have been carefully considered by our negotiators, and the balance of convenience has been found to be in favour of vagueness. I leave it, therefore, uncriticised. Apparently the new jurisdiction extends only to the suspected vessel, and not to suspected persons on board until they are within the three-mile limit. But I am specially concerned with the fact that the dispute is ended, and with the causes which led to it.

In the public mind the dispute has been enveloped in a cloud of misunderstanding, probably owing to lack of sympathy with Prohibition itself, and to the tales which travellers bring back from America as to the wholesale disregard of the law. The discreditable nature of 'rum-running' and the fact that all steamers carry liquor in their ordinary stores have not been kept distinct; and because of the haze which envelops the law of the sea, three questions, each governed by different principles, have been confused: the application of the Act to ships (*a*) in American harbours, (*b*) in the territorial waters, and (*c*) on the high sea. But the principal point of interest is this: How comes it that the

two English-speaking seafaring nations, whose common law springs from the same roots, should differ as to the law of the sea in time of peace? That, one being belligerent and the other neutral, there should be differences between them as to the law of the sea in time of war as acute as those which trouble our relations with Continental nations, is understandable; for the United Colonies considered that the First Armed Neutrality, of 1780, was specially devised for their benefit, and the earliest policy of the United States sought to make American ships free carriers for all belligerents, a policy which led both to the War of 1812 and to our disagreement during the period of American neutrality in the late war. But the principles which govern ships at sea in time of peace are not cumbered with so vexed a question; and there ought not to be any very great difficulty in enunciating them. Yet this is not the first time we have quarrelled over them. In August 1886 British schooners engaged in pelagic sealing in the Behring Sea, sixty miles from the coast, were seized by American revenue cutters, condemned by the District Court of Sitka in Alaska for breach of an American statute, and the masters sentenced to fine and imprisonment. Long and angry correspondence followed, and the dispute was not settled till the arbitration tribunal gave its award in August 1893. The question was complicated by the American claim to property in the seals, whose breeding grounds were on the Pribyloff Islands, when they went on their annual migrations far down into the Pacific. But although the circumstances of that quarrel differed so widely from the dispute of to-day, and although the recent negotiations have been conducted in a very different spirit, the legal question involved in the two disputes was identical: how far the laws of any country may be extended to, and, if necessary, enforced upon, the high sea against foreign ships and the persons on board.

It was my privilege during the War to write many articles in this Review dealing with questions affecting the free seas in war. I propose now to deal with the salient aspects of the cognate subject, the free seas in peace.

The law is in a singularly confused condition. There are conflicting currents of opinion, which, like the currents in the sea itself, when they cross, throw up waves of dispute, and international agreement has done little to pour oil on the troubled waters.

The seaward limits of the realm naturally first claim attention, for its safety is involved in their recognition. In the indented coast of Britain there are many wide expanses of water on which the great ships of all nations freely come and go; and the question is inevitable, Is this navigation as of right? It is to be noted

that the distance between St. Gowan's Head and Hartland Point, which embrace the Bristol Channel, is some forty geographical miles; between the Mull of Kintyre and Corsewall Point it is twenty-eight miles; and between Duncansby Head and Rattray Point it is over seventy miles. The law has established a guiding principle for determining whether the waters between these headlands are part of the realm, known as the *intra fauces* doctrine: where the waters are within 'headlands that shoot beyond so as to make what are called [the King's] chambers,' they are part of the realm. From which this important consequence follows: the law of the land applies to them in its entirety and automatically. Therefore a murder by foreigners on board a foreign ship in the Bristol Channel, some distance from the mouth of the Severn, was held triable at the Glamorgan Assizes. Cockburn, C.J., held that 'the whole of this inland sea between the counties of Somerset and Glamorgan is to be considered as within the counties by the shores of which its several parts are respectively bounded.' From this we may conclude that the Firth of Clyde is within the realm: that Moray Firth and Dornoch Firth are also within the realm, while the remainder of the broad expanse of water on the north-east coast of Scotland is included in the North Sea. So Lord Blackburn held that Conception Bay, nearly twenty miles wide, between Split Point and Cape St. Francis, is part of the territory of Newfoundland.

Foreign ships when they enter these dominion waters are subject to the law of the land. But, in regard to discipline as it affects both crew and passengers, they also carry with them, by established usage, the law of the flag. Hence a possible conflict between the two laws, which comes specially into prominence in harbour, when the vessel is at her moorings. The law of the flag, for example, may warrant the punishment of a sailor in a way which the law of the port does not approve, and when it tends to disturb the tranquillity of the port, the law of the flag must yield its ordinary supremacy on board. It is unnecessary to dwell on the niceties of the conflict between the two laws, because in this American dispute the simpler proposition holds good. When a British ship enters an American harbour it comes within the application of the Volstead Act. But with regard to ship's stores, if they are put under seal with the recognised formalities, then the question is whether in such circumstances the liquor is 'transported' or 'imported' within the meaning of the Act, or whether the custom of nations is not now so well established that the seals may be allowed to remain intact. The American view upon this point—that the Act overrode the ancient custom of the sea—was difficult to understand; but it was upheld by the Supreme Court.

Beyond the waters of the realm lies the high sea, as to which the law of England is clear. It 'knows but of one territory—that which is in the body of a county. All beyond it is high sea, which is out of the province of the English law as applicable to the shore, and to which that law cannot be extended except by legislation.' But there is a belt of the high sea surrounding the territory of every country to which certain special principles are applicable, to which the unfortunate name of 'territorial waters' has been given—unfortunate because it is misleading, and suggests that they are part of the territory of the country whose shores they wash, whereas they are part of the high sea, in which and over which that country is privileged to exercise certain limited rights. It *may* legislate for it, but it is not to be assumed that it has legislated. For example, if betting were declared illegal in England, the statute would not apply, even to persons on an English ship, in the territorial waters unless it were expressly so provided. This rule was laid down in the *Franconia Case*. The master of a German steamer, the *Franconia*, owing to negligent navigation, ran down the *Strathclyde* within three miles of the English coast, and one of the passengers was drowned. He was held not guilty of manslaughter, because the English criminal law had never been extended to the territorial waters.

The prohibition of the 18th Amendment against the transportation, importation, and exportation of intoxicating liquor applies to 'all territory subject to the jurisdiction' of the United States. The Supreme Court held that the territorial waters come within that description, and therefore that foreign ships in those waters are affected by the prohibition.

The serious nature of this part of the decision has, I think, been overlooked. 'Territory' in its normal sense refers to land; it is synonymous with 'realm,' and therefore it includes the waters of the realm—harbours and landlocked waters. But the Supreme Court held that it also includes the territorial waters.[1] We are therefore confronted with a conflict between the jurisprudence of England and America.

The Convention has regrettably adopted the American principle: with this result, that if a British ship sailing from Nassau to Halifax approaches within three miles of the American coast, all liquor on board is to be put under seal.

I now revert to the English view of the law as to the territorial

[1] A sentence at the end of the judgment makes me doubt, however, whether the Court intended to give the words so wide a construction 'Being sea stores does not make them liquors any the less; nor does it change the incidents of their use as beverages. But it is of importance that they are *carried through the territorial waters of the United States and brought into its ports and harbours*. This is prohibited transportation and importation in the sense of the Amendment and the Act.'

waters. Sir Alexander Cockburn, in the case above referred to, laid down this principle: International law does not recognise a universal three-mile limit for all purposes; but it does recognise the right of every State to claim jurisdiction in specific cases over a belt of waters contiguous to its coasts. So long as the claim is reasonable in extent, the law does not limit this belt to three miles; but it has been the common, though by no means universal, practice to adopt that distance, either in specific legislations or in conventions.

Immediately after the judgment in the *Franconia Case* was given the 'Territorial Waters Act, 1878,' was passed, by which it is commonly supposed that the three-mile limit was established for England and the dominions. It asserted that the rightful jurisdiction of the Crown extends, and always has extended, over the open seas adjacent to the coasts of the dominions 'to such distance as is necessary for their defence and security.' It then enacted that the criminal law should extend to all persons within one marine league from low-water mark; but that where an offence is committed by a foreigner (even on board a British ship) no proceedings should be instituted except on a Secretary of State's certificate 'that the institution of such proceedings in his opinion is expedient.' Foreigners within the dominions are subject to the criminal and other law of the realm, and there is no power in a Secretary of State to exempt anyone from prosecution. This provision, while it is undoubtedly a wise limitation on the jurisdiction which is assumed on part of the high sea *ad hoc* the criminal law, demolishes the idea that the territorial waters are part of the realm. They are distinct from the waters of the realm, and the belt lies between them and the open sea.

Before introducing so large an extension of high-sea jurisdiction in the Convention it was necessary to save the principle of the territorial waters, and the two Powers declared their intention to uphold the 'three-mile limit.' But, following the imperfect definition of the Act of 1878, the limit was taken as being simply measured from low-water mark. This ignores the waters of the realm. In the Bristol Channel the limit is not to be measured from low-water mark on either shore, but must be taken from a line drawn between the containing headlands.

With regard to the observance of the rights and obligations of neutrality within the three-mile limit and the exclusive rights of fishing, it is sufficient here to say that Sir Alexander Cockburn was of opinion that, whether by treaty or express legislation, the rights and duties in question had been established.

And now, crossing the limit, I come to the high sea pure and simple, the 'highway of the nations,' on which, by the second of his 'Fourteen Points,' President Wilson desired that there should

be 'absolute freedom of navigation outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war,' a desire which we did not share. The lawyer-landsman talks glibly about 'the limit'; would have you believe that its definition is clear alike in practice as in theory, even though, according to the Act, it follows perplexingly all the minor sinuosities of the coast; that the moment of crossing it is as clearly known as when you pass from the well-marked contact between muddy river waters and the open sea; that it is all as simple as 'crossing the Line.' But the fisherman, even in fair weather, with the fall of the land and the immemorial beacons to guide him, knows how difficult the task is of keeping the right side of this line; but in foul he expresses strong views on the subject. For his benefit, however, the fishery limits are set in straight lines from headland to headland. But there are others who take a very practical view of a fixed 'three-mile limit.' The waters beyond are the high sea, and within its 'freedom.' For the law-breaker, therefore, the limit points to the high sea as 'No Man's Water,' whence, if he reaches it in safety, he may defy pursuit; and for the smuggler, he has but to lie off the limit and, under cover of darkness, load his cargo of spirits into small shore boats, and bid defiance to the myrmidons of the Customs. The fixed limit has apparently created a happy sailing ground of safety from the law. It is not surprising that the law should have devised definite remedies, 'the law' here signifying those principles which a State may invoke in self-defence, and which other States, when their subjects are concerned, recognise as reasonable. In the case of the escaping law-breaker the remedy is 'hot pursuit,' by which a middle way has been found between a violation of the freedom of the sea and unlimited protection of the offended State. Here are two concrete examples. A cruiser receives information from the coastguard that a foreign ship, described with particularity, has been raiding the fisheries. The ship may be seized in the open sea if the cruiser start immediately hotly in pursuit. But if the information were only that 'some foreign ships' had been raiding, the seizure of a ship pursued at random could not be justified, even if it were proved that she had in fact been raiding. The converse case is that of a ship lying off the coast beyond the three-mile limit—'hovering at sea'—with intent to commit a breach of the law. Contemplated breaches of the Customs Law have long been dealt with by what are known as 'Hovering Acts,' under which the offence of 'hovering' has never been limited to three miles from the shore, the gist of the offence being that it is committed beyond that distance. Even in the case of foreign ships the English law has been applied to them when 'found within four leagues of the coast between the North Foreland and Beachy

Head, or within eight leagues of any other part of the coast'; and the principle has been approved by the American courts, because of 'the right given to our own revenue cutters to visit vessels four leagues from our coasts.' Sir Alexander Cockburn laid down the doctrine that, irrespective of the three-mile limit, a State has the right 'to take all necessary measures for the protection of its territory and rights and the prevention of any breach of its revenue laws.'

Closely allied to this question is the 'law of small boats.' Where an offence is committed in the territorial waters, or in exclusive fishery limits, by small boats acting in concert with a vessel which they have made their base, the vessel herself is held to be constructively within the limits, and therefore guilty of having committed the offence; and if the law in question authorises seizure, she may be seized, although while superintending the operations she was lying some miles out to sea.

The Convention provides that if liquor is transferred from one boat to another, then the distance expressed by an hour's run from the coast is to be determined by the speed of the second boat. For dealing with transfers to a fast launch this is logical; but it cuts both ways. The smuggler is a man of infinite ingenuity, and we may well suppose this. A twenty-five-knot ship, twenty-six miles from the coast, transfers her cargo to a barge whose speed is three miles. Seizure outside the three-mile limit would only be warranted if the Convention has not superseded the 'law of small boats,' as to which I am by no means clear. Otherwise when the barge is four miles from the coast she might be taken in tow by an electric launch, whose speed exceeds that of the revenue ships, and run to the shore.

It is clear that revenue laws were referred to by Sir Alexander Cockburn in order to illustrate, and not to limit, the right which his proposition defines; and we may legitimately ask whether there are any other rights which may be similarly protected. Take the law of quarantine, by which the people are defended from invasion by epidemic diseases brought from foreign ports. The modern law is scientific, and measures once deemed essential have long been superseded. But under the old laws the master of a vessel 'liable to the performance of quarantine' was required to hoist a signal at the main-topmast head by day and by night on meeting any other vessel at sea, or when she was within two leagues of the coast. Parliament clearly has a right to prohibit foreign ships entering British ports without complying with British law. Yet even so the law did profess to legislate for foreign ships of a limited class on the high sea. But this cannot be the last word on this difficult subject. Cases may be imagined affecting the health of the people which would require the full

application of Cockburn's principle. Suppose a vessel coming from a port infected with some virulent disease, the microbe known by science to be liable to be breeze-borne for many miles. It can hardly be contended that such a vessel, lying off the coast at four or five miles, might not be ordered away to sea, and if she refused might not be dealt with with the utmost rigour of the law. And so at last we come to the Volstead Act. For the Prohibitionist the love of liquor is the root of all evil, alcoholism a virulent disease with which the whole world is infected, the microbe ship-borne by every route known to sailors. To stamp out the disease is the new crusade; the ardent votaries of Prohibition hope, by violent exhortation to the world at large, to add force to their example. Frankly, the world is not in sympathy with the creed as they preach it; admitting the evil of excess, it dislikes the excessive remedy, and would prefer a more rigid adherence to the time-honoured maxim that each nation should mind its own business: an adherence, too, to time-honoured customs of the sea. Hence the dispute. Hence also the great wisdom and precaution with which the American Government entered upon it. Discarding the violent methods of Mr. Blaine, the protector of the migratory fur seal, it did not claim a right to apply the hovering principle to aid the enforcement of its prohibition law at sea, but sought only to obtain by agreement a remedy analogous to it. Hence also the discretion with which our own Government helped to solve the difficulty. I take it that the British view was that it could not admit the application of the hovering principle as of right. Granted the soundness of Cockburn's principle, it was not prepared to put the prohibition of alcoholic liquor on the same plane as the protection of the Customs revenue. But the strenuous belief of the American Government that Prohibition is necessary to the country's salvation was recognised, and the experiment of the Act watched with friendly interest. Yet there is something analogous between 'rum-running' and the attempted breaches of the law with which the Hovering Acts deal, and in both cases the three-mile limit afforded insufficient protection. The British Government has, therefore, also as an experiment, agreed to an extension of jurisdiction seaward *ad hoc* the Volstead Act.

But the study of the subject which the settlement has necessitated has demonstrated clearly that the question of high-sea jurisdiction, and specially in the territorial waters, stands in need of a thorough overhaul: nationally, in order to arrive at a more practical demarcation of our own belt of waters; and internationally, so that actual agreement may take the place of a pretended agreement which is non-existent.

F. T. PIGGOTT.

WIRELESS

It would be interesting to have the list of the English people who have made the pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries-sur-Mer within the last fifty years. Every day the trains which during the winter months carry an ever increasing proportion of the British race to the shores of the Mediterranean pause at Avignon, and a few travellers (chiefly of academic lineage) descend there, and spend a week or less in the province, wailing over the ravages of the Revolution and the yet more destructive spirit of modern French restoration. But it has yet to be observed that they make use either of the road, or of the more recent railway that goes from Arles across the Carmargue to the village which all the evidences of tradition, of topography, of hydrography, and of documents which erudition has unearthed and collected, point to as the place where the Church of France had its birth. For, about forty years after the birth of Christ, there landed, with other refugees, on this desert shore, the family of Bethany, fleeing from the persecution in Judea to which the first Apostles had already fallen victims. The party included Mary the mother of James-the-Less, Mary the mother of the Apostles James and John, Lazarus and Martha, Maximin and Mary Magdalen. In his book *Les Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon*, published in 1910 and crowned by the Academy, M. Charles Lenthéric, Inspector-General of Bridges and Roads, discusses all the *pros* and *cons* of the story, and is an enthusiastic convert to its truth.

None of the Bethany group were young. It must have been imperative with them that they should bear witness, as soon and as exhaustively as possible, to all that they had experienced. Lazarus went immediately to Marseilles, and Martha to Tarascon, where her tomb in the church bearing her name is shown, and where her characteristic energy has left the legend of her subjugation of the dragon that gives its designation to the town. Maximin's bones lie in the crypt of the church of the village of St. Maximin, near Aix-en-Provence, and in a splendid modern shrine over the high altar there is the skull of the Magdalen, '*créature privilégée*,' as M. Lenthéric calls her, who, as he tells us, died '*au desert de la Sainte-Baume au milieu de l'extase de*

son amour purifié.' Only the two other and elder Maries remained where they had landed on this shore, which (to translate)

> they found without doubt in harmony with the sadness which filled their souls ; it is there they lived, poor and unknown, absorbed in the memory of the great events in which they had taken part ; it is there, at last, that they expired ; and to their tomb, at long intervals, the rare Christian makes pilgrimage.

It has to be confessed that M. Lenthéric engages in no effort to increase the number of these pilgrims. After a lurid picture of the despairing monotony of the vast plain of the Carmargue and the tedious journey across it, he says of Saintes-Maries itself ;

> To-day the village is a veritable wilderness ; misery and sadness brood over the unhappy place ; it is the least frequented spot in all the world, and were it not for the invincible attraction of its traditions one would say that it deserved the indignity of its desolation. Les Saintes, as it is vulgarly called, is nothing but a disorderly agglomeration of wretched houses and cabins pitiable to behold There are neither trees nor gardens, streets nor squares ; there is no market-place and no harbour. There is nothing but a church which looks like a fort battered by time. But what a memorable church !

A streak of perversity in the blood made of these words a picture which allured ; and, accompanied by a half-unwilling companion, I set out one January day for Arles, the first stage of the journey.

Between Arles and the sea, to left and to right, and divided from each other by the main branch of the Rhone, lie two extraordinary tracts of country, and that to the south-west is the Carmargue, the triangular plain which forms the modern delta of the river. M. Lenthéric deals with it exhaustively, geologically, geographically, and historically, and it was, therefore, with instructed anticipation that we took our seats by the window of the little train standing in the little station in the environs of Arles, and prepared for the slow, endless journey across it. Agriculture in France is not the Cinderella of the industries that it is in England, and it is to enable the farms in this sandy area to market their produce that this railway exists, and the train itself was a practical affair, consisting of covered vans, two carriages with wooden seats, and a small first-class apartment, which had all the air of non-usage. Our own choice of the wooden seats was certainly justified, for three fellow-travellers poured out unceasingly all the way to Les Saintes a stream of resonant Provençal.

But if their language was 'in the picture,' their clothes were exasperatingly 'out of it.' The good, dark grey overcoat of the man had a velvet collar, and the two women (one of whom was

clearly of gipsy origin) were dressed in black, with large hats and hair disposed on their cheeks in the approved mode.

'They could not be more respectably clad if they were going to a funeral,' I muttered discontentedly.

'Perhaps they are.' I had a laconic companion.

We rattled away from Arles into a land which was flat, certainly, but in other respects neither this nor that. It did not differ materially from the country to the north of Arles, except that there was an entire absence of olive groves. But, after we had passed the first minute station, there began to be realisation of what the Carmargue really was, and when a second hour began to wane, and a seventh station house had been passed, realisation was complete. Only the French, with whom cultivation is a religion, could have planted this desert with vines and obtained crops of hay from it. Livelihood was being wrested from this sandy waste, and the impression obtained that the struggle, if sleepless, was yet one that left a balance on the right side of the ledger. This was not the land of the small holder. There were great tracks with no dwelling visible, but then there stood out suddenly the red roof of a substantial farm-house with that blind look all French houses have, with great barns and buildings and dark-coloured ricks grouped round it, and with a sandy road straight as an arrow to the cement hut by the railway line. That was a recurring picture, but there were others too: of mules drawing a light plough between the rows of vines; of the largest white horse ever seen, a thing all arched curves, pulling a chain-harrow, and looking monumental in the colourless solitude; of another outstanding monument in what must have been the very centre of the delta—the tiniest white château of an enormous dignity, with groves sweeping in a semicircle to right and left of it; and then, towards the end of the journey, an irregularly planted double circle of ilex trees, mysteriously hiding a habitation, and making a black oasis with the glimpse of a lagoon behind it. For there were lagoons. And they increased in number and in size as we crept onwards and as cultivation grew sparser, and until, eastwards of the railway at all events, there was nothing but sand covered with brown stumps of box and stunted reed, and with glimpses of black cattle browsing. These were, of course, the bulls bred in the Carmargue for the bull-fights to which Roman amphitheatres at Arles and Nîmes are now dedicated. It was certainly monotonous enough. M. Lenthéric had not erred. And one began to think a little ruefully of the tedium of the return journey.

But even the Carmargue comes to an end. Lagoons and sand to right, lagoons and sand to left, then, with a sudden curve of the rail track, the sight of a great building standing out against

the sky and a huddle of roofs at its foot. But all that was out of the right-hand window only; instinct drew one's eyes to the left-hand window.

'Wireless!'

The exclamation remained unadorned, and in the next minute we were free of the train, were standing with confused emotions facing the dune where the two towering iron skeletons had been erected, and were listening to a roar that had something singularly sinister in it.

'The sea!' There was a heaving line of surf visible.

But our time was limited. In an hour the train would start on its return journey, and what we had come all the way to behold was one of the most wondrous churches in the world. That it looked more like a fort than a church we knew. We knew that we should find windowless walls crowned with battlements and *mâchicoulis*, and that there was a great well in the centre of the nave. We knew that beneath the platform of the high altar was a gruesome crypt chapel where were the bones of Sara, the coloured servant of the Maries and the patron saint of gipsies in all lands. And we knew that the bones of the Maries themselves were in a casket over a third altar, in an aerial chapel carried on the pillars of the sanctuary, and to which we should have to climb—we could see the chapel perched high on the east end of the roof as we approached across the *pavé*, murmuring to one another that really it didn't look such a God-forsaken spot after all. Here was a piazza with a few tiny trees and little houses with gay red roofs, and quite recently washed walls, and painted shutters; but a woman with a shawl over her head came out of one of them, looked at us inimically out of the corners of black eyes, drew the shawl closer and scurried round a corner. We felt suddenly chilled in spirit, and as we neared the blank walls of the church, with its row of flattened buttresses rising sheer from the sandy gravel, we realised that they were not welcoming walls. And the shabby door we eventually found on the south side wasn't welcoming either, for its latch was broken and difficult and it only opened with a creaking groan sufficiently wide to admit of a squeezed entry.

The lofty, strait nave was very dark. There was a window over the west door, but the other window over the high altar was too minute for efficacy. When our eyes became used to the gloom, we saw that a roughly made wooden gallery ran round the north, west, and south walls about half-way up, and that it was painted a dull grey and was hung with myriads of votive offerings, all taking the one form of the crudest pictures in the cheapest frames; they hung in crowded rows jostling one another. How poor and how dirty it all was! Beneath the gallery, between the

flat buttresses, were altars with furnishings which made one's heart ache for human nature as it betrays itself. On one altar step a piece of torn and filthy matting transported the imagination swiftly to the exquisitely cared-for home at Bethany; yet—yet we know that the Guest there left no record of words of praise for good housewifery.

Impressions came slowly in the gloom. Two flights of steps, to right and left, led up to the platform on which the high altar stood, and between them was a low arch with blackness beyond it, to which some steps led down. In the middle of the nave was a wide, low table, covered with crushed and stained black linen. We were just beginning to realise, all about us, black hangings with devices of yellow braid, when a deep boom above our heads made us start, and in the same instant there was the loud clanging of a key uncomfortably doing its work in a rusty lock, the west door was flung open and a short, stout priest and four clattering boys precipitated themselves into the church. The boys raced down the nave and up the altar steps, disappeared, and reappeared in cassocks and surplices, and, chattering shrilly, proceeded to the business of lighting the altar candles. The priest meanwhile was busying himself stolidly around the black table in the nave, and with a second boom overhead we became aware that there was to be a funeral, and that this low platform, obviously put there for the coffin, was concealing the famous well.

How disconcerted we were! We both knew that in our lives another opportunity to visit Saintes-Maries might not occur—and we were to be baulked of what we had come all this way to see. Circumstances had contrived to 'put us in the wrong,' and geniality was hardly to be expected from the stubby priest. Picture an English rector making preparations in his village church for the burial of one of his flock, and intercepted by the curiosity of tourists. The Englishman might have expressed himself; the Frenchman took the effective line of leaving all he thought to be inferred. But, after all, his assiduity over his task need not have had so pointed an air—even the English sometimes know how to behave.

He flung himself presently up the stairs to the altar and into a vestry, and galloped back enveloped in a black cope, and with the four boys and their shrill chatter galloping in front of him. The boys squeezed through the broken-hinged south door, and it banged behind them. Their bad manners left their pastor unmoved, and he reopened and squeezed after them; we watched breathlessly, but he did it, cope and all. There was a third boom of the bell overhead, and then profound silence once more—priest and boys now on their way to carry out that beautiful

custom of the Roman Church which sends its officers to fetch the Dead from their earthly home.

We looked at one another ruefully, and the more vulgar of the two said: 'The village is minute, but they can hardly be back under five minutes. Let us, at all events, make an attempt on the crypt.' So we went hurriedly down the steps to the arch and under it into the darkness. One of us smoked, and remembered a match-box, and the match revealed that we were in a cement tunnel, the cement blackened and the whole thing gross. We crept forward by the light of a second match, and at the end of the tunnel was a bare stone altar, and to one side of it, on a stone slab, a large reliquary which contained, no doubt, the bones of Sara. The match went out. We turned back towards the twilit arch. Would it ever happen that we should return here in the May of some year to come, to see this altar lighted and illuminating the faces of kneeling gipsies, to see the gipsies crowding beyond the tunnel, filling the huge nave, packing the wooden galleries, while from the roof chapel, on ropes made of flowers, were lowered the reliquaries which contained the bones of the Holy Maries themselves? To climb to the chapel and see the reliquaries now was, even if taste could have been violated, an impossibility. The stairway to it was behind locked doors, and the sacristan was up there on the roof tolling the deep-toned bell. We gained the light and the air again owning to defeat.

A charming alley faced us. Teetotal Street, St. Ives, of a late afternoon, and with an east wind blowing, is one of the beautiful smaller streets of the world; and there are other streets of memory: and now this alley in Les Saintes is added to them. We had been taught that we should find the French version of an Irish village at its worst, but here was a *pavé* in perfect repair, and not a single heap of garbage from end to end of it, while gaily coloured shutters lay against or projected from cream-coloured walls under low red roofs, and the perspective ended in the gleam of a lagoon. For, while the sea was insistent on the ear, it was out of sight, while the lagoons were not; their uncertain margins could be glimpsed here and there.

But when we reached the end of the alley, M. Lenthéric, after all, prevailed, for here was something horrible: here was the cemetery, to take its place for evermore among nightmares. The noxious-looking sand, strewn with tamarisk bushes, sloped upwards to the stone barrier of a dyke, and one of the walls of the cemetery was contiguous with it, and huddled together on the sand within the battered iron gateway were French memorials (at all times shocking to English taste) in their most pitiable form. Leaning impudently was one dwarf ilex tree, dying imperviously while the waves reiterated their thumping moan.

It was a sunless day, and the Mediterranean Sea, viewed from the dyke of Saintes-Maries, was neither the blue lake of schoolroom imagination, nor the racing, purging ocean of Northern latitudes. It was of a foul yellow, heaving viciously and resultlessly, for it neither withdrew along the belt of pallid sand with a cool swish, nor lashed it in conquest. Was it, perhaps, on a day such as this that the elderly emigrants from Palestine were landed on this unhealthy strand? If their spirits did not shrink within them it could only be because they had reached that limit of endurance where nothing matters. As we stood on the dyke with our backs to the sea there lay before us an infinity of flatness, an immensity of vacuousness, limpid, sombre, without visible horizon. It made one realise why mountains have been worshipped. It made the heart ache for the exiles gazing hopelessly nineteen centuries ago. And then came the practical reminder that sensitiveness to landscape is a modern disease. Very likely the party was only filled with pure thanksgiving to have reached *terra firma* at last. The details and the emotions of that vanished hour were not to be recaptured.

We did not re-enter the alley to the church, for we feared that we might encounter the funeral procession. We took a detour to the right, and so realised Saintes-Maries to be, after all, a place not only of the dead, but of the living. For here were workmen employed in re-roofing a house; here was the little Palais de Justice, with a tower and a clock; here, round a corner where grappling irons and fishing nets were piled, a child of four years came hurtling—a French child, all charm, in a faded red pinafore; here there walked entwined two maidens of the South in striped skirts, and when he had passed them by, a young man, wheeling a bicycle, and with a gun slung over his shoulder, turned his head. Life was here. And as we neared the station we noticed that two or three villas had been recently erected, and were doubtless occupied by the families of the wireless operators.

The wireless! From the station platform we gazed at it dumbly. It was impossible to arrange one's thoughts about it, to find thoughts that would not be, after all, trite. For too obvious was the contrast between the physical difficulties which attended the broadcasting of the Greatest Story in the world nineteen centuries ago from this very spot, and the magic ease with which these skeleton towers were distributing tidings of pathetic fatuousness. What will be the computation of wireless nineteen centuries hence? Will pilgrimages be made to the sites of wireless stations? One should not utter these commonplaces which are such riddles.

The sky was of a pure cobalt, with little floating clouds of

deeper blue, heralding the twilight, which came suddenly, and passed swiftly as we creaked our way among the lagoons. One small, rosy cloud hung suspended, and deepened to flame colour in the intensified blackness which finally blotted it out. There was one light twinkling on the plain far away, and that presently had gone too.

Monotonously, one after another, the cement station houses were reached and left behind again. We were obviously taking cargo on board all along the line, and when we reached Arles in the pouring rain, we stood for a few moments to watch the unloading from the roomy vans of the baskets and cases which contained the produce of the Carmargue.

Why is efficiency uninteresting, and perfection a thing without a soul?

SUSAN HICKS BEACH.

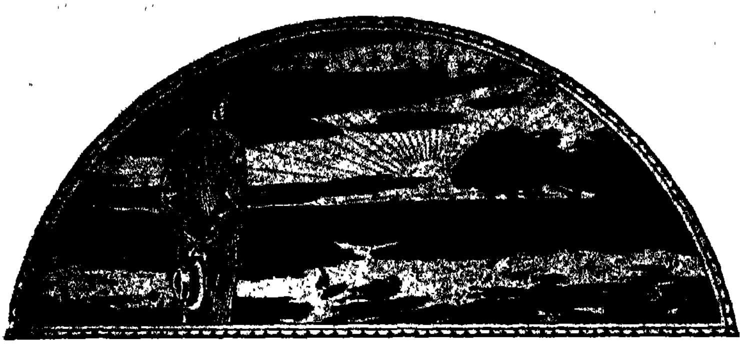
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That like a conscience ever murmurs low,
Deep in the heart. The seasons come and go
Hot with desire, the soul's eternal quest
Urges us on from shore to frantic shore:
From lovers' arms, from wealth and fame, we fly
Till on the bed where we are laid to die
It whispers mocking, 'There is something more.'

Lead on, thou restless shade; we follow yet
Through death and life, thy weary votaries,
Sworn by the symbol of the undying fire;
Lead on till all our company be met
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AND AFTER

XIX- -XX

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

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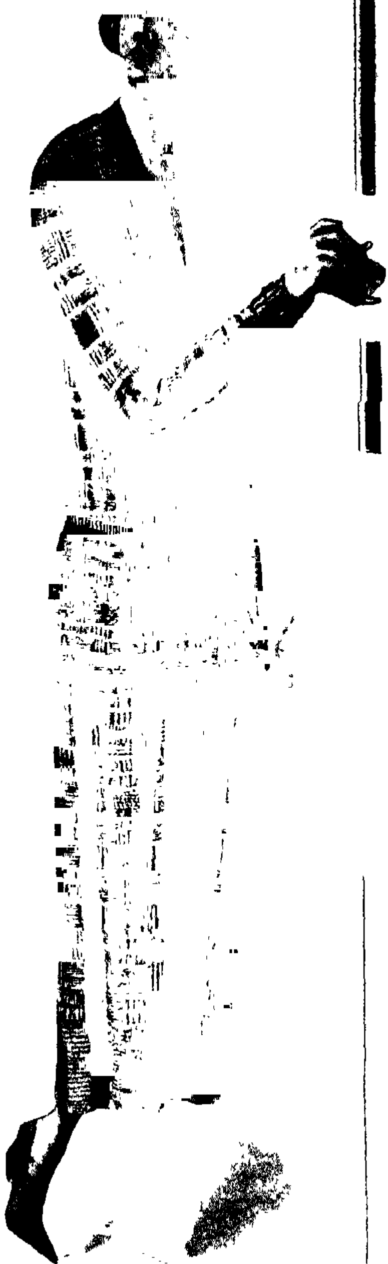


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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

No. DLXVIII—June 1924

TWO NEIGHBOURS OF RUSSIA AND THEIR POLICIES

I. Roumania and Bessarabia

The Roumanian people desire the friendship of the Russian people. The vicinity of Russia and Roumania, the good relations between Russians and Roumanians, which did not cease to exist even when Russian interests were opposed to Roumanian interests—it is perhaps useful to remember, especially to-day, that history has never registered any war between Russia and Roumania—the identity of Russian and Roumanian economic interests, are factors which sufficiently explain the desire of the Roumanians to live in peace and friendship with the Russians.

It appears that lately the question of Bessarabia is beginning to be considered as an element calculated to disturb the permanent friendship between Russia and Roumania.

It is left to the future to disclose how far such opinion is right.

I believe that the justice of Roumania's case regarding Bessarabia, the vital importance for the future development of Rou-

mania of the permanent characte of her union with Bessarabia, and the relatively small interest represented by Bessarabia in proportion to the permanent and real interests of Russia, justifies me in stating that, if all elements of the problems be considered carefully, the Bessarabian question should never separate Russia and Roumania in their century-long friendship.

Let us cast a glance on the map of Europe. What does the small spot represented by Bessarabia mean for the gigantic Russian State? Russia possesses immense fertile plains which the addition of Bessarabia would only increase to an insignificant extent. Russia has free access to the Black Sea, with or without Bessarabia. Russia has inexhaustible raw material resources which could not be modified by the addition or detachment of Bessarabia.

Let us now consider the other aspect of the problem.

Bessarabia has been Roumanian territory, under Roumanian sovereignty, from the very beginning of Roumanian history up to 1812.

It was in 1812 that, by virtue of the Treaty of Bucharest, the province of Bessarabia was placed for the first time under Russian sovereignty. This annexation did not last very long as far as the entire province was concerned. In 1856 its southern part was recovered by the motherland, by virtue of the Paris Convention.

However, in 1878, after a victorious war against the Turks in which the Roumanian Army gloriously co-operated with the gallant Russian troops, owing to diplomatic exigencies, one of the victorious allies—Roumania—had to be mutilated, and Southern Bessarabia returned to Russia in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin.

The injustice of such an act is all the more obvious as the population of Bessarabia has always been Roumanian, and has remained Roumanian, notwithstanding the historical vicissitudes.

Even according to the statistical data most unfavourable to the Roumanians, the Russian official statistical figures of 1897 (the last returns), the majority of the population is Roumanian.

Thus nobody was surprised in Europe when, in consequence of the military events in 1917 which reinforced the Nationalist and separatist movements of the various nations incorporated in the late Tsarist Russia, Bessarabia claimed its autonomy, and on March 27, 1918, it openly declared its union with the motherland.

This union has been recognised by the Great Powers, namely, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, which by the Treaty of October 28, 1920, recognised that Bessarabia forms a part of the Roumanian State.

Since that date three General Elections took place, and the population sent to Parliament a great number of deputies who have

not been the friends of the Governments which succeeded each other in Bucharest since 1918 up to the present, yet not one of them has ever claimed the separation of Bessarabia from the motherland.

Under such conditions, to claim a plebiscite to decide whether Bessarabia should or should not form a part of the Roumanian State is not only superfluous, but also unjust and dangerous. It would be superfluous because the will of the inhabitants of Bessarabia—whose predominant majority consists of Roumanians—has been expressed several times. It would be unjust because Roumania would be the only European State which would be expected, in spite of her international situation created by the Treaties, to submit to a referendum in order to render definite a position which has already been unanimously recognised as just. It would be dangerous because, at the moment when Roumania is beginning to collect the fruits of all the efforts she made since the war with the view of consolidating the internal situation, she would be thrown once more into the trouble from which she has just emerged.

I think that supporting by facts the various points which I have summarised above would not be without interest for British readers.

I propose to enumerate, therefore, a series of facts and proofs to support my statements. I have carefully avoided using any information of Roumanian origin, and have purposely selected foreign—preferably Russian—data.

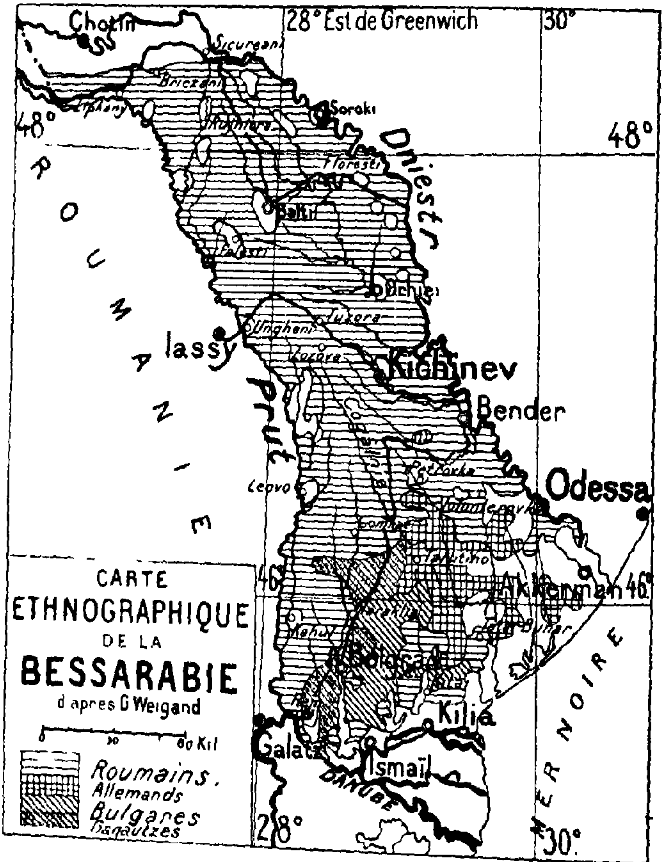
I know that, although I endeavour to be scrupulously impartial, I remain none the less a Roumanian Minister, who defends the case of his country, and could perhaps not, therefore, convince the majority of my readers as I would like to do. However, if any of my readers, after having read these lines, would study for themselves the Bessarabian question, and, after having done so, would recall the present article, they would perhaps conclude that there are judges who can be impartial in their own case.

The frontiers of Bessarabia are almost exclusively natural. In the south-east there is the Black Sea; in the east and north the Dniester separates it from Russia and Southern Galicia. In the south there are the Danube branches, and in the west there is the Pruth, which up to March 27, 1918, separated politically that part of Moldavia from Roumania.

Before 1812 only the southern part of the province (Bender, Akkerman, Kilia, Bolgrad and Ismaïl) was called Bessarabia, while the rest was known under the name 'Moldavia.'

Voltaire when speaking of Bessarabia, in his *History of Charles XII.*, referred to the southern part of Moldavia only,

with the city of Bender, in which the Swedish hero spent his captivity. But it seems that since 1807, after the Treaty of Tilsit, Rumianzev, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, tried to include under the name of Bessarabia the whole territory known to-day by that name. In fact, according to the interpretation of the Russian Foreign Minister, that treaty dealt with the evacuation by the Russian Army of 'Wallachia and Moldavia'



only, but not of Bessarabia, and inferred the conclusion that this part of the Roumanian principalities ought to remain under Russian occupation.

When, after the Treaty of Bucharest of May 28, 1812, this province passed under the rule of the Tsars, the whole of the territory detached from Moldavia bore officially the name 'Bessarabia.' This was one of the innumerable means to blot out from the memory of the oppressed population the remembrance that its origin was common with the Roumanians beyond the Pruth.

Even to-day, after Bessarabia has been returned to Roumania, some Russian historians try to create a confusion in calling Bessarabia 'Russian Moldavia,' in order to make people believe that, this name being different from that of Roumania, the population must necessarily be of different origin.

Despite this, the frontier between the Roumanian nation and the Slavonic world has always remained the Dniester. It was at that frontier that Roumanian heroism created a dam throughout the fifteenth century to protect the Christian world against the Tartars and Turks. Along the Dniester, from the north to the 'Danube's mouth,' the fortifications of Hotin, Soroca, Orhei, Bender (the old Tighina), Cetatea Alba (Akkerman), Kilia and Ismaïl, under whose walls the Roumanian people were bleeding for centuries in defending themselves and fighting for the cause of Christendom, remain as imperishable evidence. It was in defending that frontier that Stephen the Great (1457-1504) drew his sword against Soliman the Magnificent and received from the Pope the title of 'Apostle of Christendom.'

Yet the most powerful evidence is the population itself, which throughout centuries has retained up to the present its ethnical individuality in living and developing in Bessarabia ; the changes of frontiers, the foreign rule, the fights and oppressions, could not abolish any of the rights they possess on the territory on which they have seen daylight.

Whoever crosses the Dniester passing from Russia to Roumania is bound to feel immediately that he is among a people which is quite different from the Russian.

An English traveller, among others, William Macmicael, M.D., F.R.S., who, after having travelled in Russia in 1818, crossed Bessarabia on his way to Constantinople, was impressed and taken by what he saw.

In fact, he wrote :

The fine, robust Moldavian peasant contrasted with the soldier of the Emperor. (W. Macmicael, *Journey from Moscow to Constantinople*, London, 1819)

The language spoken by the Roumanian population particularly attracted his attention :

In the conversation that took place during the evening between our interpreter and the postmaster, the constant occurrence of corrupt Latin words, of which the few following may serve as a specimen, could not fail to attract our attention :

Limba	Lingua.
Paine	Pane.
Fereastra	Fenestra.
Cap	Caput.
Apa	Aqua.
Om	Homo.
Femea	Femina.

To explain these striking analogies, it may be observed that these people consider themselves more peculiarly than the people of any other country the descendants of ancient Roman colonies.

And when he left Bessarabia to proceed to Jassy, he wrote, with a certain regret:

At the peace of 1821 they [the Russians] retreated beyond the Pruth, retaining possession of the most fertile half of Moldavia, lying to the east of the river. (*Op. cit*, p. 78)

After 106 years of annexation of Bessarabia by Russia, a great Professor of the Sorbonne, E. de Martonne, made a journey in the province, and became impressed by the peasants. Like the English traveller, he wrote:

Everything indicates a country inhabited for ages, and this country is purely Roumanian Everywhere there is the small house with verandah with pointed roof covered with thatch or lath. Wooden cover is predominant at the Soroka and Kichinev. The columns of the verandah, the coping and the gallery of the roof, the gate of the courtyard, are ornamented by naïve sculptures, which remind me of the 'Oltenia.' The position of the granary and the stable is also characteristic. For the first time since I have entered Bessarabia, I found again the handsome Roumanian women's dresses, and some old men with grey beards wearing the *cojoc* and the *caciula* These good people have tall figures, regular features, the open and frank air of the peasants of the sub-Carpathian hills. All of them call themselves invariably 'Moldavians.' (EM. DE MARTONNE, *Choses vues en Bessarabie*, Paris, 1919, p 27.)

We find the proof that the long Tsarist rule has not changed the ethnical character of the Roumanian people as the predominant element in Bessarabia in impartial evidence given by foreign, especially Russian, authors.

The report addressed in 1827 by Timkovsky, the Russian Governor of Bessarabia, to Palen, Governor-General of Odessa, clearly proves that *only* the Moldavians were regarded as natives, notwithstanding the attempts at colonisation:

The population of Bessarabia consists of two categories. the native Moldavians and certain vagabonds who penetrated into the country on various occasions, and whose morality has not changed in the least. (NACCO, *Etudes*, p 110)

In the work which has remained up to the present one of the most important among all that has been written in the Russian language on the geography and statistics of Bessarabia, *i.e.*, that of A. Zasciuk, captain of the Russian General Staff, entitled *Material for the Geography and Statistics of Bessarabia* (1862), we read on p. 151:

The majority of the population is formed by the Moldavians, who compose nearly three-quarters of the total number of inhabitants. The districts Kischineff, Jassy and Orhei are inhabited almost exclusively by

them. In the district Khotin they are mixed with Ruthenians, while in the districts of Akkerman and Bender they are mixed with the 'Venetics' (intruders). In those regions the Moldavians are the primitive inhabitants, and in the south they occupy the territories abandoned by the Tartars.

In 1861 the Ministry of Interior published a *List of Towns and Villages* compiled by a committee of statisticians. In the third volume, on p. xix., it is said :

The Moldavians are the oldest and most numerous inhabitants of Bessarabia. (*Op. cit.*, Petersburg, 1861.)

It is evident that all these statements, categoric as they are, contain less than the whole truth, because the Governments of Tsarist Russia would not encourage by any means the development of the national conscience of the people included in the Empire.

The book of the Russian author A. Afanasieff-Ciusbinsky, among many others, provides a proof that the Russian policy endeavoured to keep the Roumanian population in ignorance so as to prevent the development of its national sentiments. In this book, entitled *Sketches from the Dniester*, which was written in 1862, after a journey in that province, the author says that

the Moldavians cannot learn to write and to read, because the Roumanian language is prohibited, and there are only a few *dilettantes* for the Russian language (p. 19).

And later on, on pp. 266 and 283 :

I ignored that the local population—apart from the small northern corner inhabited by Ruthenians, and apart from some colonies, and the 70,000 Russians who are distributed over the province—*is composed of Moldavians to whom the Russian language is enforced by police patriots with the aid of 'knout' and of breaking their teeth.*

It is necessary to remark that neither of the authors yet quoted has ever shown sympathy towards the Roumanian people generally, or towards the Bessarabians in particular. On the contrary, most of them represent the idea of the extreme Russification of all foreign population of the Tsarist Empire. The existence of Roumanians in Bessarabia, and their preponderance from the point of view of labour and of the development of the province, has never been contested, even by didactical works. It is known that in Tsarist Russia every didactical work, before being used in schools, had to be approved by the Ministry of Public Education. One of these works, approved by the Ministry for the use of secondary and inferior schools of Russia, is the *Geography of the Province of Bessarabia*, by P. P. Soroka, published in 1878, after the reacquisition of the south of Bessarabia by Russia, in virtue of the Berlin Treaty. In the chapter dealing with the population, Soroka said :

The Moldavians form the principal masses—approximately three-quarters—of the population (p. 80).

The impartial reader will become enlightened even more in reading the writings of Russian personalities occupying high offices in the Russian Empire, and thus having great responsibilities.

Let us take the well-known work *Bessarabia*, written in 1892 by *P. N.* Batiuscoff, one of the most Jingo Pan-Slav authors, and published under the auspices of Tsar Alexander III. Batiuscoff spent fifty-five years of his life in the task of the Russification of Poland, Lithuania and White Russia. He may be rightly regarded as one of the most remarkable exponents of the Tsarist policy during the second half of the last century. He is, nevertheless, compelled to say :

Bessarabia is far from being Russian as to her language and as to her life. There are many people in the province who look with longing towards the Pruth (Second Part, p. 53).

At the end of his work, he says :

The predominant element of Bessarabia is the Moldavian element, which composes more than half of the Bessarabian population (p. 55).

Last, it is necessary to quote one of the greatest Ministers of the last years of Tsarist Russia, Leon Casso, who was an eminent professor, a great scientist and a valuable politician. As Minister of Public Education of Tsar Nicholas II., he wrote in 1913, on the occasion of the centenary of the annexation of Bessarabia, a book entitled *Russia towards the Danube*. In this book he criticises the official publications because they fail to show the predominant number of the Moldavian population in Bessarabia (p. 228), and states :

The rural population of this border province has changed but slightly during the past century, *and has lived in Bessarabia under identical economic conditions to those of Moldavians beyond the frontires of our empire. They maintained up to the present day the same qualities of their national character which have been observed by Russians and foreigners.*

We find similar remarks made by Danilewski, who advises Russia to restore Bessarabia to Roumania (*Russia and Europe*, 1888, p. 442).

In 1912, P. M. Laskov, member of the committee engaged in the organisation of festivities on the occasion of the centenary of Bessarabia's annexation, published a volume, *Bessarabia*. In this work, which is official, he says :

The most ancient population of Bessarabia is the Moldavian ; according to official data, it composes 48 per cent., but in reality 70 per cent., of the total population.

He made the same statement in his official speech in the presence of Haruzin, the Cabinet Minister, and the official dignitaries who met at the festivities of the centenary held at Kishineff.

In the organisation of the Russian Empire, Bessarabia has formed a separate province which preserved for some time its administration, law and public education in the form which they had while being part of Moldavia.

In 1818 Tsar Alexander I., visiting Bessarabia, issued an 'ukase' by which he granted a 'statute' to Bessarabia. By virtue of that statute, the official language is the Moldavian parallel with the Russian. The administration was carried on according to the laws of Moldavia. The supreme administration organ was composed of public servants appointed from amongst the local landowners. At the head of the administration there was a Supreme Council (Vervonii Soviet). On this matter the great Russian law expert, A. N. Egunoff, wrote in 1886 as follows :

> Up to its annexation to the Russian Empire in 1812 Bessarabia was under the same *régime* as Moldavia, of which it was a part. Consequently neither history nor historical documents can afford to leave Moldavia out of consideration. *So it is impossible to discuss the administration of Bessarabia at the time of its annexation to Russia without referring to the Divan of Moldavia, whose rule extended over Bessarabia.* There is not a single state in Bessarabia that cannot show documents emanating from the Divan of Moldavia. To our own days, in the actions brought before the Bessarabian courts suitors are wont to cite the decisions of the Divan, which being approved by the Moldavian princes, and being issued by them in the form of *chrisolinles*, according to 1606 of the tenth tome of the Russian civil laws, cannot be set aside by our courts, and thus retain their full force and value. (*Publications of the Bessarabian Committee on Statistics*, vol. iii., p. 34, Kichinev, 1868.)

The 'Statute' of Bessarabia, called in Roumania 'Asezamantul,' had been abolished in 1828, when Tsarist despotism assumed its most oppressing form, especially concerning the subdued population of the empire.

However, during the period of democratic manifestations, encouraged by Tsar Alexander I., they organised, apart from the law and administration, also schools according to the requirements of the Bessarabian population. Between 1816 and 1828 an enthusiastic movement was launched in Russia, and especially in the circles of Tsar Alexander, in favour of the English educational methods of Bell and Lancaster. The Emperor himself asked to send to St. Petersburg three young Moldavians, knowing to a certain extent the Russian language, to learn the methods of Bell and Lancaster, in order to open schools in Bessarabia, and to prepare books and didactical material necessary for the education of the young Roumanians in Bessarabia. Schools have thus been established at Kishineff, Balti, Ismaïl, and later on at Orhei, Bender and Khotin.

These reforms ought to be emphasised, as they confirm the individuality of the Roumanian population of Bessarabia,

differing completely from the Russian, and having educational requirements in conformity to its special needs.

Tsarism even after 1878, up to its collapse, could not alter anything in the administration and law in that province. The most evident proof is that in Southern Bessarabia, which part was restored to Roumania by the Paris Treaty (1856) and annexed once more to Russia in 1878, *the Code Napoléon, which has been introduced by the Roumanian Prince Couza, has been maintained.*

All that has been said above makes it clear that Bessarabia is Roumanian territory, inhabited by Roumanians, which, in spite of the annexation of 1812 and the *régime* of denationalisation to which it was subjected, has maintained its national character. Every author engaged in historical, geographical and ethnographical studies cannot help stating that this province forms part of Roumania's organism; similarly no responsible politician can contest Roumania's rights to Bessarabia.

The pamphlet *Bessarabia*, prepared under the direction of the historical section of the Foreign Office (London, 1920), states:

> *The Moldavians (Roumanians), whatever figures be accepted, form, without a doubt, the largest element in the population.* The Census of 1897 puts them at 47·6 per cent of the whole, and the 1891 figures at 66 per cent. North of a line drawn between Reni on the Danube and Benderyi on the Dniester, the population is overwhelmingly Moldavian, with the exception of that of the towns (which contain large numbers of Jews) and the extreme north The Moldavians are a dark-haired race of middle height and thick-set muscular physique. Their language is Roumanian, a Latin language with a considerable mixture of Slavonic words (p 7).

The Nationalist movement in Bessarabia, which became more and more accentuated, especially since the Russo-Japanese war, is due to the maintenance of the national character of Roumanians. The movement brought its fruits in 1917 only, when after the outbreak of the Russian revolution the subdued provinces claimed their right of self-determination. Bessarabia proclaimed itself at first as the 'Moldavian Republic,' in order to join Roumania subsequently. It is interesting to quote in this respect the great Professor Em. Martonne, whom I have mentioned already above:

> I wanted to obtain exact information about the decisive event, *i.e.*, the vote of union with Roumania by the National Council, *and I am in a position to guarantee the exactness of the following summary, based on unanimous evidence given by eye-witnesses who replied with the greatest possible frankness to all my questions.*
>
> As in every part of the western provinces of Russia, inhabited by a foreign majority, the revolution has provoked in Bessarabia an autonomist movement. The Moldavian soldiers constituted their Soviets like the others. At Kishinev the Roumanian intellectuals held meetings; they

debated throughout whole nights, just like in the entire Russia. In July 1917, a telegram from Kiev inviting Bessarabians to send their deputies to the Ukrainian 'Prada' caused some excitement, and eventually it was decided to form a Bessarabian 'Prada.' That was the moment when soldiers' congresses were held everywhere. The congress of Moldavian soldiers decided the formation of a National Council at Kichinev, and appointed a committee to deal with the matter. Its president was Lieutenant Vasile Tzantzu, a teacher. The committee worked day and night with the sincere wish of obtaining the most exact possible representation of the country. It was necessary to act quickly, and a consultation through universal suffrage was impossible. Those who prepared the elections for the Constituante of Kerensky were edified. How is it possible to obtain a conscious vote of the peasants, 95 per cent. of whom are illiterate? It has been decided to apply to all political or social organisations in existence, fixing the number of deputies. They have sent in proportion to their importance, and endeavouring to secure to every nation the representation to which they were entitled. The Soviets of soldiers and officers appointed about forty deputies, the peasants' organisations appointed about thirty; the 'zemstvos'—the municipal councils of principal towns—the committees of Jewish, Bulgarian, German, Gagavtze, Greek, and Armenian political parties, had their representatives.

The National Council met amidst great enthusiasm. The Roumanians (Moldavians) had the majority, and a Roumanian Professor Inculetz, of the Petrograd University, was appointed President. He spoke successively in Russian and Roumanian, and both languages were used in the debates. 'The autonomy of the Moldavian Republic has been soon declared' (E. de Martonne, *Choses vues en Bessarabie*, Paris, 1919, pp. 40-43). Later on M. de Martonne said that Russia was in full revolution. Bolshevism had triumphed, threatening the new republic. At Kishinev the 'Sfatul Tarei' held permanent sessions. Bender was in the hands of the Bolsheviks, and on January 17, 1918, the Red troops occupied the town hall of Kishineff. The 'Sfatul Tarei' asked for the aid of Roumania. In a fortnight the Roumanian troops re-established order, securing the life and property of inhabitants, and clearing the country of the deserters and brigands.

On January 24, 1918, the 'Sfatul Tarei' voted unanimously the independence of the Moldavian Republic, which has been recognised by the Soviet Governments of Moscow and of Ukrainia. They immediately began to examine the reforms required by the country, especially agrarian, administrative, social, legal reforms, which had to be placed on a national basis.

The difficulties were enormous, and the young republic could not master them. This is why on March 27, 1918, when the union with Roumania was subjected to vote, out of 125 deputies only three voted against it, and a few abstained from voting.

M. de Martonne concludes as follows:

This is what I was told at Kishinev, and I believe I heard the voice of truth. . . . For anybody who wants to see the truth, there it is!

Thus, there is no question of a military annexation of Bessarabia by Roumania, nor of the annexation of a Russian territory, but of an act of justice for the peace and welfare of Europe.

In such circumstances, can a plebiscite be demanded? In order that it should be granted by anybody it is necessary, at least, that those who claim it should be convinced that a plebiscite is the most suitable political means to determine the sovereignty under which the various peoples ought to live.

Yet the present Russian Government does not consider a plebiscite as a political means corresponding to that aim. People's Commissary Trotzky himself tells us so. In his work *The Fundamental Problems of the Revolution*, 1923, p. 310, he writes:

> The proposal to remove the Soviet armies from Georgia, and to organise a referendum under the control of mixed committees composed of Socialists and Communists, represents an Imperialist trap of inferior quality under democratic pretext and the national self-determination *Why should the application of the plebiscite be confined only to Georgia?*

If it is so, am I not entitled to ask why the application of a plebiscite should be confined only to Bessarabia?

Moreover, can a plebiscite be considered necessary when even the chief of the Soviet Government recommend that Bessarabia should form part of the Roumanian nation?

Let us see what M. Rakovski, the eminent representative of the Soviets in London, thinks about the Roumanian claims for Bessarabia.

On May 11, 1912, M Rakovski stated in a speech:

> *There is at present much talk about the rapacity and the unworthy act of a foreign State, which has conquered with the aid of perfidy a territory which does not belong to it and which is inhabited by Roumanians. I am speaking about Bessarabia* Yet the Roumanian oligarchy is lacking the courage to infer from it the natural consequences. It may well be asked, How is it possible that Russia, great as she is, after having been aided by the Roumanian armies, after having pledged her word of honour to respect the territorial integrity of Roumania, should be capable of committing this felony and seize a Roumanian territory, *i e*, Bessarabia?

And on the occasion of the commemoration of the annexation of Bessarabia on May 10, 1912, M. Rakovski writes in the organ of the Roumanian Socialist Party, the *Rumania Muncitoare*:

> In annexing Bessarabia, the Russian despotism remains faithful to its policy of conquests. That on the occasion of the Berlin Congress only a platonic manifestation has been made against the annexation of Bessarabia by Russia, that the Roumanian nation has not been aroused to prevent it with their blood that such an act of cowardice could be committed, is only the fault of the Roumanian political *régime*

Last, at a meeting protesting against the annexation of Bessarabia to Russia a resolution was moved which branded the policy of conquests of Russian despotism in Bessarabia, Finland, Poland, and Caucasia, and M. Rakovski, in his speech, pronounced the following prophetic words: '*I expect the salvation of Bessarabia from the Russian Revolution.*'

I think there is no need for me to add anything to these words.

N. Titulescu.

TWO NEIGHBOURS OF RUSSIA AND THEIR POLICIES

II. POLAND

ON March 18, 1924, three years had elapsed since the last actual war which followed in the wake of the world conflict—the war between Poland and Soviet Russia—had come to an end by the Treaty of Riga.

When that treaty was signed, and the Polish Government took the bold step of entering into normal diplomatic relations with the Bolshevik rulers of Russia, it could well seem that a new leaf was being turned over in the age-long relations between Poland and Russia. Ever since the consolidation of the modern Russian Empire under the sceptre of the Moscow Tsars in the sixteenth century the natural tendency of this Empire to expand, particularly in the direction of warm and iceless seas, had clashed with the equally natural tendency of Poland to extend and secure her foothold on the Baltic shore. Furthermore, since her dynastic union with Lithuania in the fourteenth century the Polish monarchy had been a centre of attraction to smaller nation. on its north-eastern, eastern and south-eastern borders, and the idea of an Eastern Europe gathered round Poland for protection, civilisation and constitutional freedom had largely been made flesh. It was when this mission of Poland had lost its splendour in a fierce turmoil of foreign aggression and domestic disorder during the seventeenth century that the no less great idea of a Europeanised Russia in immediate connection with the West rose in direct opposition to the Polish conception. The working out of that daring dream of Peter the Great, in however changed a form, led, with what we now perceive to have been historical necessity, to the downfall of the Polish State.

It was through the agency of Poland's rising neighbour on the other side—modern Prussia—that the clear-cut plan of a total absorption of Poland in the new Russia was not fully realised; the dismemberment of Poland—unhappy for the country, and a 'second best' only from the point of view of Russian statesmanship—became the ultimate solution. At any rate, however, in

the large part of the old Poland which Russia acquired, Peter the Great's programme of 'opening a window into Western Europe' for Russia was continued in the crude shape of brutal oppression of Poland with a view to Russianising the country completely and so removing what was looked upon as the barrier between Russia and the West.

That policy, which failed in a century and more of struggle with Polish national vitality, was at last to be utterly reversed when a great united effort of newly risen Poland had driven back a huge Russian invasion from the gates of Warsaw in 1920. The Bolshevist rulers, baffled in their attempt to carry the fire of social revolution through Poland into the Western centres of European civilisation, were content, in accordance with their avowed international principles, not only to acknowledge the restored Polish State as an expression of national self-determination, but also to admit Poland's claim for restoration of the many valuable objects of Polish national property which had been carried out of Poland into Russia since the partitions. To illustrate the magnitude of Poland's claims under the latter head, it is sufficient to mention, by way of example, that the St. Petersburg Public Library, known to scholars for more than a century, is really a Polish library, founded by Bishop Zaluski in the eighteenth century and transferred in its entirety to Russia.

Contrary to notions busily circulated in Western Europe, the Riga Peace Treaty was not paid for by the cession of essentially Russian territories to Poland. The eastern frontiers of Poland, as agreed upon at Riga, are in fact those which were left to the old Poland in 1793, after two successive partitions, and before the third and final one. The provinces now included again in Poland contain a large percentage of White Russian and Ukrainian population, but very few Russians.

The story of the fulfilment of the Riga peace conditions for these three years has been an unbroken record of evasion, and worse, on the part of the Bolshevist Government. Having returned from Soviet prisons only a year after the conclusion of the peace, I can bear witness from personal experience both to the continued political persecution of Poles in Russia after the peace and to the Dantesque horrors of the return journey of prisoners and exiles. How the clauses guaranteeing mutual religious tolerance have been observed on the Russian side has been illustrated to the world by the murder of Monsignore Budkiewicz and the long imprisonment and final expulsion of Archbishop Cieplak, the spiritual head of the two million Roman Catholics in Russia. The freedom of education secured for national minorities in both countries by the treaty, in Russia has taken the form of intense Communist propaganda and a highly

developed system of political espionage in the schools. Of the libraries and objects of art which had been carried out of Poland into Russia a small part has been recovered after three weary years of ceaseless effort on the part of the Polish commission of experts appointed for the purpose, and after miracles of ingenuity on their part in tracking entire collections lost, scattered, or insidiously concealed. Much remains still hidden, much is flatly denied, and much, when admitted for extradition, is simply being interminably withheld.

Of the indemnity agreed upon an infinitesimal part has been obtained in the form of jewels of disputed value, of the railway rolling stock next to nothing. Of the plant and machinery of factories, which were evacuated into Russia at the time of the German advance in 1915, only insignificant portions have been recovered. A mixed Polish-Russian commission, appointed for the purpose of investigating the claims for damages on the part of private property owners and local institutions, made no progress whatever with its work during a year and more, owing to the Bolshevist tactics of obstruction. When, in the meantime, the rate of exchange of the Polish mark had fallen to its lowest level, readiness was suddenly expressed to acknowledge all the Polish claims and pay in terms of depreciated Polish marks, the sum thus offered amounting to 0·001 per cent. of the real value of the claims lodged. This process of constant subterfuge was accompanied by the usual Bolshevist tactics of sabre-rattling, violent speeches by responsible leaders, and amply subsidised Communist propaganda in the other party's country. At the present moment two-thirds of the whole Soviet Army are concentrated along the Polish frontier. A strongly Nationalist policy, recently started in the White Russian and Ukrainian border districts, is expressly calculated to produce a mood of *irredentismo* in the White Russian and Ukrainian territories of Poland. Acts of violence contrary to all civilised usage, such as, for instance, the seizure of Polish consular offices and their archives in four of the principal Russian towns (Leningrad, Novo-Nikolayevsk, Kiev and Odessa) are but among the numerous episodes in the story.

Poland, on her part, while scrupulously observing an attitude of fullest tolerance towards Russian nationality and Orthodox faith in Poland, has directed all her energies to building up a system of conventions with the Eastern neighbour which would at last lead to normal relations in the true sense of the word. After endless efforts, a railway and postal convention, a consular convention and the exchange of political prisoners have at last been achieved in the current year. But the greatest of all tasks—that of concluding a commercial treaty—still remains unsolved. With most other States Poland has by this time been able to conclude such

treaties; the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain is still fresh in memory. Trade with Russia, Poland's next-door neighbour and always the principal market for her manufactures, is desirable for both countries, but particularly vital for Russia in the present ruined condition of her industries. As a matter of fact, life itself, which never takes account of formal conventions, has settled the question, and a vigorous contraband trade, silently tolerated by both parties, has for years been going on at the frontiers. To replace this by ordered trade relations of the usual sort has proved more difficult than it ought to have been. The necessity to conduct all trade with Russia through a Government department, the *Vneshtorg*, as well as sundry other Communist restraints on trade in the Soviet legislation, and revolutionary oddities in Bolshevist administrative habits—the treatment, for instance, of normal consular activities as 'economic espionage'—prevented any agreement from maturing. This will seem less surprising when we remember that even a State in such increasingly friendly relations with Soviet Russia as Germany is has not been able to put into operation its extant and ratified commercial treaty with the Soviet Republic. In 1924 the appointment of a Polish Ambassador to Moscow, who had spent years as a business man in that town before the war, seemed to pave the way for the long-desired negotiations. But Poland's eagerness to enter into them was confronted by a proposal which cannot but seem amazing to an ordinary Western European business intelligence, this being neither more nor less than that all clauses of the Riga Treaty which involve material obligations on the part of Russia should be tacitly scrapped as a preliminary to the discussion of a commercial treaty. What is truly stupendous in this is not so much that so heavy a price should be asked for an agreement by which Russia stands to gain more than Poland, but that the annulment of treaty obligations should be considered a proper foundation for that business confidence which is the essence of a commercial treaty.

Matters having thus reached a deadlock again on this principal outstanding point, it may safely be predicted, in any case, that Bolshevist disregard of existing treaties is not likely to get the better of Poland's temper and to draw her into an open conflict. With the reconstruction of her communications and her agricultural prosperity well under way, her industries growing, her markets expanding, and the great work of currency reform successfully accomplished in the first months of the present year, there is nothing that Poland stands in greater need of than a prolonged period of peace, however difficult to maintain and however dearly to be paid for.

The first years of the new Poland's existence have been restless

enough. The Versailles Treaty having left her frontiers undetermined at several points, conflicts with most of her neighbours were the inevitable consequence. Some of them, such as those with the Ukrainians and with Lithuania, were the direct outcome of the fostering care which the Austrian and the Russian Governments respectively, in the period of Poland's captivity, had bestowed on national separatist movements in lands historically belonging to Poland. If the relations between Lithuanians and Poles had remained uninterfered with, as they were a hundred years ago, when Poland's greatest poet, Mickiewicz, lovingly sang in Polish of Lithuania as his native country, a Polish-Lithuanian settlement on lines resembling M. Hymans' project in the League of Nations, and reviving the historical union between the countries, might by this time be an accomplished fact. And if Vienna in the nineteenth century had not made herself the arbiter between Poles and Ukrainians, the people of Eastern Galicia would for some years now have been willing co-operators in the parliamentary life of the new Polish Republic, as they may eventually become.

As things stand Poland, in the interests of that stability which is the first condition of permanent peace, is bound to consider the decision of the Ambassadors' Conference of March 15, 1923, as the final settlement of her frontiers, and only on this ground, sanctioned as it is by the authority of all the great Western Powers without exception, can Poland's further relations with all her neighbours rest

But no Pole can overlook the fact that the international position of Poland is difficult, and foreign observers should realise that a consistent Polish foreign policy is by no means easy to resolve upon

Wedged in between two great Powers, with long frontiers open to attack on both sides, hanging on by a slender thread only to a small strip of sea-coast, Poland is apt to find herself at any time economically and politically in danger from either one or the other of her two most determined historical adversaries Alliances with one of them for security against the other have been tried repeatedly in modern Polish history.

After her first partition Poland was bound for a time in a desperate and unnatural alliance to Prussia. This snapped at the moment of crisis, to make room for Prussia's participation in the second and third partitions, and led to a hundred years and more of a war of extermination waged against the Polish element in the provinces so acquired This war proved as unsuccessful as Russia's campaign of Russification in her part of Poland. The Polish provinces of Prussia are free again now. But present-day Germany, full of a bitter spirit of revenge since her humiliation

at Versailles, is not likely soon to become reconciled to the fact that the rise of the Polish State has deprived her economic organism of such a granary for her industrial population as the agricultural province of Poznan (Posen), and of such a huge and highly developed coal basin as the Polish portion of Upper Silesia.

Another source of possible danger to Poland from the German side consists in that community of aims and interests which obviously exists between Germany and Russia in the present European situation, and which has found public expression in the Treaty of Rapallo. The imminence of this danger is increased by the fact that Lithuania has been only too ready to serve as a bridge between Germany and Russia over the head of Poland. Modern Lithuanian Nationalism, in its violent reaction against the historical tradition of federative union with Poland, is apparently unafraid of bondage to more powerful neighbours.

The direction of German effort for a recovery of economic, and in its train of political, strength, evidently lies eastward once again, and more than ever before. It is only to be hoped that Germany may come to realise that her path to renewed economic prosperity leads, not over the prostrate body of Poland, but through the development of trade relations with her present eastern neighbour. It is at this aim that Polish endeavour, in the treaties and conventions hitherto concluded with the new German Republic, has been directed.

Similarly, we may expect that the town of Dantzig will once more come to see the great commercial advantages of connection with Poland—advantages which were duly appreciated by generations of the burghers of Dantzig during the centuries when Dantzig belonged to the Polish State. They are obscured in the popular mind by national animosities at present. It is in the gradual prevalence of economic considerations over national passions that all hope for peaceful relations between Germans and Poles in the future must reside. In such a saner mood, a compromise between the necessary measure of protection for Poland's reviving industries and the legitimate exigencies of transit trade between Germany and Russia through Poland should not be impossible to establish.

It was in view of the age-long, and apparently unremovable, national antagonism between the two races that the Polish Nationalist Party, in recent times, directed its attention to a possible *rapprochement* with Poland's other historical enemy, Russia, as a safeguard against the advance of Germanism to the East. This policy is based on a tradition of enlightened, if unpopular, Polish statesmanship, which goes back even to the days of Alexander I., and of which the ideal is that the Polish element, superior in general culture, should in some condition of alliance

or union with Russia play that predominant part in Russian economic, intellectual and social life which the Germans during the last two centuries have been steadily attaining for themselves.

The efforts to establish such a position for Poles in the Russian Empire are illustrated by many a great Polish name, especially in the history of Russian industry, learning, and law.

In politics this programme found an able exponent in our century in M. Roman Dmowski, whose activities, both in the Duma and during the earlier years of the world war, were inspired by it.

However, the idea has not so far borne as good fruit politically as it has borne, and still may bear, economically and intellectually.

Whatever the road to new strength for Russia from its present condition may be—whether revolution or (more likely) evolution—an Imperial Russian policy can never diverge widely from the tracks prescribed to it in the past by its geographical position and the requirements of its economic expansion. The Bolshevists, however passionately forswearing old methods, are inevitably drifting back into the Tsarist attitude both towards the peoples of Asia and those of Eastern Europe.

An Eastern European group of nations, clustering round a reinvigorated Russia as its dominant factor, is not a safe world for Russia's nearest Slav neighbour to live and breathe in. It was something like this, however, that the 'Little Entente' seemed tending to become in the long run. Hence Poland's aversion towards all suggestions of joining it. The neighbourly jealousies and quarrels between Poland and the Czechs were as constant a feature of the mediæval history of the two States as they are of their present-day relations; and past experience shows that, with goodwill on both sides, they are compatible with a peaceful *modus vivendi*. Common interests have never been wanting, and economic ties, now more than ever, can result in mutual advantage. It is the relation to Russia—whom Czecho-Slovakia, from her greater distance, can trust as a protector, while Poland cannot—which constitutes, in modern times, a really fundamental difference between Polish and Czech policies.

Poland's close alliance with Roumania, on the other hand, while meaning a very real safeguard for Poland, is a source of most serious and burdensome obligations, which would tax all Poland's powers and place all her existence at stake in case of a Russian attack upon her ally.

Hungary, to whom Poland is bound by very old sympathies, is now a mere shadow of her historical self.

Besides the neighbours last mentioned, Poland has been cultivating friendly relations with the Baltic States: Latvia, Esthonia,

and Finland They are most valuable as allies, owing to their important geographical position in the Baltic. But the East Prussian and Lithuanian barriers separate them from Poland in a way which makes effective co-operation very difficult for the present.

Looking somewhat further afield, we next come to Poland's cordial relations with Italy. Rooted in memories of manifold associations between the two peoples from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance to Mazzini and the Italian heroes of the Polish insurrection of 1863 (Nullo and others), these relations have recently resulted in the great success of a Polish loan in Italy. They are a source of great comfort to Poles, although it is realised that Italy is necessarily absorbed in Mediterranean problems, which are remote from Polish interests, and which claim Italy's utmost attention and energy.

Thus the situation of the new Poland in Eastern Europe appears, on closer investigation, to be one in which there are sufficient grounds for confidence in Poland's stability and peaceful development, but which is certainly not devoid of some of the elements of potential danger known from the tragic record of Poland's past. When comparing the scene of the present day with the historical one, we indeed see that one plague of the old Poland no more exists to-day, and that is the constant menace of Turk and Tartar invasion. On the other hand, the pivotal element of strength which Poland in the old times, without ever fully appreciating it, possessed in her hold on the Baltic shore, reinforced by the union with Lithuania, is reduced to a mere *simulacrum* under the present settlement. Within the country, again, the numerous national minorities, in that effervescent state which characterises national feeling all over the world to-day, are infinitely more difficult to manage than they were in the historical Polish-Lithuanian monarchy.

No wonder, then, that the idea should sometimes occur to reflective minds in Poland whether it would not have been better, from the outset of her new existence, resolutely to limit territorial ambitions to strictly ethnographical boundaries, and create a smaller, self-centred, nationally homogeneous political community of the type which Kemalist Turkey is endeavouring to realise.

But the inheritance of the historical conception of a national mission is not easily dismissed from the popular consciousness, as the attitude of Kemal's subjects towards the expulsion of the Kalif best shows. The present size of Poland—between one-third and one-half of what it was at the height of Poland's historical power—represents a compromise between the historical and the purely ethnographic Poland. Such as it is, it must appear a

working compromise to those who realise that a 'little Poland' would neither be as self-contained and secure on the map as Switzerland or Denmark nor have friends as close at hand to rescue her as Belgium had.

True, the rescuers of Belgium have also been the rebuilders of Poland, and are the protectors of her independence now. English friends of Poland, indeed, often shake their heads over what they describe as Poland's vassalage to France, and remind her of the Napoleonic episode when she was made the mere tool of conquering ambitions. They forget that with regard to the French alliance, on which there is not one dissentient voice in Poland, the nation had no choice whatever at its historical hour of need. As the example of the Bolshevist war of 1920 shows, the new Poland has practically had France only to cling to of all the world at moments of supreme danger, and she has not been disappointed. Such security as can be had in post-Versailles Europe against a future re-emergence of German Imperialism resides for Poland in France principally, and the corresponding value of Poland for France is similar. The worth of the French alliance for Poland's relations with her eastern neighbour is less assured and permanent; in fact, a future Russia, different from to-day's, may suggest itself as a stronger prop for the security of France against Germany than Poland ever can be. The vision of a possible return to the Franco-Russian alliance of pre-war times—however remote a possibility now—occasionally haunts the imagination even of the firmest Polish believers in French friendship for Poland.

It is from this point of view that good relations with Great Britain acquire particular value in the eyes of Poland. Again, as in the case of France, the interests involved may be mutual. The maintenance of a Poland strong enough for independent life may recommend itself to British statesmen as a check on a possible renewal of old Russian Imperialist ambitions dangerous to British possessions in Asia.

It will no doubt be objected that too much is being made, in the above picture, of conflicting Imperialisms, of systems of checks, balances, and one-sided alliances, in that fashion before the war which led to the European disaster of the war. Have we not a new ideal now—the United (in place of the disunited) States of Europe; and a new instrument—the League of Nations?

In matters of such moment for our common future plain speaking by one who is not a politician by profession may perhaps serve the useful purpose of making issues clear.

The League of Nations is not yet a League of all Nations, and the nations within its fold are not placed there on a footing of equality. Cases put before it have been known to be judged not

exclusively on their merits, and not without pressure from formidable quarters. The executive power of the League is still almost nothing. These appear to many to be the indisputable if regrettable facts of the present situation. Further evolution of the League along the right lines is wished for by all the world, and by nobody more than the so-called 'smaller nations.' As at present constituted the League does not yet offer to these very nations such safeguards of authoritative and protective international justice as would induce any State to discard its alliances and live in the larger community purely and simply.

There is one event which could bring the League nearer to the condition desired for it by all alike, and that event is the entry of America into it. Assured of equal popularity with all parties, America would both inspire greater confidence in the League and give it the *prestige* still wanting. This event it is unfortunately beyond the power of Europe to attain by her own effort.

But there is another vital preliminary to that better future for the League which we all hope for, and that is a thing entirely within the range of European possibilities. It is the re-establishment of full agreement and unreserved co-operation between the two great Western European Powers in all Central European matters.

This 'consummation devoutly to be wished' seems at last, after long uncertainty, to be approaching. The day when it definitely comes will be one of great relief for anxious Europe, and, in particular, one of great joy for the many Poles who, like myself, cherish the deepest admiration and respect for the age-long glories of English political genius, creative intellect, and poetic inspiration, and wish the lessons of England's great civilisation to be brought home to the 'business and bosoms' of their countrymen by closer contact and more intimate relations with the British nation.

Poland has lately incurred a great new debt of gratitude to England for the truly constructive advice given to her Government by an English expert—Commander Hilton Young—in the difficult task of establishing national finance on a sound footing and introducing a healthy currency.

On the other hand, signs are not wanting that the growing stability of Poland—acknowledged by as high an authority as Lord Curzon in a speech delivered a year ago—is at last beginning to inspire confidence in the most cautious, and at the same time a most authoritative, section of the British public, namely, the business community. The recent great timber contract between the British Government and a corporation headed by a British citizen has been universally welcomed in Poland as a hopeful sign of new relations between the two countries. It is earnestly to

be hoped that more proofs of British interest in Poland will follow as the great mineral wealth and other natural resources of Poland become better known in Great Britain. British co-operation in their development would not only be rewarded by material profits and an increase in the volume of international trade, but it would also strengthen Poland's deep-rooted determination to co-operate, on her part and in her own best interests, in building up and securing that great fabric of lasting peace to which the best energies of Great Britain are uniformly and faithfully devoted.

R. Dyboski.

AIR AND EGOISM

MANY excellent books have been written on the influence of the arts upon the people amongst whom they are practised, but never, to my knowledge, have we had a really good book demonstrating the influence of British art on British politics. Yet when we are far enough away for the history of the present time to be written in true perspective, it may easily become apparent that one of the most regrettable features of early twentieth century political life was directly attributable to the treachery of its novelists. Till the end of the nineteenth century, and in the first few years of the twentieth, we had good, healthy romances of love and adventure, while other artists stirred our fancy and took us out of our humdrum selves with imaginative tales of impossible adventures in this world and in others that became almost credible under their ingenious treatment. The joy of knightly combat could be experienced in all its glory of heroic deeds through the pages of 'The Waverley Novels,' and there one could live again with the great figures who have played so big a part in fashioning the military history of the world. Dumas wove a cunning fabric in which one man would be made to alter the destiny of a State, and Jules Verne dared the skies to experiment in fresh spheres.

The public appetite for romance was at once satisfied and stimulated, and then we were left in the lurch. The psychological novel suddenly arrived and swept the board. We lost some of our most accomplished storytellers, some becoming the prophets of obscure political doctrines, others, who were more lazy, following the craze for mass production and turning themselves into mechanical word factories that produce a regular supply of goods of standard size and pattern.

The result is bad, although it is not without its comic side. Where the novelists now fear to tread politicians have pressed on, and we find two classes of them ministering to the public need for fanciful diversion; the one telling everyone what wonderful things 'I, I, I,' did for the State and how Timbuctoo would surely have fallen and ended the war three years earlier had not the stupid soldiers in France kept on getting themselves killed; the other, blue with 'funk,' murmuring morbid prophecies about the

coming war in the air, when there will be no artillery, no cavalry, no tanks or ships, not even infantry, but simply the sudden roar of a thousand hostile aeroplanes, and then oblivion and good-bye to the British Empire.

Which of the two cuts the more ridiculous figure it is difficult to say. One is reminded of the story of the Persian monarch who was asked to judge between two pictures. He was shown the work of the first artist, and immediately he gave the prize to the second. A similar fate might befall either of these two classes of politicians, it would depend whose case was heard first. Certainly the 'I, I, I,' school are more fashionable just now, and in these days, when one only has to break a law of morals or good manners in a way sufficiently sensational to escape the consequences and to be assured of a successful career and a comfortable old age, they have a great pull over the 'All-in-the-Air' school. By the same token they are able to make far more money, and they are in a more favourable position for delivering those frightfully clever speeches, received with roars of laughter, hiccups and cheers. We like to get down to essentials in these times, and if the man can actually appear in person who was directly responsible for wasting some hundreds of millions of money or some thousands of soldiers, the heartiness of his reception is assured. It gives romance a glamour of reality that the cleverest novelists find difficult to equal.

There have been no great wars without bad mistakes on both sides being made, as Napoleon admitted It is not intended to suggest in the least degree that the mistakes made by our politicians were deliberate or even criminal, although amazingly foolish many of them certainly were. But if the British people are large-hearted enough to bury the past and overlook the egregious blunders of the men we chose to lead us in a time of great difficulty and danger, we might at least expect similar consideration from them. That they should throw their faults in our face after we have treated them so handsomely is, to say the least of it, very discourteous and even tactless. It may be interesting to be told that if Mr. Blank had been given his way in 1915 and allowed to make his attack on Constantinople *viâ* the North Pole or some wonderful place he would have finished the war in that year, only stupid General Dash had so many casualties in defending the English Channel that he would not allow the men to be spared. But the value of the information is largely discounted when Mr. Asterisk reveals the fact that had Mr. Blank been given his way the Germans would probably have been in London about forty-eight hours after Mr. Blank's departure. Mr. Blank and Mr. Asterisk then each publish another book and insult each other generally, leaving no political or personal mud unstirred, and end

by forming an unholy alliance to abuse General Dash, who is unable to defend himself, probably because he is still on the active list.

Thus a harmless pastime which begins by beguiling the leisure hours of a sensation-loving public degenerates into undignified bickering, in which the prestige of the Empire is cheerfully dragged in the mud and the reputation of honest men besmirched. It is the old story of Satan finding occupation for idle hands, and there could be no stronger argument for keeping professional politicians always in office, although Marius and Sulla discovered a more successful, if sterner, alternative.

The ' All-in-the-Air ' school are, on the whole, more amusing and less harmful, though they have their limitations. Their programme was not original, to start with, having been unashamedly ' cribbed ' from Mr. Wells' earlier works, and although at first one can raise a mild thrill at the thought of being blotted out in a night, our imagination cannot long stand the strain of keeping reason out, and, moreover, the thought begins to pall after a while. Even the very best concert parties cannot continue to be attractive if they have only one joke. Here the ' All in the Airs ' are badly handicapped, for the ' I, I, I's,' seem to have an inexhaustible stock-in-trade in the shape of dirty political washing, but the former can only rely on different and more horrible forms of death for variety. They have also had a severe set-back lately, because all the latest scientific discoveries in this direction have been towards making the use of aircraft in attack more difficult and dangerous. Instruments have been invented so delicate that they will not only reveal the presence of aircraft at great distances, but even make it possible to tell the type of engine that is approaching. There is talk, too, of being able to direct an electric current without the use of wires that will put an aeroplane out of action long before it is in bombing range. It is true that this discovery is not yet fully tested and proved, but there are at least as good grounds for believing in it as in the wonderful tales of poison gases that will annihilate whole populations at a time; nor is it unreasonable to expect that there will be developments in the accuracy of anti-aircraft artillery that may make flying over a protected area impossible. For a short time the bomb-carrying aeroplane directed by wireless ' went down ' splendidly. It had a range of activity up to 300 miles; it could carry a heavy load of bombs and be most accurately guided and made to drop its bombs on any desired spot. Then someone had a brain wave and suddenly discovered that it was at the mercy of any machine piloted by a human being, so that the ' All in the Airs ' have been forced to leave out what was really one of the most attractive numbers in their repertoire. The growth of wireless telephony

has been another severe blow, for even in the last war few aerial raiders reached our shores without our being warned of their approach, and often of the moment they left Germany or Belgium, so that, what with one thing and another, the 'All in the Airs' are being hard put to it to retain a vestige of public interest. In some ways it is a pity, because they were far less harmful than the 'I, I, I's,' who will soon be left without a rival, and as a popular diversion they are greatly to be preferred to Association football or Sunday newspapers. It is the law of the century, however, that if you can't deliver the goods you have to go to the wall, and it reveals an unsuspected instinct of business acumen on the part of the novelists, who realised that 'All in the Air' is a theme long ago played out.

The fact is that the 'All in the Airs' are one of the most conservative and ancient institutions in the world. They existed when the first bronze spearhead replaced the accustomed flint, and the discovery of iron and steel awakened their dismal forebodings. They raised the alarm when gunpowder was first used, and rifles, machine guns, long range artillery, poison gas and tanks have all had their turn of notoriety as the last word that will make war impossible. Turning to facts from these fuliginous realms of fancy, we find, in the last war, that side by side with the most modern methods of destruction were used man's oldest offensive weapons, such as trench daggers, clubs and chain maces; and when all chemical resources had been ransacked for gases the most deadly, the Germans turned to mustard gas, that had been known for years. In war nothing is obsolete, least of all infantry, and there is no department of scientific research where the antidote keeps more level pace with the toxin. If there was one thing which the last war proved, it was this: that, however thoroughly an area might be shelled or bombed, it could not be said to be occupied or won until the infantry were actually entrenched in it; not even tanks could replace the foot-soldier, although they were able considerably to lighten his task. But even when this fact was in the process of being most realistically revealed to us, people were not wanting who would protest every day that the use of infantry was wanton waste of man-power, and would lead themselves into flights of fancy where tanks, aeroplanes, gas and mystery guns relieved one army of the burden and dangers of war to the complete discomfiture of the other.

It is this same theatrical love of sensation, or rather of living sensationally, that is the mainspring of the 'I, I, I's.' One can imagine the swiftly moving events of 1914-18 being life and breath to them, and every day bringing spectacular interludes that helped them to realise the very important part they were playing and that this was indeed 'the life.' It is not difficult to visualise

some of these men prancing down Whitehall, their feet scarcely touching the ground in the ecstasy of their emotion at seeing themselves as the makers of history, and it is no wonder that on the day permission was given for the ill-fated Dardanelles expedition to be launched a charwoman at the Admiralty started the rumour that peace had been declared because of the radiant countenances of some of the chief characters of the piece in that building. It is not that they were callous of the sufferings of our men, but the exhilaration of dreams at last realised was too much for them, and they were transported to a world of fancy that was made to do duty for vision, so that the fabric of a dream became the political architecture of an empire.

With the end of the war the limelight began to flicker. The footlights fade, and the actors find themselves at the stage door, unnoticed and alone, with the unpleasant, concrete fact of a dirty night before them to be faced. Gone the laughter and the applause, gone the old heroic lead of right conquering wrong by youthful dash and virtue.

The result was inevitable. Having tasted the joys of the spectacular and heard the ring of public acclamation, the professional politicians were not going to retire to a back tenement in Bloomsbury if it could be avoided, and although there were signs that the public were becoming a little tired of their acting, interest was not lacking in their personalities, on the same principle, possibly, that causes those who are present at a street accident to evince a morbid curiosity for inspecting the omnibus that has made the mess. The next step was easy. It was only necessary to publish a book and break a few confidences in public for popular interest to be redoubled in any man who was not deterred by considerations of good taste or natural modesty. The play was finished and the curtain rung down, but it proved only a prologue to the *pièce de résistance*, which became a kind of *bal masqué* in which capering politicians tore off each other's dominoes in a frenzy of publicity amidst shrieks of applause from the onlookers. The blazing days of popular favour had finished, but, by a vigorous campaign, an Indian summer of notoriety was entered upon which gave even wider scope for indulging war-time fancies that material considerations of men, money and office had sometimes held in check.

After a time the 'I, I, I's,' began to turn their eyes towards the Atlantic, and America was soon flooded with perambulating politicians only too ready to give a performance in any town that would invite them to do so. This was a great success, for in America nothing succeeds like indiscretion, and the tonic effect of one imprudent utterance on an American platform is more useful to the waning notoriety of a British politician than an entire

election campaign at home. So we were treated to the unpleasant spectacle of all the dirty clothes baskets of war-time politics being turned out for the critical amusement of the American people. In our own country we are becoming accustomed to it, and no one pays serious attention. We realise that it is a kind of game that panders to something not very elevated in a portion of the community. It is partly because of the lack of really good novels and partly because the English Sunday is so dull that we can find time to read the knockabout turns of our political comedians. But abroad it is different, and someone ought to be sent to America to explain to that long-suffering people the true condition of affairs. They should be told that because these men, with all their faults, gave service in the war, we are grateful to them and like them to have their fun now the war is over, but that they must on no account be taken seriously, or as representative of anything British or of any considerable portion of the British people. Perhaps the Americans have discovered this already, for they are not a slow race, and lately there has been a pleasing reduction in the number of British public men stumping the New World with their travel-scarred paraphernalia.

Viewed in this light, it is all fairly amusing, but, on the other hand, the condition of the world at the moment is not so happy that one can afford to regard all life as an enormous joke. We are living through a period of change when better things are fighting desperately to come through, and the very instability of and discontent with the old order is a sure sign that if opportunities can be grasped at the full flow of the tide the world can be made an immensely better place. Disruption and discontent have so often been the forerunners of more fluid conditions that can be moulded into fairer form, and in the very fact that the kingdoms of the world are groaning together in their distress there is promise that all the pain, suffering and sacrifice of the past ten years will not have been in vain. To turn them to good account, however, we need all the energy that we possess, and so it is not good to see men of unquestioned gifts and magnetic personalities frittering their talents away in petty quarrelling, unbecoming self-advertisement and enervating attempts to justify past mistakes. The great men of history have never sought in this way to excuse themselves, and this continual harping on what has gone before leads into a *cul de sac,* a Nirvana of everlasting indolence and negation whose inhabitants idle away the hours with barren fancies. Our business is with the living, and there is ample enough field here for activity without raking over the past to raise the dead ghost of a thrill from its grey ashes or seeking to be stirred with stupid tales of bogeys like 'annihilation from the air' or 'red revolution.'

By all means let us be strong in aerial defence and in aerial attack. Anxious as we are for world peace, we only make its realisation more difficult by stripping ourselves naked before the enemies of peace. There is no stronger factor in world politics to-day on the side of peace than the British Empire, but that is on account of our strength as much as our aspirations. It is the spirit behind that counts, and if we are truly sincere in our desire for universal peace such sincerity of spirit has a habit of making itself felt, even though we might arm ourselves to the teeth in defence of it. So long as there are numbers of unprincipled men in the world, and distrust and jealousy among the nations, and until the last burglar has seen the error of his ways, so long the moral effect of an existing police force is necessary, not to fall upon the burglar and beat him and fling him into prison, but rather that he may be encouraged to think twice before using force on a community that has great reserves of force at its disposal. The measure of our strength is the greatness of our tolerance and moderation, and our reluctance to use it is the best proof of its existence, but to proclaim ourselves defenceless is to invite the awakening of all the powers of evil. Therefore, at the present stage, we need aeroplanes both in our own interests and in those of civilisation, whose guardians we are; but because there is no precedent for any offensive or defensive weapon becoming obsolete, and because men have not yet been supplanted by machinery, we need an army and a navy as well. For all France's increase in air strength, she has not reduced her army, and Italy's huge programme of aeroplane building is not accompanied by a diminution of her land forces.

Similarly, we must examine ourselves to see where we have failed in allowing a portion of our population to become so unhappy and so discontented that a few have lifted their eyes towards Bolshevism, and more have come to regard what are called the privileged classes antagonistically. Neither Conservatives nor Liberals can consider themselves entirely blameless, since it was under their rule that a proportion of the seeds of class hatred has taken root. We are not the sort of people to take to that kind of thing lightly, and there must have been something rotten in the organisation of our community for such a thing to have been generated in it. Instead of railing at it and antagonising it by cheap abuse or indignant denunciation, our politicians would do better to investigate the cause of its coming into being and examine themselves to see where they have failed in allowing any of those whom they represent to be so ignorant and miserable as to imagine that happiness can lie in such a direction or that anything good can be born of hate. This requires a humility of spirit that some do not seem to possess,

but without it they can never attain real greatness, and can only be the creatures of a day, the ephemeral expressions of popular whims.

Extending the hand of friendship to the Bolsheviks sounds well enough at first blush, but maturer thought must reveal the fact that it is as unintellectual and as treacherous to the cause of humanity as depriving the cause of peace of its stoutest defender by making ourselves harmless and of no weight in the councils of the nations.

Let us seek first the things of the spirit—humility, love and mercy—and, as peacemakers, be the sons of God, and then the others will be added. It is thus that the spirit of peace can be brought to the nations, nor can their aims be changed until their spirit be changed. If we are great enough to arm ourselves for humanity's sake and not become so lost in admiration for our material strength that we seek to put it to material test, then we are peacemakers. But to leave the door unguarded and the world at the mercy of force is to betray our trust and shirk the sacrifice that we may be called upon to make. Material things must be fought with material weapons, but the spirit can transmute them if they are used in a high cause, and so often the threatened catastrophe never falls if faith is unwavering. Having fallen to war, war cannot be escaped by mere denial; it must be accepted and redeemed, and redemption is only accomplished by using a base thing for a spiritual object, for thus it becomes sanctified and the curse removed.

A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand, and the defeat of war will be brought about by the influences that have caused war being mobilised against it, not in a twentieth century crusade of material force, but rather in the sense of all the powers and energies of the leading nations being thrown into the scale on the side of peace, inspired by a will for peace in place of the old lust for fighting and annexation. The establishment of world peace is a spiritual matter, involving a change of heart, and it would be as absurd to believe that the League of Nations could stop war by practising militarism on a large scale as to imagine that the British Empire, at the moment, could do good by leaving open to attack all that it protects.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

THE CASE OF THE WORKING JOURNALIST

Moralists have been exercised of late about the disordered state of journalism. Levity scoffs, and not unnaturally, at a calling which supplies free nostrums for everything and everybody, but somehow seems powerless to heal itself. With the exception of two or three famous London papers and a larger number in the provinces, the Press to-day is in the awkward plight of having forfeited something of its independence without any compensating gain. It is beyond the pale of this survey to indicate causes or remedies except to determine the present position of the working journalist, nor can it be denied that many of the factors of difficulty are inevitable by the very nature of the Press as an institution and a craft. Its atmosphere is so charged with contention, it depends so much for its existence on 'drive' and competition, its successes at best leave so little mark upon the memory, that even well-wishers stand bewildered, like Pilate, and find refuge in a cynical despair. Indeed, the danger is that a great portion of the public may come to ignore its real claims altogether, and regard it as a mere convenience, a spoke of the clock.

In the physical world, as fast as we discover and define Nature's elements, she reveals fresh permutations to puzzle the investigator. Similarly, you may say, modern methods no sooner banish reticence, to a degree that would have horrified a bygone generation, than popular journalism contrives some new disguise which may hypnotise and dazzle its patrons, but makes the judicious grieve. Thus anxiety and dejection are intensified in all who have the interests of the Press at heart, and the pessimist is more and more confirmed in his forebodings. When Carlyle was asked by an Edinburgh pressman for an interview, he growled : " Ye're a reporrter, I understand.' And he followed up the admission with the typical sentence : ' Then allow me to tell you, you belong to a most dis-rreputable profession.' Outbursts like these, perhaps, produce impatience, and, to judge by certain of our newspapers since, impenitence has also had its fling. Apocalyptic oracles are rather out of date, so far as the Press is concerned. It has lodged its retort against Carlyle as ' the apostle of silence

in forty volumes,' but it has been merciful of late concerning the historian who exhausted emphasis in proclaiming France past redemption, and Germany the sole hope of civilisation. So, if disrepute goes by results, the Press may come from the encounter with a goodly share of the honours, leaving the Sage in the keeping of his 'eternal verities.'

One has still to face the reflection, however, that all cannot be well with a profession which occasions so much concern among those that practise it—concern not merely as to its operations, but as to its status and its future. Nor can the subject fail to have a special bearing on our nation. In no other country to-day, not even in the United States, is journalism more keenly on its mettle, or engaging greater capital and enterprise in certain directions of speed and efficiency. But we are haunted by an uneasy sense that in proportion to growth of faculty there is every danger of diminished power, and that with an increase in the number of those who listen there is a lessened number of those that heed. Scepticism might be no unwholesome symptom, perhaps, if it meant a developing disposition in the individual reader to judge the rights and wrongs of current problems for himself, and to look upon the newspaper as a clearing-house of fresh and accurate and all-round evidence. Alas! the signs of the time are all the other way. The public grows more and more accustomed to have everything done for it, alike in recreation, in politics, in locomotion, and so much else. If the Press has any mission at all, surely it is to rouse the public from this torpid commercialism in everyday life; and, unhappily, it is this very malady which is threatening the vitality of journalism to-day.

In other words, the Press of this country, which has rightly earned an authority unrivalled of its kind, stands in danger at present from that very form of exploitation which it used to keep in check. Moneyed men nowadays boast that they can buy newspapers like hacks at a repository, and having ridden them to a standstill, bury them by the wayside or sell them to the knacker's yard of speculation. This kind of enterprise is growing commoner, but it is no novelty. One conspicuous instance was the burking of a young London paper years ago which ought never to have perished, for it had emerged from unpromising beginnings as a competent organ equal to a long career of usefulness. But a whim of the sort that may set a paper going decreed its death, and this lethalisation of a healthy daily newspaper has been the means of preventing others from being established since.

We have seen organs reduced to the level of a tom-tom for some political or financial interest, or the mouthpiece of a reckless experiment. Famous dailies have been sold for a song over a meal, or closed down in the worst weeks of war anxiety, with serious

additions to the ranks of the unemployed. But there has been nothing graver than this deterrent example of a paper 'scrapped' for no apparent reason, because it was the last production of any value or independence before the era of news trusts and syndicates set in. In a normal period the census should show a new London daily every five or ten years at least, whereas new ventures of a serious order are nowadays as rare as the thought of Sunday in a Sunday paper. Instead of new sheets bristling with fresh ideas and stimulating to the public mind, what we chiefly get are experiments that leave the reader debilitated by what our American friends call 'poppycock.' In this way, confusion is worse confounded; papers grow stereotyped in their inadequacy and fickleness; and the public, instead of asserting its rightful will, is relegated to the chimney corner of epistolary anecdote and acquiescence.

How do conditions like these affect the working journalist? His is a vocation where at the best of times emergencies lie thick in ambush, and only competent experience can meet them without a qualm. Some of us have known a junior or an amateur capable of taking command during fair weather and bringing the paper into port without appreciable loss or damage. But when owners are exigent, and 'scare' features are getting out of hand; when a gilt-edged libel is impending, or a rival paper has raced ahead; when labour is restive, or policy is on the turn like a compass needle in a storm—then your tyro and your amateur are better at home in bed. Men who have served two or three hard decades on various staffs know the signs when a storm of pressure is looming up, or the skipper likely to collapse with fatigue and strain. At times like these it is well if mere ornaments and directors' darlings can be persuaded to absent themselves, as the women do for the duel scene in *Cavalleria*, leaving the stage to darkness and to men. General elections, war-time, a big decease, or a sudden crisis for the State, these are no occasion for indulging in the luxury of perplexity or playing the wrong card, still less for the laggard indolence which hopes to parry blame and wear through on a paper's reputation.

Julian Ralph has given us a vivid picture of the fever heat prevailing in a big New York office on the pivot night of a presidential election, when the drift of millions of votes and the balance of a party's chances turn on the verdict of a 'key' State far away. Those are moments when complex figures are all the worse to handle because it is known that the same frantic problems are being worked out in rival offices across the street, with perhaps a sounder platform and a better equipment. The battle on such occasions between accuracy and speed is deadly in intensity. But, with the spread and multiplication of our interests since the war,

shocks await the pressman oftener than they used to do, and London, as the world's news centre, gets more than her share. At all such times the strain on physique and mentality is severe beyond words. None of the modern devices, like a daily office conference or a telephone confabulation with party guides, can relieve the man in charge of a great responsibility when the challenge comes. More than once it has recalled to my mind the vision of midnight death and destruction in De Quincey's story of the mail-coach ride. Evening papers have their thrills, of course, but these are commonly spasms of sport or crime; and the turn of the dice, you may say, is localised in the 'fudge-box' or a single page at most. But on a great morning paper there can be no shirking or delegation of the issue; and perhaps one of the reasons why morning papers will always take pre-eminence is that they are born at night, when the rest of the world is asleep. Indeed, it needs an environment of quiet to isolate the feverish pressure of a big newspaper office at a critical turn of public affairs. The task of co-ordinating news and summary, 'leader' and parliamentary 'sketch,' while a hundred departments are converging to the point of going to press, is one that demands grip and 'gumption' on an almost superhuman scale. Nor would it be fair to underrate the labours of any single assistant on whom the rounding and perfection of the whole manœuvre depends. Each of them would bring a useful contribution to a discussion of journalism and its hardships to-day, but I believe the sum total of this plebiscite would endorse the views I am trying to set forth.

Nothing could be more tempting than to enter on a series of vignettes to describe these same departments and their several burdens in the newspaper world. The subscriber who skims his paper on the way to town, and leaves it to litter the compartment, has scant idea of the complex worries of a modern editor or the exhausting strain of news control, the finesse of treatment and phrasing demanded in a controversial 'leader,' or the thanklessness of proof-revision when an oversight may cost a thousand pounds a word. The French have a proverb that says: '*A force de forger on devient forgeron*,' and experience declares that only in a newspaper office can the inwardness of the work be learnt. In any case, description pales in front of the reality when the many risks and urgencies of a pressman's life surge into mind. Since 'the Street of Adventure' has been invaded by romance some of its secrets are common property; and it may well be that the colour and sentiment of the life thus unfolded are as important as its form and substance. It would be pleasant, certainly, to dwell upon the comradeship that binds a staff together in crucial and searching times when mutual loyalty and forbearance constitute the last defence. Unfortunately, the 'happy family' grows a

rarer institution nowadays, especially in London; and it is well to know that one of these few survivals has been assured of continuity by the kindly thought and self-denial of a retiring owner who has been a model employer all along. Once more we see how the old *régime* which looked upon the Press as a school of patriotic ideas remains superior to the over-organised commercialism which worships idols of another sort. There have been too few precedents for this better class of ownership, and it will find fewer imitators in the time to come, judging by the generality of proprietors to-day and (to be fair) the difficulties with which they have to cope.

The first thing that struck a provincial pressman coming up to town in the 'eighties or 'nineties was the sociability of the craft. No more of the myopic competition that would steal along side streets and lie like an angler in order to save an item of news from a rival's clutch. The men who set the code in Fleet Street were nearly all provincial-trained, but London had mellowed them, opened their pores, and made them free-handed. Life went very well then, and if you had a difficult job in hand you could safely consult a J. D. Irvine or a 'Jim' Vincent, knowing full well that he would never steal a march on you. What was more, he would see that a 'new chum' was accorded the same privileges as himself. Athos and Porthos could not have been more devastating in their scorn when upstart officiousness or local pomposity tried conclusions with their patience or the dignity of their paper. I have seen a party agent's clerk fall foul of one of these stalwarts, and there were no casualties. But when a Cabinet Minister has come along for a chat and the delinquent has sneaked up and grovelled in apologies, it was then that Olympus came down in its wrath.

Of that high fraternity a few remain, and it is not the known ones who have kept the tradition at its best. That honour remains for certain men of whom the public rarely or never hears, men who could doubtless have won more recognition in other lines but for the fact that they love and honour their calling, and are loyal to the truly British vogue of anonymity. Not for them the gaudy methods of the 'limelight brigade,' or the continual snaggle for 'name top and bottom and so much a thousand.' Some of these finer spirits have been asked over and over again to write their recollections, and they have refused. Their memories, they say, belong to their paper and their craft, and the public has learned all it had a right to expect. They have shared too many secrets and known too many of the workings underneath public affairs. They follow the sound rule of Hamlet, who held it 'not honesty' to have such things set down. They scorn the later vogue of 'stunts' and garrulity and the still more mischievous view of Miranda in *The Busybody* that the report is the thing, and

truth '*not absolutely necessary*.' Perhaps in a vocation which at its best makes demand on many virtues there are three that give testimony of merit in the man,—zeal, sagacity and loyalty of nature; and the greatest of these is loyalty. Fortunately, they survive to-day, and years of experience show that in America and India there are fine spirits serving the Press with all the old chivalry as fresh as ever. The best of our living statesmen have testified that in three or four decades of the hardest campaigning they have never known the accredited Press representatives of the Commons lobby betray a secret given to their keeping. This is ringing praise, and well deserved. It may sound incredible to a public trained down to the acceptance of a baser code, but the tradition was established by more than one great generation and is 'an unbought grace of life' that is still jealously preserved.

Unfortunately, ideals are the costliest things in life, and the coinage to pay for them is stamped with pains and penalties. Many things have recently conspired, besides those influences already noted, to lessen the holding of the journalist upon the domain he has a right to call his own by training, aptitude, and length of service. With a greater output of print-area than ever, there are fewer real papers than there were ten or twenty years ago. Ideas, like men, find themselves houseless, and here the war is not to blame. Even where our papers are bigger, their actual contents may be less. They give up space to paraphrase and pictures, and some of them print the same portrait block every time Lady Golightly figures in a divorce or a bazaar. They pack their pages with one experimental feature after another; and advertisers, instead of being the hunters, as of old, are to-day the hunted, with all the change of attitude this fact involves. Another device that makes for bulk, but not for satisfaction, is the knack of dishing up the same piece of news in many forms on the same day. A still worse fault is the attempt to bludgeon the reader with proclamatory headlines, as if in the hope that he will not have the time or presence of mind to read the letterpress below. All this reduces the real material and initiative to exiguity, and Esau, the hunter of ideas and the gatherer of news, is ousted by a mob of Jacobs, including the periphrastic expert, the photographer, the party parvenu, the bogus philanthropist, the titled trifler, the scrap-collector, and the jack-of-all-trades.

As a result of this prowling conspiracy the baffled public, like the hungry sheep in *Lycidas*, look up and are not fed. They buy half a dozen papers and get the same result, varied by partisan treatment in the leading articles, though these look curiously like a repetition of what appeared a week ago. It is of little use saying that this or that popular organ has lost vitality since its founder went to his account; the fact is that his departure may have had

ill effect upon its rivals, for he was the catfish that kept the tank alive. This type of journalism does less harm than is commonly alleged, for it is too transparent to be dangerous, and too volatile to be deep. If it does any disservice at all it is rather inside the profession of journalism itself, for it recruits its strength with junior labour, and the tenure is distressingly short, though the life is exhilarating while it lasts. Disillusion for the victims only arrives on the discovery that the main elements of their calling are still to learn. Hence it is that the fast-growing army of the unemployed in Fleet Street contains young folk as well as old, and the 'blind alley' metaphor takes on a new and disastrous meaning.

This brings us to the question how far the practising and qualified journalist may look to the future for an improvement in overhead conditions. Increase of pay is barely a remedy where the staff has dwindled and the work has grown, and more than one case has come to light where the losses of office *personnel* by the war have remained unfilled, while the number of interests and diary engagements to be covered by the staff is greater than ever. The Institute of Journalists, which received its royal charter over thirty years ago, and has done more than any other influence to raise the status of the profession in this country, has rarely been confronted with so great a demand for help. It adheres to the belief that conference, and not contention, is the right avenue to take for the settlement of trouble or misunderstanding between employer and employed. Some few years ago there was the threat of a syndicalist strike in Fleet Street, and the exploit may still be attempted if certain sinister factors can be brought together. But the Institute has experience and authority on its side when it declares that no strike on the grand scale ever yet succeeded unless it had the public sympathy behind it, and who ever knew the public side with an insurgent manœuvre that deprived it of its daily sources of information? As has happened more than once, advertisers admire the stand which individual papers have made against this kind of duress, and subscribers are content to accept any amateur or skeleton makeshift which can fill the interval with a show of courage and resource.

This menace of industrial aggression adds acutely to the present cares of the journalist who has an eye to the future. The strike that used to be an occasional item in the world of business has become, you may say, a serial story. The phases are various, and the 'prospects of settlement' are capable of endless ingenuity in treatment; but they figure under a 'standing head,' or practically so, and the public reads them daily, not because it wants to, but because it must. This is not a political article or a study in civic pathology, but no one who has been watching Labour

movements for the past two or three decades can fail to see that what the Press used to handle with vigour and a sense of novelty it now discusses with bated breath and a sense of impotence it cannot well conceal. How can a leader-writer pontificate about 'Sovietism at our Doors' or the decasualisation of unskilled labour, when his own office is humming with the fateful problem whether a certain union will allow 'flappers' to accept a salary that used to be a man's, or the office boys to work overtime when they are 'so dispoged'? Some of the finest Press installations in the world are at this moment suffering from a species of incipient paralysis because the mechanical hand has seized the whip and is striving to mount the box. Now and then a proprietor makes a creditable stand, but his foremen, behind the scenes, are making what terms they can.

The unions, in plain terms, have ceased to be training schools; they aim at being boards of control. They no longer guarantee competence in workmanship, which was a pretext on which some of them came into existence; they rely on the fact that there is still enough of the demonstrable about operative grades like type-setting to make them a power in the newspaper world. The result is that a man with a public school education, with travel and languages and training at his back, is at a heavy disadvantage even for the chance of casual employment; and the man who has picked up spelling and general information in the course of learning his 'boxes' is in the position of a dictator, or certainly a unit in a dictatorial body. This canker of hostile influences is eating into the heart of Fleet Street as the boll-weevil is eating into the world's cotton supply; and in either case it is doubtful if the combination of a few resolute owners could arrest it now that things have gone so far. But it adds enormously to the unfairness of conditions confronting the competent journalist in daily practice. The recognition on which he was taught to rely as the chief asset of his calling is being replaced by a systematic grading down, so that at present the Press is mechanicalised out of all knowledge. Thus in the region where we used to look for rallying eloquence and the cue for emancipation the voice of alarm is muzzled, a new tyranny impends. Macaulay's New Zealander, on the way to Wembley, strolls down Fleet Street with the air of a conqueror who has saved civilisation from the 'Hun,' and is bent upon sharing its benefits with all mankind. Against the brooding dome of St. Paul's he sees the festoon of wires that keep the world in tune, and the sight 'does him proud'; but he never stops to think—if, indeed, he so much as guesses—how many of the real wires of Fleet Street are worked from a Southwark slum.

Like other convalescents, the Press may be said to suffer less

from medicine than from gratuitous advice, and on an average it gets from our orators a diagnostic disquisition once or twice a week Premiers have developed, especially after dinner, a habit of magniloquence about the Press and its boundless opportunities—just the kind of talk to expect from politicians who regard Fleet Street as a convenient loose-box in between the gallops of a zigzag career. Years ago, one of them had the effrontery to tell an audience of editors that they ought to be content to work for love, or very little more, since journalism was so interesting a pursuit. This remark illustrated not only the frisky spirit of his own attempts, but also his ignorance of editors and their responsibilities. Some of them can testify that these views of his have not prevented him from extorting inordinate prices for his own contributions, or from boasting that in a single year he has made at the desk an income that would satisfy an office-full of journalists. It all goes to prove that politics owes more to the Press than stands to the contrary side of the account; and although Labour, the most articulate of parties, has not been excessive in its acknowledgments, the balance of indebtedness, even here, has been practically all one way, so far as real journalism is concerned. Possibly, because of a lack of constructive ideas, its own productions in the periodical line have not set the Thames afire as yet. I asked an eminent Minister some weeks ago the way to follow the authentic tendency of Labour policy without having to read a certain organ, which shall be nameless, and his rueful smile of sympathy meant, if anything, that the industrial movement is still trying to devise a satisfactory, all-round paper, and is uncomfortably conscious of having failed. One-eyed organs travel in circles; but, of course, this holds true of more parties than one. It would be ungracious to remind the nomads and casuals of the pen, whether reactionary or revolutionary, that their journalistic value is relative, their term is fleeting, their range is usually limited, and they leave the Press poorer than they found it in more ways than one. As for themselves, they certainly lose with the public in the long run, for it distrusts glibness, especially in a double capacity; and more than one of our politicians finds elections harder to win since he showed his suppleness as a writer. These two-dimensioned statists are the Eurasians of the west, a nuisance to themselves and everybody else.

Since these words were written, Lord Burnham, unsurpassed for experience and authority, has told the public once more, what it finds so hard to believe—that the majority of newspapers in this country are eking out a bare subsistence. In urging the excellent and deserving cause of the Newspaper Press Fund, he said:

> Of all those who worked in a newspaper office it was the working journalist who, relatively to his qualifications and his responsibilities, was much the

worst paid. As the newspaper Press became more commercial in its organisation, that disparity between professional and manual labour became even more accentuated, because it was mechanical production which bulked every day more largely in newspaper expenditure. They pleaded for the brain worker, who wore himself out in the public service.

There is a more vital issue at stake than any alien interference: the principle that by individualism alone can a profession of ideas like journalism survive. It is no more practicable or possible for it to be directed from the tail end than it is for an editor to do his work by cable or the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. Inside the circle of an intelligent autocracy or a consentaneous group of experts, the best atmosphere for a healthy newspaper is one of pervading confidence in the control, loyalty throughout the staffs, and that dovetailed sense of experience and competence which is equal to any emergency. The terrorism that is instilled into a paper by whims and whips can never convince the reader that the views there presented are dictated by a sense of public interest, and it is public interest which the Press must take for its compass or come utterly to grief. Consultation of a higher objective than any personal, sectional, or local selfishness is the standard by which the older school of journalist has always stood and fought. It has prompted the right type of editor at all times to resist any consideration, official or otherwise, against his own better judgment, and it has fortified the humbler practitioner's duty to his craft, faith in his chief, and what 'Elia' called 'an incorrigible and losing honesty.' This is what has made the best class of British journalist a more valuable servant to the State than has ever yet been recognised; and by the Butlerian rule of probabilities, based on evidence and its continuance hitherto, we are encouraged to hope that it is as impossible for that type to perish as it is for the Press itself. If any profession can teach us a higher aim, we are willing to learn and prove ourselves duly grateful. But surely no calling ever pursued a worthier ideal than was put into a memorial tribute of thirty years ago. This was the wreath laid by a great English paper on the grave of its chief when it set forth his guiding principle in words like these:

> To look at all public affairs and all matters which concern or interest the public with the eyes of an English citizen of virtue, good sense, and intelligence, and to express judgments upon them in a style not unworthy of our noble English tongue.

J. P. COLLINS.

TRANSJORDANIA—AND THE MANDATE FARCE

TRANSJORDANIA as at present constituted consists of a strip of country about 150 miles long, bounded on the north by the Yarmuk, on the west by the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and on the south by a not very definite line about 15 miles south of Tafila. Ma'an and Petra are nominally part of the Hijaz. The cultivable area is bounded on the east, roughly speaking, by the Hijaz railway.

This gives a habitable area of about 4500 square miles, with a population of about a quarter of a million, rather less than more. There is therefore an average of about fifty to the square mile, but while in the Irbid district the population is over a hundred to the square mile, it decreases as we go south, till in the Tafila district it is only about ten to the square mile.

In its general configuration, the country somewhat resembles the edge of a cliff. West of the railway the ground rises slightly from the level of the Central Arabian plateau, which averages 2500 to 3000 feet above sea level, and then falls abruptly to the Jordan Valley, which at the Dead Sea reaches 1300 feet below sea level.

The line of this cliff is broken by several deep ravines, which interrupt communications and tend to divide the country into disconnected districts. Ajlun has much intercourse with Hauran and Northern Palestine, very little with the Belqa. The Belqa has much intercourse with Jerusalem and, by rail, with Damascus, very little with Kerak. The same applies to Kerak and to Tafila. The worst of these ravines is the Mojib, or Arnon, which where the road crosses it is nearly 2500 feet deep, and takes a good two hours to cross, besides exhausting one's animals. The Yarmuk, Zerqa, Wala, and Hasa are nearly as bad.

The northern boundary of Transjordania corresponds approximately with the southern limit of the lava strata which make Hauran one of the richest corn-growing districts in the world. The soil of Transjordania is chiefly limestone, and though less rich than that of Hauran, is nevertheless extremely fertile. Its fertility is limited by two causes: deforestation, which is gradually denuding the hilltops of soil, and paucity of rainfall. The former has been going on for a long time and is due to two causes: firstly

the depredations of the Bedouins and secondly the fact that the Turkish Government assumed the ownership of all the forests, which they leased to fuel contractors and charcoal burners. It is true that they issued regulations intended to prevent deforestation, but, as it was in nobody's individual interest to see that these regulations were observed, they were generally disregarded. Many parts of the slopes overhanging the Jordan Valley are still sparsely covered with ragged trees, chiefly evergreen oaks, and in parts of South-western Ajlun the trees are so thick that I once managed to lose my way in the forest.

While it is generally held that Central Arabia is drying up, I am inclined to doubt whether the rainfall in Syria was ever much greater than at present. To judge by their reservoirs and aqueducts, the Romans had the same difficulties with the water supply as are felt to-day, while at some towns, such as Amman and Jerash, where there appear to have been no large reservoirs, there is still an ample supply of running water.

There are few, if any, traces of buildings outside the present cultivated area, or what would be the cultivated area if there were a Government capable of protecting the cultivators from the Bedouins.

As it is, west of the railway there is enough rain in the winter for one corn crop, while east of it, though the soil is equally good, the rainfall gradually diminishes, though for many miles it is sufficient to produce a crop of grass in the spring.

The contrast between the aspect of the country in the spring and in the autumn is very remarkable. The same stretch of country which in the spring appeared as a sea of wheat and barley appears in the autumn as a barren desert, destitute of all signs of vegetation.

The land of a village or tribe is usually held in common, but this does not mean that it is worked in common, or that each man possesses an equal share. A man's land is divided equally among his children, and in the case of a village owning a thousand acres of arable land this land will be divided in unequal portions among anything from eighty to a dozen people, according as the original settlers have been more or less prolific. There will be a number of tenants, who pay one-fifth of the produce to the owner, and also of ploughmen working for a wage.

At the end of a few years some of the owners will come to think that their share of the land is below the average of fertility or especially liable to Bedouin depredations, and will demand a redistribution, which is carried out by lot.

The object of the system was to compel everyone to combine against Bedouin encroachments and raids. By the Beni Hasan, a large tribe of cultivating Bedouins who occupy about 200 square

miles of land to the east of Jerash, an area especially liable to raids, it was carried to the length of allotting land to each of the six sections of the tribe in each part of the area. This, of course, leads to endless boundary disputes.

The result of the system is that the land is never properly cleaned or manured, and that nobody can plant olive or fruit trees. In some places it has been abandoned by general consent, while in others, the settlement having been made by individuals instead of by tribes or families, it never existed.

A *feddan*, that is to say a piece of land which can be ploughed by one pair of bullocks, is about 25 acres. It is enough to support one man and his family. The problem of the man who owns less than this, but yet, as a landowner, is too proud to work for a wage, already exists in Ajlun. These men do not, as a rule, take kindly to trade, though they readily enlist in the police.

Wheat and barley are the principal crops, wheat being grown on the moister, and barley on the drier, soil. I have seen ripe barley with stalks only a couple of inches long, so that it had to be plucked, but nevertheless produced a fair crop.

In some parts the ground is left fallow every second year; in others a partial rotation is maintained with maize and leguminous crops.

The soil is ploughed once after the harvest and a second time after the rains have begun, being sown on the latter occasion. The plough shaft is of wood, with a triangular iron point which goes through, but does not turn over the soil. English ploughs have been tried, but the plough bullocks are not heavy enough to draw them through the hard soil.

The corn is cut with sickles and carried on camels, often hired from the Bedouins, or in the hilly parts on donkeys. The threshing machine is a sort of sledge studded with stones which, besides extracting the grain, breaks up the straw, which is stored for fodder.

The grain is stored underground. During the war the Turkish Government tried to commandeer it, but being unable to find it, had to buy it at a high price.

Vines are extensively grown about Salt and Suf. The grape season lasts three months, from August on. As many as possible of the grapes are sold fresh, and the rest made into raisins. The vines are grown along the ground. They are pruned well back at the end of the season, and the ground between them ploughed. If this is omitted, they will die from lack of moisture.

In the parts unfrequented by Bedouins there are many thousands of olive trees. Most of them are centuries old, and the system of communal ownership discourages new plantations. The whole crop of a village is divided among the landowners in proportion to

their holdings. Figs, pomegranates and water melons are grown where conditions favour their cultivation.

A few cows are kept, and large numbers of sheep. Owing to the lack of pasturage, the latter have usually to be kept in the uncultivated parts, whence they are often driven off by the Bedouins.

The water supply is a source of much difficulty. There are perennial streams in most of the valleys leading down to the Jordan, but these valleys are unfit for permanent habitation owing to their intense heat in summer. Many of the villages are built above the springs which feed these streams, but most of the inhabitants depend entirely, both for themselves and their animals, on rainwater collected in underground cisterns. These cisterns are private property and are usually kept padlocked. Many disputes are caused by people making unauthorised use of other people's cisterns.

The people of Transjordania may be divided into four classes, whose intercourse is limited and who seldom intermarry.

First, the townsmen, of whom there are a certain number at Irbid, Amman, Salt, Kerak and elsewhere. Most of them are Damascenes. A few are Government officials and professional men, but the majority traders and craftsmen. Their wives and daughters are, with the exception of the Circassians, the only veiled women in Transjordania. A few are Christians, and the rest fanatical though not very pious Moslems. The Pan-Arab movement finds among them its sole supporters.

Next come the peasants. The largest village area is Ajlun, west of the line Remtha-Jerash, in which there are 130 villages with a population of about 70,000. There are also a number of villages between Amman and Madeba, which latter contains 3000 Christians.

The people of Kerak and Tafila, though they live partly in houses and partly in tents, are also classed as peasants. Between the peasants and the Bedouins there is a great gulf fixed. In religion the peasants are fanatical and moderately pious. In many of the villages, as also in the camps of the cultivating Bedouins, may be found a Nabulsi, who combines the functions of preacher, schoolmaster and secretary to the sheikh. Nablus, the ancient Shechem, is a hotbed of Moslem fanaticism.

The chief tribes of the cultivating Bedouins are the Beni Hasan, already mentioned, the Belqa tribes, of which the most important is the Adwan, and the Beni Hamida, who live between the Wala and the Mojib. There are also a number of small and rather disreputable tribes in the Jordan Valley. Their mode of living is similar to that of the desert Bedouins, but they seldom camp except on their own ground.

They cultivate in the same way as the peasants and pay the same taxes. Having crops and fixed haunts, they are very liable to raids, so seldom provoke them by raiding others. Though there are often feuds between tribe and village, as there are between tribe and tribe or village and village, yet in a general way the cultivating Bedouins side with the peasants against the desert Bedouins.

The practice of the latter is to drive their camels and sheep from Central Arabia into Syria in the spring and back again in the autumn. Wherever they go they devour the vegetation like locusts and then move on. They are continually driving their animals into standing crops, sometimes merely because grazing is scarce, but more often in order to blackmail the cultivators. They also make a practice of waylaying and robbing travellers. All this they do as of right Divine; in fact, they profess to regard themselves as the rightful owners of the soil and the peasants as interlopers. In former days, when the Turkish Government was less powerful than it afterwards became, they used to levy a regular tribute on all the villages. It cannot be said that they perform no economic function, as they supply the villages with camels and the towns with meat, but the country will never really prosper until their entrance into the cultivated areas is either prohibited or very strictly regulated.

The Bedouins can be distinguished from the peasants by their dark complexion, puny physique and ragged attire, though this does not apply to the sheikhs.

The tribes which principally afflict Transjordania are the Ruwala, the Beni Sakhr, the Beni Atiya and the Huweitat. The first sometimes pass through the northern portion on their way to the Jolan. Feisal, during his reign at Damascus, lavished money and favours upon them on their undertaking to support him in the event of a war. When the moment arrived they were not to be seen. The fact is that these Bedouins are contemptible as fighters. They have no sort of discipline, and will seldom even make a show of fighting unless the odds are greatly in their favour. The peasants, on the other hand, though inferior to the Turks, make very fair soldiers, and many Transjordanians fell in the ranks of the Turkish armies.

The same course which Feisal pursued with regard to the Ruwala is being pursued by Abdalla with regard to the Beni Sakhr, and the money he pays and the licence he allows them were, I believe, the causes of the outbreak which was recently suppressed by our aeroplanes and armoured cars. The sheikhs of the tribe own farms near Zizia, which they work with Palestinian labourers, but the tribesmen are all nomads, and their summer haunts range from Zizia north to Deraa.

Further south are the Beni Atiya. Before the war they were generally regarded with contempt, but the British gold which they gained without earning during the war and the anarchy which has prevailed since the Armistice have increased both their greed and their opportunities, and when I was at Kerak in 1921 their depredations were driving the farmers to despair. One of Abdalla's last acts before I left was to appoint four of their disreputable sheikhs honorary generals in his army.

A much more powerful tribe are the Huweitat, whose headquarters are about Ma'an. Those of them who frequent the Kerak and Tafila districts are richer, but no better behaved, than the Beni Atiya.

The Christians in Transjordania number about 18,000. There are some in all the towns and in a few of the Moslem villages, but they have a number of villages of their own. In language, dress and mode of life they are indistinguishable from the Moslems. Except for three or four thousand recent converts to Roman Catholicism, made by missions conducted chiefly under French auspices, they are practically all Greek Orthodox. The latter accuse the Catholics of having been perverted by bribes, and the hatred between the two is naturally intense.

In the years from about 1860 to 1890 the Turks made a number of settlements in Syria of Circassians who had fled from the Russians. One of these consists of Amman and seven places in the vicinity. The population of Amman itself is about 8000, of whom half are Circassians and the rest chiefly Damascenes. The Circassians, who number in all about 15,000, are capable farmers, but are disliked by the Arabs both as interlopers and because of their somewhat morose character.

Now a short note on the antiquities. With the exception of the famous Moabite stone, nothing has, I believe, been found of a date anterior to the time of Alexander the Great, but Greek and Roman remains are abundant. Most of the cities of the Decapolis were in what is now the Ajlun district, but nearly all the remains have suffered from the building of modern villages on their sites.

Beginning in the north, there are at Gadara, now Mukeis, extensive remains of an amphitheatre and other buildings. At Abila, now deserted, there are visible some portions of wall and some very large fallen columns. At Capitolias, now Beit er Ras, an interesting tunnel runs round the hill, probably for water, and to the east there is a widespread system of underground conduits, which has been only partially explored. At Arbela, now Irbid, there is little except a large artificial mound, and at Pella, now Fahil, there are the remains of a bath.

At Gerasa, now Jerash, the ruins in their extent, beauty and degree of preservation excel anything in Syria except Baalbak.

The ruins of Philadelphia, now Amman, are fine, but inferior to those at Jerash.

The finely situated castle called Qala't er Rabad, near the village of Ajlun, is said to be of Saracenic origin, as is that of Mushatta, near Zizia.

At Madeba the chief objects of interest are the wonderful mosaics, which include a map of the world. The remains of the latter are in the floor of the Orthodox church.

At Dhiban and Rabba there is little to be seen, but appearances indicate that there is much below the surface.

At the bottom of the Wadi Mojib there is a stone on which are clearly legible the name and titles of the Emperor Trajan.

The castle and walls of Kerak, once Kir of Moab, were probably built by the Crusaders, but were enlarged by the Mameluke rulers of Egypt.

East of Kerak, at El Lejjun, are the remains of a Roman permanent camp, and 10 miles to the north-east of this is a large square castle, surrounded at some distance by smaller ones, which is called Qasr Busheir, and possibly represents the furthest point north reached by the Crusaders on this side of the Jordan.

From the time of the Crusades to the nineteenth century the history of Transjordania is practically a blank. The towns of Salt and Kerak and the village of Ajlun seem always to have existed, but otherwise the country seems to have been entirely or almost entirely abandoned to the Bedouins.

At the end of the eighteenth century Jezzar Pasha was governor of Acre. He was the first to extend the power of the Government beyond the walls of the town, and while reducing Northern Palestine to order, made his influence felt in the Ajlun district.

The next epoch is that of Ibrahim Pasha, of Egypt, who ruled Syria with great success from 1831 to 1841. He took Kerak after two sieges and set to work to clear the whole country of brigands, and the settlers who established themselves as the result of his efforts in Hauran and Transjordania included many of his Egyptian soldiers.

After he was ejected by the Powers things got worse till the Turks issued a commission to Mohammed Said Pasha, the Kurd, to establish order in the regions south of Damascus. He died the richest man in Damascus, but many villages sprang up under his auspices, and the country between Damascus and the Zerqa was formed into the sanjak of Hauran.

The next move was about 1895, when the country south of the Zerqa, which had been loosely attached to the sanjak of Nablus, was reduced to order by Mamduh Pasha and formed into a new sanjak with headquarters at Kerak, under the vilayet of Damascus.

About 1908 dislike of conscription and other causes brought about insurrections at Kerak and elsewhere. They were suppressed with ruthless, but perhaps not unnecessary, severity by the very able Sami Pasha, whose premature death was a misfortune to both Turkey and Syria. As an instance of the terror with which he inspired evil-doers, an Ajlun grape-seller was going along the road, beside which the telegraph line had recently been set up, when he was stopped and robbed by a Bedouin of the Beni Sakhr. He placed his mouth against a telegraph pole and called, 'Sami Pasha! Sami Pasha!' whereupon the Bedouin fell upon his knees and begged for mercy.

During the war the general opinion was that the Turks would win, and though the Arabs in many cases avoided conscription, deserted from the army, and accepted British gold, they did so entirely from personal motives, and very few Transjordanians rendered any active assistance to the Allies, though they joined up when the fighting was over, and many formed part of the invincible army which Feisal led into Damascus.

Though a certain amount of fighting took place, particularly at Salt, as a whole Transjordania suffered little from the war, the chief result of it being that the Armistice found every man with a rifle and a large supply of ammunition. The people were, however, by this time accustomed to a firm rule, and order could easily have been restored. Instead of this Feisal was installed, and the reign of anarchy began. Of the taxes collected and the subsidies paid by us not a farthing was spent in restoring the roads, bridges, schools, police posts, etc., which had been constructed by the Turks, and had been destroyed at the end of the war, chiefly by people who saw a chance to obtain some building material cheaply. Instead of that huge subsidies were paid to tribal chiefs, and every train from Damascus brought its quota of coffee-house politicians to provide jobs for whom new posts were invented and the Turkish administrative districts divided up. These officials did little but preach hostility to this country. The British liaison officers who were stationed in each district were able to some extent to check their activities in this direction, but were practically powerless to influence administration, and public security went from bad to worse. The people soon began to treat the officials with contempt, the withdrawal of the British troops hastened the general disintegration, and there can be little doubt that had the French held their hands for a few months longer Feisal and his miserable Government would have completely collapsed.

After the French entered Damascus Transjordania was defined as the area south of the purely arbitrary Sykes-Picot line, and Sir Herbert Samuel went to Salt, where he met representatives from

the whole area and promised them self-government under British auspices. British representatives were then installed. As the country was in a state of anarchy, and we had neither men nor money at our disposal, it was of course impossible to set up a satisfactory administration, but the people were desperately afraid of being handed over to the Jews or the French, and on the whole behaved tolerably well.

Meanwhile Abdalla, Feisal's elder brother, had left Mecca after announcing his intention of driving the British and French into the sea. He arrived at Ma'an with a couple of hundred ex-Turkish soldiers and some Bedouin tribesmen, and was there joined by a number of adventurers, chiefly from Damascus. The British Government did nothing, so presently he pushed on to Amman, where he was received without opposition, but without enthusiasm, except by the small Pan-Arab section. Shortly afterwards Mr. Churchill, who had recently been appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies, had an interview with him at Jerusalem and recognised him as ruler of Transjordania. The inhabitants were not consulted, though, had there been any form of election, Abdalla would probably have managed to convince them that the only alternative was Zionism, an idea inseparably connected in their minds with that of eviction from their lands.

Since then Abdalla's Government has proved itself inefficient and unpopular in the extreme. Practically speaking, it does not function at all, except to collect taxes, which is done with the aid of British aeroplanes and a force of British-paid gendarmerie. There are hosts of officials, many of them persons who have made themselves obnoxious to the French, and very few of them natives of Transjordania, but the only person with any real power is the avaricious and unscrupulous chief of the Beni Sakhr. In addition, Transjordania has become an asylum for criminals of all classes from Palestine, Syria and even Mesopotamia.

The fact is that both Feisal and Abdalla, though they show some ability in dealing with tribal feuds, and are adepts at the kind of diplomacy which consists in doirg nothing and at the same time persuading each of two contending parties that you are doing everything possible to further their interests, are completely ignorant of and indifferent to the principles of settled administration, even such simple ones as are necessary in a somewhat primitive agricultural country like Transjordania.

To pardon a murderer, if he happens to be a relative of one of their supporters, is to them an act of elementary policy; to allow visitors to turn their horses into a neighbouring corn-field, an act of common politeness. If there is money in the treasury, they spend it, chiefly on presents, bribes and entertainments. If there is none, they exist as best they can on credit or forced loans. This

is the custom of the desert, but no settled country ever has prospered or ever will prosper under such a rule.

What is the present position? Great Britain has a mandate for Transjordania, and is therefore responsible to the League of Nations that the country is governed in the interests of the inhabitants and in accordance with their wishes. It is notorious that Abdalla is an indolent and vicious tyrant, and that his Government, which is detested by the inhabitants, is carried on solely in the interests of himself and his favourites. Yet the British Government, and their representative, the High Commissioner for Palestine, instead of checking Abdalla's tyranny and extravagance, are encouraging him by paying him an unconditional subsidy, and by allowing him to use British aeroplanes to kill or intimidate anyone who ventures to protest against his hated rule.

And what is the League of Nations doing about it? Nothing.

RAGLAN.

THE NOVEL OF TO-DAY

SENSIBLE people never took up the game of 'Hunt the Victorians' even when it had attained the dignity of being almost a popular craze, and lately it has died out altogether. The absurdity and the bad taste of generalising about several generations in which great men flourished in every walk of life and of dismissing those generations as 'conventional,' 'hypocritical' and 'inartistic' was always obvious, even to the youngest and most enthusiastic believer in progress in the arts. Still it must be admitted that for a time immediately before the war and immediately after it there was a good deal of mud being thrown at the nineteenth century. Young authors whose masterpieces were still to write did dismiss the art of the Victorians as stale and tedious. Equally absurd was the attitude of the 'die-hards,' who maintained, generally without having made any deep researches into their subject, that creative excellence departed from England about the turn of the century. But these paladins of the old and the new were voluble rather than representative of their generations. Now they have shouted themselves hoarse, and in the resulting silence it is possible to criticise contemporary work without beginning with a confession of sympathy for the present, or with an assurance that one has no axe, ancient or modern, to grind. A man to-day who hoped for the attention of a critical audience would no more think of defending Fifth Georgians against Victorians or Victorians against Fifth Georgians than he would think of declaring that he was a classicist, and that everything romantic was anathema to him.

Having thus demonstrated the purity of one's motives, one may frankly bring out the dissecting knife and approach the modern novel. Without at first asserting that it contains any undesirable matter, which must be removed before it can flourish as an art form, one may yet justifiably carry out an operation. For however good in itself the modern novel may be, it has certainly not impressed itself upon the ordinary run of cultivated readers. There are writing to-day at least half a dozen novelists whose work is treated respectfully by reputable critics, who have been accessible to the public for years, and who have failed to make a national appeal. Furthermore, there is a bewildering

company of younger and lesser writers all of whom appear to have some claim to rank as serious artists. How is it that between them these greater and lesser men (and women) have so utterly failed to capture the cultivated reading public ?

There is never published now a 'book of the day.' No one can be certain that if he begins to discuss any recent novel his listeners will, as a matter of course, have read it. The chances are, on the contrary, not only that they will not have read it, but that they will not even be familiar with it through the reviews, and that they will not even keep up a polite pretence of knowledge. Modern novels, in fact, have ceased to form part of the conversational equipment of cultured society. Nothing is more pathetic than to hear them being used as the counters of dinner-table debate. A few years ago there was always at any given time a given novel, out of which conversation arose. People would ask one another whether this character was not wonderfully true to life, and whether that character was not an even more womanly woman than the author was in the habit of drawing. That is putting the matter on its lowest basis. Conversations were not always very intelligent, and the admiration expressed in them was not invariably genuine. But the mere fact that they could and did take place was a most significant literary phenomenon. It showed that certain authors were strong enough and individual enough to force themselves before cultivated society. Why do no such authors exist to-day ?

At this point a number of people who admire contemporary work will be unable any longer to keep silent. They will burst in with a passionate defence of the modern novel, and they will follow that immemorially best line of defence which is attack. Do not, they will protest, social conditions govern the literary output of every generation, and are not present-day social conditions all against genius and excellence of any kind ? Where, they will ask, does one meet poets, statesmen or priests to-day who are national figures ? Has not the Press—that lamentable sign of the times—by keeping before the public a ceaselessly changing stream of interests made it impossible for us to concentrate upon any single interest or any single personality ? Time was when a political speech, reported verbatim over many columns of close-set type, provided the food for thought for one day at least. In these times speeches are cut down to bald summaries, and they have to compete on their morning of publication with races, murders and follies untold. Thus the great figure has disappeared from politics. So far from swearing by this or that party leader and cherishing his utterances as oracular, men do not blush now to admit that they have no party. How in such a kaleidoscopic, syncopated world can there be national novelists ?

Who would bother to set sail on a ponderous, Dickensian three-decker when there are scores of light, frail craft about? What with serials, cinemas, cheap magazines, cheap book-stall editions and broadcasting, the public is deafened by second-raters and has no ear for genius. This is an age in which we have multiplied the means of saying things to big audiences and destroyed the men who have anything to say. Thus will the defenders of the modern novel begin their campaign. Then, having shown how impossible it is under modern conditions for a great man to arise, they will go on to put a question. What, they will demand, is the value of the great man? Consider how naïf, how narrow, were the great Victorians. Did they not thrive on their lack of sophistication? Did they not come to the front because they were for ever beating some impressive big drum—generally a moral drum—which we, with our finer ear for harmony, would hesitate to sound? Have we not, in fact, substituted for a few great men (who were, after all, gloriously inspired lunatics) a number of broader-minded, deeper thinking artists? What we miss in rugged, impressive effect we make up for in the finer shades. Our knowledge and experience are being extended. We are learning to see more of life, until one day we shall see it whole, and not, as the sages of the past saw it, from one angle. The new complication of life has killed the simplicity which is essential to the great man; it has also created the sensitive man, the artist who makes no slapdash demands upon society, who has no rigid standpoint of his own, but who can see everything from everybody else's standpoint. It is, of course, unfortunate that this is a generation without intellectual heroes; but for a truly cultivated reader there is quite bewildering wealth of intellectual food. He can pick up novel after novel and find himself at each attempt in contact with an exquisitely sensitive mind; he can enlarge his experience of human emotions and psychology. Never in the history of the world have there been so many expert explorers of the human heart as there are to-day. Giants of the past were content to give brilliant and truthful, but very general, uncomplex, accounts of their voyages into experience. To-day every nook and cranny is being mapped out. Therefore although these delicate cartographers, the modern novelists, can never command a national audience, although they are perforce out of touch with the wider public, they are nevertheless performing a magnificent service towards art.

That is the counsel for the defence. Its accuracy can best be judged by going to the novels themselves. Suppose one of those countless reading men whom one meets to-day, who say that they have not read a new novel for years, were to resolve to turn over a new leaf. Suppose he were to set out to draw up a list of

fifty good novels published in the last ten years. He would go, naturally, at first to the critics. By reading the responsible reviewers he would expect to find what novelists were the idols of the 'trade.' But when he put down the daily, the monthly, and especially the weekly reviews he would be more bewildered than he was when he picked them up. He would find an astonishingly large number of novels treated with respect by critics who were plainly people of great æsthetic sensibility. But he would find that, while they were so often respectful, they were scarcely ever enthusiastic, and that on the very least excuse they embarked upon technical discussions about the 'form' of the novel. He would come away with the impression that they were a rather joyless, doctrinaire lot. He would be unable to say whether they enjoyed reading the books they reviewed, and still less whether he himself would enjoy reading those books. For the truth is that never in the history of English letters has criticism been more conscientious, more scientific, and less helpful to the layman than it is to-day. In the past reviewers sometimes blazed away—no milder phrase expresses the reckless indiscrimination of their fire—at targets which in many cases we now honour with the salute reserved for genius. Yet, although they were often wrong in their judgments, we know just how they felt and what they meant. There is no fear of a modern Keats being shattered by the gunners of a modern *Quarterly*. But if our critics are less forthright, they are also less intelligible than were the thunderers, the echoes of whose cannonades still rumble so pleasantly in our modern ears. For our critics have become absorbed in the problems of technique. They want to know how the novel is going to develop, and what will be the prose medium of the future. They are given to ignoring the theme of a book and to discussing instead how the author has handled it. Now, such exercises in æsthetics are of course wholly commendable, but the man who has approached the reviews in order to find out which contemporary novels are likely to suit him will certainly be frightened away. He will feel that he has been eavesdropping at a conference of specialists at which the mysteries of some arcane craft were being unravelled. Perhaps as he departs he will comfort himself by saying that if he was a Philistine among those critics, so also would have been Fielding, Dickens, and the other classical novelists whom he admires. But if, with the help of other than professional critics, a list of novels is drawn up, what generalisations can be passed upon them as a whole?

First of all, they do not live in the memory like the less studied, cruder work of the past. One cannot review them mentally after one has put them down and recall incident after incident, character after character. One is left with a confused impression

of having read many pages very quickly, and without a clear idea of what precisely was happening upon them. The author was often engaged in explaining to us just how one of the protagonists felt, and the thing required a most elaborate explanation. When we thought we understood, some qualification was introduced to upset the broad idea that we had seized under the mistaken belief that it was the truth. Our broad idea was not wholly untrue, but it did not include such and such aspects of the mental state of the patient—we soon gave up regarding him as the hero—and until all aspects were included the author was evidently not going to proceed with his story. Being rough and ready folk, we had decided secretly that we knew all we wanted to know about the psychological situation, and that any aspects of it we had missed might very well be ignored. Thereupon we had reached a crisis in our reading. For we began to skip. There were in some of the old novels pages here and there which had to be rushed if one's enjoyment was not to flag. But in the old novels it was always possible to steer one's course through to the point at which careful reading again became desirable. No such possibility presented itself in this new venture. There appeared to be no incidents at which we had necessarily to pause; nothing stood out; there was no plot of action; it depended wholly upon character. Once we began to skip, we were lost, for that pains-taking analysis of motive went on to the end. That is the first generalisation one can make. The novels were featureless; one moved through them as through a mist. But one can go further than that. The authors were quite evidently anxious to let us see their point of view, and they did not appear to be quite certain in their own minds what that point of view was. Writing had been an effort for them. They were crammed full and boiling over with all manner of little discoveries, little grievances against society, and little visions of beauty; and they meant us to have them all. Entwined round the psychological backbone of their story was a medley of incidental points. A nervous, restless, questioning, critical spirit breathed on every page. As a result the books were rather difficult to read, even when we resisted the desire to skip. Scarcely ever did we get lost in our novel and pursue it down the clock into the small hours. Our evening's reading was somehow reminiscent of the 'preparation' of the evenings of our school-days, and we often wished we had been provided with an annotated edition. For many of the things the characters thought and said and did, even when supported by the lengthy glosses of their creators, seemed quite incredible. Their attitude towards sex, for instance, was often irrational and neurotic. No one, of course, is ever shocked nowadays, but it was very hard to believe in some of the lustful puppets to whom

one was introduced as living figures. We gathered from the glosses and from what we had previously read in the reviews that these puppets only appeared so unreal because they were revelations of the hidden side of personality. On the surface they would have been ordinary beings. Our companions in lifts and trains and smoking rooms were, it seemed, behind their decorous exteriors, even such as the puppets. But there were times even in these novels at which the characters ceased talking and thinking and acted. How often, when they did so, they belied the suggestion that they were of the same flesh as our companions in life! No one surely outside the Sunday papers would behave as they did. One knows, of course, that every now and then people act very strangely indeed; the normal is not the invariable in any class of society. Nevertheless one does demand the normal as a background against which one may measure variations from it. In these novels there was no such background. One moved in a looking-glass land, and there was no Alice there to be bewildered with us. One felt very lonely and lost.

Such an impression is not exaggerated; it will be felt by any cultivated reader who embarks for the first time on contemporary novels. But there are certain relieving lights which must be painted in before the picture is finished. These novelists know how to write prose; their English is more flexible, more varied in rhythm, and more capable of getting poetical effects than that of the classical writers. They are, further, competent observers. Plainly they understand the people of our day; all classes of society and variations of type are included in their work. Evidently they know enough to sketch character in the old straightforward ways, and generally they could spice it with humour. If they do neither of these things, it is because they have deliberately eschewed them. Here we are getting at the secret of their failure.

They are over-interested in novels and not enough interested in the world. The critics reflect their attitude. So much has been written in the 'high-brow' papers and talked in the cafés of Paris and in the studios of Chelsea about art that it has become an esoteric thing, the private concern of artists. There is a kind of trade union among them. When they write they are thinking about theories of æsthetics and about previous novelists whose technique they admire. One result of this is seen in the frequency with which their stories deal with the fortunes of an author or a painter. There they are on their surest ground. One is given all the chatter of the literary *salon*, all the ambitions and discontents of the rising genius or all the disillusion of the accepted genius, and one is introduced into a society where the treatment of sex

is unconventional. Thus the author is able to give one his views on most of the burning questions of the hour, for he is often enough a bit of a sociologist as well as being an æsthetician. Between general discussions and sedulous analyses of character one is carried along to the end. If the society described is not definitely engaged in writing or in painting, it is chiefly interested in those subjects, or at the very least it is composed of ultra-modern clever people. Such humdrum folk as are introduced are either flayed for not being ultra-modern and clever, or, if they are handled sympathetically, one is led to feel that they are specimens very different from the author and very different from what the author supposes his readers to be. The novel of to-day is, in short, written by clever people for clever people, and largely about clever people. The result is not restful or superficially attractive. How different it is if one goes back to an old-fashioned novelist, for instance to Trollope. One may take him because he illustrates excellently what the moderns lack. When one turns to a novel by Trollope, not necessarily to *Barchester Towers*, one settles down at once to some hours of amusement. One loses oneself in the book without effort. The characters belong to a more or less departed world, but there is no difficulty about sympathising with them. Between them they share most of the minor vices to which humanity is heir, and no attempt is made to conceal this fact. Trollope does not idealise ; on the contrary, he is quite malicious at times. But one never feels, as one feels over the moderns, that one is expected to adopt either any very violent or any very subtle attitude. There the people are, and thus they behave. It is all quite intelligible and entirely human. A little world which was unknown to us is being brought within the range of our vision. We can picture the incidents happening exactly as they are described, and we know just what everybody is thinking. When we have finished—and we reach that point without a struggle—we can go over pleasantly in our minds much that we have read. Trollope, we should say, then, was not a particularly 'interesting' man ; we have not gathered that he tried to keep abreast with the thought of his day. He does not seem to have been racked by doubts and fears. We do not even know—or care—whether he despises in his heart the society he describes. Were mid-Victorian cathedral cities what he makes them out to have been ? That also we are not sure about. We suspect that his pictures are very accurate, but we are not going to be drawn into an argument. We are content to leave him after having been brought into contact with interesting living characters in an appropriate setting.

Such a confession will leave clever people almost too angry for speech, or too contemptuous to wish to speak. If novel-reading,

they will point out when they become articulate again, is to be no more than an amiable and harmless narcotic, then the writing of novels should be left to spinster ladies of good family. Is art to be muzzled lest it should frighten indolent readers into thinking? Are the Muses to be made to sing in the choir of Barchester Cathedral? Against these protests there is one final answer. Novels are tales. Whatever else they contain, their first business is to charm and to absorb the reader. Such an ungarnished declaration opens up, of course, the most fascinating vistas of æsthetic controversy. But if one is wise, one will refuse to explore them. Experience is, after all, a test in art as in life in general, and experience quite unquestionably teaches that when one goes to a novel it is because one wishes to be told a tale. This does not imply that one objects to any stirrings of thought, any questionings and any problems being included. But if they are present, they must be merged into the whole. Perhaps a critic who wished to be nasty might say that what we demand is evidently jam on our pills. Let us accept that way of expressing the matter. Novels should taste sweetly, and they should be easy to swallow. Nor are they thereby precluded from touching upon the loftiest and the most bitter themes. If such themes are woven into the narrative, if they form the narrative, they must have passed through the consciousness of the author and been reduced to order. They must not, that is to say, be given to us with all the ends loose, as they so often are in modern novels. The author may require to go through the most painful mental crises himself before he writes; that is his privilege as an artist. But he has no business to expect us to read bulletins about those crises issued as his collected works. 'A novel,' Hardy has said, 'is an impression, not an argument.' That is what the moderns forget. They argue in their novels without coming to conclusions, and their impressions, when they give them, lack simplicity and finality. No doubt this is symptomatic of an age that has 'lost the hegemony of its own soul.' The explanation is a common one when the curiously restless, joyless attitude of so many moderns is being commented upon. But, so far from being an excuse, it is a condemnation. Clever people may find the times out of joint to-day, but the bulk of humanity is happy enough. There is the point that strikes into the heart of the matter. In spite of the alarms and excursions that are disturbing the worlds of diplomacy, politics, economics and thought, the world at large remains a pleasant place. Most men enjoy it as much as their ancestors did in times past. Society is still divided into its old classes and cliques; it still provides diversity of character and wealth of unexpected incident. That is where the modern novelists have gone wrong. They have

turned their backs on the droll vicissitudes of life. They are not content to observe and to comment in an unambitious way and to keep burning within them that flame without which no artist can succeed, that certain faith that to be alive is tremendously worth while. Instead they have set out to be our guides and philosophers through the dark places of the spirit, so that when they come to the surface they blink and are ill at ease. They cannot handle plain men and women as the old novelists did, for they are too self-conscious, too professional. They are artists or nothing, and thus their art suffers. It would be impossible to foretell what one would discuss with Trollope if one met him at dinner. Anything might turn up to talk about; and one would not worry beforehand, for one would feel certain that conversation would flow amiably and easily. But with a modern novelist (judging, of course, entirely from the printed work) one fears that one would have to be clever, to be sophisticated, and probably to talk about novels. Is it shameful, then, that a man should prefer meeting Trollope at dinner to meeting some contemporary, and that the preference should be kept up when it came to retiring afterwards with a book?

There are, of course, exceptions to this general malaise which has overtaken the novelists. Some of them meet life half-way and go out to find colour and movement and adventure in it; but as a class they stick too closely to their dissecting rooms, and their books come to us depressingly odorous of the anæsthetic. No one with a reputation for sensibility would dare to praise those pariahs of cultivated society, the news editor and the cinema producer, but in their passion for 'good strong human interest' they have seized upon an important factor in creative work, and the factor that is being neglected by serious artists. Cheap newspapers and films, bad though they are, do at least display high spirits; behind their vulgarities is a healthy core. When that core is once again at the heart of novels, novels wil become popular. For, whatever changes may come over society, there does not seem the least chance that it will ever cease to be alive with material for workers in prose. It is not the times that are out of joint, but the novelists.

A. RYAN.

THE 'MORTE D'ARTHUR'

Hic jacet Arthurius rex quondam rex que futurus.
Morte D'Arthur, Book 21, chap. vii.

THERE is perhaps no work except the Bible which has secured so great and general acceptance for so many ages throughout Europe as the *Morte d'Arthur*. In the literature of all countries affected by Western civilisation, and even beyond that limit, this wonderful work has been enshrined. From its pages have been culled characters and incidents which, woven into stories and romances, have solaced mature, and instructed youthful, minds from very early ages to the present time. There is something in this book which rivets the attention and arouses all the higher emotions of mankind. Its heroes and heroines appeal so irresistibly to the imagination and seem so very true to life that, in spite of the failures and vices with which the records of their lives are disfigured, they hold, as they ever have held, a supreme position in our island story. A subtle spell pervades its pages, which both attract and repel the reader. The nobleness of the characters and their miserable vices stand out in bold contrast, and it is probable these self-evident contradictions have for many centuries proved a source of interest and speculation to generations of critical students. One naturally inquires why a writer should hold up to us these characters as above reproach, should rhapsodise upon their impeccability and declare them models for good people for all time, yet should at the same time ascribe to them the lowest and basest of human passions and calmly record their acts of brutal revenge, violence and immorality as though they were mere incidents which should not detract from the almost Godlike attributes ascribed to them. Yet such is the vitality of the story of the *Morte d'Arthur* that it has survived the destruction of successive civilisations, and in our own days inspired one of the greatest of our poets. Thus we find Arthur, the hero of heroes, who in the British story is proclaimed as one of the seven champions of Christendom, accused of incestuous intercourse with his sainted sister, Eurgain, Morwenna or Morgan le Fay. His wife, the beauteous Guenevere, the model of all feminine virtues, is repeatedly accused of adultery with Lancelot. Tristram,

the saintly, noble and generous, is charged with the same offence with the beauteous Isolde. Percivale, Galahad, Gawain, Geraint and others of the principal characters are made to commit hideous and gross offences, which no condition of society, that ever existed in this country, could palliate or condone.

The historical significance of the *Morte* has diminished of late years, with the suppression of Celtic history, though as legend or romance it has become familiar to a greatly widened circle of readers. We can trace it back to the birth of our literature, where we find it already a giant amongst the early efforts of our indigenous writers. In the days when the first printing presses gave into the hands of the unprepared people the philosophy and other crystallised mentality of the ancients, the *Morte d'Arthur* was one of the earliest works to be issued by Caxton. In his preface he says:

> Many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England came and demanded me many and oft times, wherefore that I have not do made and imprinted the noble history of the Sangreal, and of the most renowned Christian King, first and chief of the three best Christian and worthy, King Arthur, which ought most to be remembered among us Englishmen to fore all other Christian Kings. . . ."

The MS. which Caxton used in the production of his printed book was, according to received authorities, a translation from the French by Sir Thomas Malory made about the year 1469. The much and wrongfully abused Geofrey of Monmouth wrote an account of the life of King Arthur from documents in the Celtic or British tongue some 300 years before Malory, and thus directly connects it with its Celtic origin. It would require a lifetime to study and collate all that has been written by eminent scholars and historians on the subject of Arthurian history, as some call it, and Arthurian romance, as designated by others. The general consensus of opinion, nevertheless, seems to be that it is Celtic in its origin and conception, and, as a concession to that view, a special place has been found in the history of this country into which to intrude it. The historians of the Middle Ages were confronted by a difficult task. They were bound to acknowledge the almost universal authority of the story, which they knew had come down to them from the remote past and was far too well accredited for them to attempt to ignore or to tamper with. The great hold it had upon the minds and its influence on the actions of the people made it absolutely incumbent upon them to incorporate it in any history of Britain. The trouble was to find a place for it not too early to clash with the Roman element in the narrative, nor too late to place it where the Celtic influence had waned. They found that the people and events referred to belonged to a civilisation of a comparatively high order, and that

the records were permeated by a very strong spirit of Christianity. Persons whom they could recognise in connection with the history of the early Apostolic Church were spoken of as being actually alive. There was then little knowledge of the civilisation which was established south of the Thames and Severn in Britain by the Gauls from across the Channel at least 2,500 years before their own time. To them the Roman invasion was the commencement of all things historical; beyond that they had only vague ideas of an aboriginal population not one whit better in knowledge and culture than Livingstone found the natives to be in Central Africa.

Historical writers do not appear to have been aware that the portion of this island known as Britain was situated south of the Severn and the Thames, and was at the time of Cæsar's invasions inhabited by the same warlike and comparatively highly civilised Gallic people, who for some 500 years held in the balance the question of the supremacy in Europe of themselves or the Romans, and who attacked and burned Rome about 400 B.C.

In the time of Caxton, any suggestion of the complete conversion of the Britons to the Christian faith in the first century would appear a wild absurdity. They regarded St. Augustine as the Apostle of Britain, and any claims which were advanced by the despised and persecuted Celtic people of Wales as to their direct association with Apostolic Christianity as a delusion. In these circumstances there was only one course open to them. They were compelled to ascribe the story of Arthur to a period subsequent to the Saxon conversion of Britain.

The difficulties of the position were many and various, and included the necessity of securing a proper civilised surrounding for the Court of the predominating personage in the story. There were Celtic, Roman and Christian elements in the records, so the natural assumption was that they belonged to the only period of which they seem to have knowledge of the possible co-existence of these historical factors in Britain. At this period, too, the historians of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries noticed the great hiatus in the story of their country, covering a period which commenced with the invasion of Julius Cæsar, and continued until the tribal settlements of the Saxons in the sixth century. Into this great void had been cast here and there such fragments of the Romano-British story as the Romanised scribes considered could be made to redound to the glory and credit of the Latin subjugators of Britain. Here then was the place, and the only place, where it seemed possible that the story of King Arthur could be inserted, and, to make this appear somewhat feasible, the greatest of all Britain's heroes was degraded to the level of a kind of petty chieftain, or, as he has been considered, a

dux bellorum, with a limited kind of authority on Roman lines over a people which was in fact non-existent at that date.

Of course, it was essential for the due consistency of the life story of so important a character as King Arthur that some account of his parentage should be given. To surmount this difficulty, a mystical and mythical parent was attributed to him in a story which carries on its face the elements of its own destruction; and so Uther Pendragon has, in defiance of the direct contradictions contained in the British histories, ever since masqueraded in this relation.

At the period assigned to the life of King Arthur the whole of Celtic Britain was practically waste and barren, devoid of every attribute which could constitute any kind of organised State. This was the condition of our country when, we are asked to believe, King Arthur held his Court at Camelot; when fair ladies gave their tokens to noble knights at jousts and tourneys; when at the round table assembled the bravest and purest warriors that ever graced any Court; when churches abounded, and saintly clerics held undisputed sway over the minds of holy Christian men.

I may at this point suggest that the basic element in the *Morte d'Arthur* is the Celtic story, and that it is, in its essence, the simple record of the lives of the apostolic missionaries and their associates who in the first century (about A.D. 60) brought the Christian faith to these shores.

The hero of the story, King Arthur, is none other than the valorous, noble and generous King Caradoc or Caractacus.

In my brochure *Who was King Arthur?* many parallels which exist in the lives of these two personages are stated, and the more the subject is investigated, the more it will support the conviction that Caractacus, Arviragus and King Arthur had but one individuality.

The British or Welsh records tell us that Caractacus (who was a prince and subsequently a king of the land of Ure, Urc, Orc or Arre, in Southern Britain) returned to this country from Rome with those who had been carried there with him after the disastrous defeat at Caer Caradoc (Old Sarum) by Ostorius Scapula. We read also that he was accompanied by St. Paul, as well as the disciples of that great Apostle of the Gentiles. There is a mass of evidence, collected by many writers, which has been produced in favour of this contention, and the few of the many thousands of the existing Celtic or Welsh records which have been translated contain definite statements of these facts. We are further told upon the same unimpeachable authority, the reasons for ignoring and neglecting which it is difficult to understand, that Caradoc left behind him in Rome as hostages his aged father, Cunobelinus

(the Cymbeline of Shakespeare), his sister, and others, who perhaps because they were hostages escaped the persecutions of Nero and were released at his death.

These people, who, like Caractacus, had accepted the teachings of Christianity, came to this country under the guidance of Joseph of Arimathea and his disciples, bringing with them the greatest of Christian treasures, a piece of material which had been saturated with our Lord's blood, contained in a receptacle of crystal, also the spear or lance which was used by Longinus to pierce the holy side at the Crucifixion, and other relics relating to the Passion of our Lord. The first-named relic was that which became so famous as the Sangreal or Sanguis Realis, which afterwards, in the corrupted form of San Greal or Holy Grail, has become so closely associated with the life story of King Arthur. From a relic of the real or true blood it has been metamorphosed, by the fertile imaginings of various writers, into many other things, till in the end it is considered to have been a dish used at the Last Supper or at the Feast of Pentecost.

Caractacus, St. Paul and their followers seem to have landed at Ynys Wytryn, an early name of the Isle of Wight, the great ancient centre of Druidical worship before and after its separation from the mainland. The place where they landed was Bonafon or Bonavon, a harbour close beneath what is now known as Boniface Down, near Bonchurch, which was then connected with Brading Harbour by a strait from Sandown Bay, forming what is known to this day as the Isle of Bembridge. The various and radical changes in the name of the Isle of Wight have been the cause of great confusion and obscurity in every attempt to establish its early history. It seems to have been first known to civilisation as a portion of the Celtic kingdom of Ure or Eure, and upon its chief elevation stood the principal Druidical temple known as Moel Evwr. When this portion of Eure was separated from the mainland by the historic inrush of the sea at Diganwy or Divanwy (the place of the two rivers, the Avon and the Stour, now called Twineham or Christchurch, and the site of the original British Caer Divan, or Cardigan) it became known as Ynys Wytryn or the Fractured Island. After the inhabitants had become converted to Christianity by the teachings of St. Paul it was called Ynys Appolonea or the Island of Sons of Paul. From this form of the name we get those of Avalonia and Avalon, the Blessed Isle of the (Celtic) Saints, and the Dilamgerbendi Insula, or Blessed Isle of the Sea. As the memory and tradition of St. Paul's tragic sojourn in Britain faded away, the names of Ynys Avalon and Ynys Wytryn seem to have clustered around the only place to which surviving tradition pointed as the fountain of British Christianity, Glastonbury.

I have before pointed out that Glastonbury is not, and never was, an island in any sense in which the word has been used in Britain, nor is it likely to have had three distinct Celtic names.

In the course of a few years Ynys Wytryn (the Fractured Island) became subject to Christianity, a consummation greatly aided by the influence of Caractacus, who was at that time the only Christian king in the whole world, and who afforded the sole shelter of those prominent Christians who were within reach of the persecution of the Roman emperors at that particular period.

The story of Joseph of Arimathea and his connection with Glastonbury is well known, and if not accepted by modern sceptical and destructive critics, has so great and ancient a record that, when the history of the period is properly understood, this portion may be found to be one of the principal corner-stones of the restored true historical structure, and to fill the empty space which has been left by the neglect and destruction of the national documents and traditions of our British ancestors. When Joseph of Arimathea settled in Britain, some seven years after the arrival of St. Paul, Caradoc (Arthur) apportioned to him, as he had previously to St. Paul, a large area of land in the district then known as Ulidia, and St. Joseph of Arimathea has consequently come down to us as St. Ulid or Ilid. This district or diocese was in Somersetshire, and its principal town was Dun-na-leth-glas, or the Hill of the Green Slope—Glasdon, Glaston, or Glasson, now Glastonbury, the traditional burial place of St. Patrick. The ancient name of the district is apparently preserved in those of Hiltonbury, Ilminster, Ilchester, Ilford, and Ilton, all within the boundaries of the county.

St. Paul's name seems to appear in various Celtic stories under several forms. He is possibly the King Pelles or Pellam, Sir Persant of Inde (or Jude), Le Roi Petit and the Maimed King of the *Morte*, the Pwyll of the *Mabinogion* and the Pa-ul and Powys of British history. He is described also as the

> Adorable potentate, sovereign ruler !
> Who hath extended thy dominions over the boundaries of the world

To quote an illustration of St. Paul's activities, the meeting of Pwyll and Aaron (St. Urien), described in the *Mabinogion*, seems to be that of two bishops for the purpose of considering how the conversion of Havgan (Havant) could be accomplished, and the temporary exchange of dioceses with a satisfactory result. Aaron was one of the protomartyrs of Britain and suffered death in the first century at the place then known as the city of Caerlan or Caerleon (Carlisle, Carlion L'anton London, City of Legions), now the old-world town of Romsey, in Hampshire. Upon the destruction of this city by Vespasian, in common with the

many other places which fell beneath his sword in Lantonesia, it was deprived of its Celtic name, and was renamed Romesea, now Romsey. The name of Caerleon and those of most of the other places whose history has been so thoroughly erased in Hants, Wilts and Dorset, are preserved only in the Welsh and Scotch towns which were afterwards built by the dispersed people, who are generally ignorant of their genesis, and to which they have applied the histories relating to their original habitats in South Britain.

This theory accounts for the close association of Caerleon and Camelot (Winchester) in the *Morte*, and it is only inserted to illustrate that both topography and nomenclature have to be added to the list of factors which have further confounded the confusion of the Arthurian period.

Some portions of the buildings forming the beautiful and ancient abbey church of Romsey are possibly the remains of the great Romano-Gallo basilican church built by Paulinus (St. Paul) at Tech-na Roman (The Home of the Roman).

This designation, according to the British history, may apply to the Roman Senator Pudens, referred to 2 Tim. iv. 21, who is said to have accompanied Caradoc (Arthur) to Britain and to have married his sister Eurgain, Igen, Morgen, Morgan le Fay or St. Morwenna, the traditional foundress of the abbey. The remains of the original church appear to be the foundations of the apse, the two first great circular columns of the nave standing on the original foundations, the great and unique stone so called 'Byzantine' crucifix built into the external west wall of the southern transept, the beautiful south doorway, of pure Celtic design, many of the pilaster capitals and the pavement constructed in the Roman manner now beneath that of the nave.

It is impossible now to deal with all the other great personages which appear so prominently in the *Morte d'Arthur*. Iseult, Guenevere, Gawain, King Mark or Merchion, Tristran and Percivale, most of these at least, were recognised as the earliest British saints, and were, according to an ancient litany, published in his work on the Bosworth Psalter by Cardinal Gasquet, celebrated in chant by the nuns of St. Mary's Abbey at Winchester as late as the eleventh century.

During the outbreaks of pagan cruelty and intolerance very many of the Celtic books or documents which escaped a systematic destruction fell into the hands of those who, if they did not appreciate their value as literature or curiosities, parted with them for money or other reward to persons of higher culture and appreciation, and so they seem to have found their way all over and beyond Europe and to have become incorporated in the various literatures. How much the originals were degraded while in the hands of their pagan owners it is difficult to estimate, but there are

evidences in the *High History of the Holy Grail*, the *Morte*, and the *Mabinogion* that many of the Christian doctrines and observances have been misunderstood by some of the very early translators or transcribers. Some of the wildest and most extravagant passages are based on such misunderstandings, while strange to say many others have come down to us with an accuracy which seems almost miraculous. If there is any doubt as to the pagan mutilations of the text, there is none when we come to consider those of the Gallic troubadours and *jongleurs* of the Middle Ages. While they seem to have preserved and even amplified the Christian element, they are probably responsible for that vein of indelicacy which makes it appear as though it would not otherwise be acceptable to their audiences.

Sir Walter Scott endeavoured to reconcile the conflicting and confusing factors in the Arthurian story. He had no apparent knowledge of the civilisation of the Belgic Gauls in Britain, and was under the impression that Druidic culture was indigenous, and that the bards are responsible for the form in which Malory found the MS. He says in his *Sir Tristram* (Ballantine, 1804, p. 24):

> The bards, the surviving branch of the ancient Druids, claimed and received a sacred homage from the hearers, and to their songs celebrating the struggles of the Britons against the Saxons may be referred one principal source of the romantic fiction which overflowed Europe during the Middle Ages. I mean the tales which, in exaggerating, have disguised, and almost obliterated, the true exploits of King Arthur and his followers.

Again, on p. 106 he says, in referring to the Auchinlechy MS.:

> Many circumstances lead us to conclude that the MS. has been written in an Anglo-Norman convent. That it has been compiled in England there can be little doubt. Every poem which has a particular local reference concerns South Britain alone.

Thus, after a series of vicissitudes and mutilations at the hands of all sorts and conditions of men, this pious record in the Middle Ages sought refuge and recognition in the place of its origin. The people received it gladly with all its imperfections, but the scholars eyed it askance. They could not be blind to its evident early source, but its many discrepancies and contradictions so completely hid from them its importance that at last, when public opinion forced it upon them, they inserted it at the wrong end of the great historical gap in the way described.

As an appropriate conclusion, I may add the words with which the seventeenth book of the *Morte d'Arthur* concludes:

> Thus endeth the history of the Sangreal that was breuely drawen oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe, the whiche is a story cronycled for one of the truest and holyest that is in thys world.

CHARLES F. COOKSEY.

ICELANDIC LITERATURE

At the time when the government of our islands was being consolidated under the great rulers Alfred, Edward, Athelstan and their successors, that is to say, speaking roughly, in about the tenth century, there were being enacted in a remote island in the north-west of Europe events which, if they have not profoundly affected the destinies of other peoples, have given rise to a literature which yet has power to thrill the hearts of all who delight in good story-telling.

Many in England will feel surprise at hearing that the Icelanders are, and have been for a thousand years, the most literary people in Europe. In that small community of some 86,000 are few who cannot read and write, few who have not a fair knowledge of their own old history, and every year produces literature which is individual, spontaneous, and often of high excellence, while their ancient classical literature—prose, especially in the domain of biography and history, and much of their poetry—can compare with that of any people in the world; but it is little regarded by us. English schoolboys know all about Achilles and Odysseus, Œdipus and Herakles; but how many have ever heard of Egill the mighty warrior, of Njall the upright lawyer, of Snorri the son of Thorgrim, of Gest the Wise, or Gudrun of Sælingsdal, poetic figures which, I do not hesitate to say, are as vivid and enthralling as anything from ancient Hellas? Or how many of those who are at home in Herodotus and Thucydides have read that most noble monument of Snorri Sturlason entitled *The Orb of the World*? [1] If we turn to mythology and heroic legend, what other nation has produced such a saga as that of the Võlsungs? Where shall we seek figures like those of Sigurd and Brynhild? Let those who think me guilty of over-statement compare these two with, let us say, Athene and Odysseus—surely amongst the brightest creations of Hellenic fancy—and ask which are the nobler conceptions. There is no Brynhild in Homer's Olympus; she could not have breathed in that atmosphere. Or where is there a legend so vivid, so tender, so true, as that of the rape of the innocent gold by the

[1] A translation by Samuel Laing is published in Everyman's Library.

demons of hate, buried in the fragments of the Edda and first brought to light by Richard Wagner ?

My purpose in comparing is not to disparage Greek legend and literature, which, I gladly admit, is in some respects on a higher level than that of the North. I am only trying to urge that Northern literature has a place among the very highest, and that, although almost unknown in this country, it is in a certain sense *our own*. Next to the peoples of Scandinavia, we Britons may fairly claim a share in their inheritance. What were the raiders who conquered or colonised our island in the fifth century but early Vikings ? What else were the 'Danes' of Ragnar, Hasting, Svegn and Knut ? The Normans of the Conqueror, though no doubt somewhat Frenchified by residence and intermarriage, were of the same Scandinavian stock. In 879, at the Peace of Wedmore, half our country was given up to them, and not only does their blood flow in our veins, but our language, our social institutions, our habits of thought—everything except our religion—are rooted in those of the North Germanic or Scandinavian race. The sagas are throughout in close relation to the British Isles, where many of their episodes are laid. Moreover, it has been held by some high authorities that the bulk of the Eddic poems, and perhaps some of the sagas, originated in our country, a hypothesis which, although not capable of proof, has, in my opinion, much to be said in its favour.

The most important literary products of classical Iceland are the biographical sagas. In order to understand these peculiar products of Icelandic genius it is necessary to know something of their origin, which is intimately connected with certain political events in the North. It is well known that, after Harold Fairhair had by his victory in the naval battle of Hafrsfjord brought all Norway under his sway, many of the chiefs refused to submit, and left the country to found colonies elsewhere. Some of them found their way to Iceland, where the country was almost unpeopled and land was to be had in abundance. There, in his *bær*—a sort of glorified farm, perhaps adorned with the pillars of his Thor temple from Norway—as the chief sat with his followers drinking the mead during the long winter evenings, they told each other stories of the old pre-war days : of their fights against the 'tyrant,' and how, rather than 'sue for that which they had once held in their own right,' they had sailed away ; of their early life in their new home, their feuds and alliances with neighbouring settlers. These early colonists were the patriarchs of Icelandic sagas ; such names as Kveldulf, Thorolf of Mostr, Aud the Deep-minded, ring like those of Abraham, Jacob and Moses to another race of settlers. Each man was a law to himself and to his followers ; but as their numbers increased relations, friendly or

hostile, were established with the neighbouring settlements. The rule was, 'Be my brother, or I will kill you,' and the ethical code was, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' Vengeance was a sacred duty, and he who failed to exact the penalty was a *nithing*, a poltroon, dishonoured among his fellows. The social chaos to which such principles inevitably led necessitated the establishment of courts for the settlement of disputes, for the Icelander was pre-eminently a lawyer at heart. The supreme interest of the sagas for us lies in the account which they give of the growth and gradual consolidation of an ordered community through these assemblies. Of no other people have we so vivid and detailed a record of the gradual passage from primitive savagery to law and order.

In the year 1000, after a determined struggle, Christianity was officially accepted by the Allthing, and from that time a higher ideal than that of self-will began to be realised. Men's minds still harked back to the old heathen times and dwelt affectionately on the deeds of their ancestors. They told stories as before, and by degrees the stories gained literary form. We must always bear in mind that the sagas are not *fiction*; that is, they are not written for entertainment, but are, at least in the older portions, professedly true accounts of historical events. In the very earliest time people did not want stories of things that never happened, nor would an audience have listened to anything so silly. No doubt during the centuries of oral tradition the fancy of successive narrators more or less unconsciously came into play. We are not bound to believe every detail of what we are told, but the narrator himself believed implicitly in the truth of his story. The supernatural events which appear as matters of everyday occurrence were to him in no way incredible; nothing was more firmly established in his mind than the existence of supernatural agencies. Among every primitive race not utterly depraved there exists an intense consciousness of guiding powers controlling the destinies of men, a consciousness which finds expression in such conceptions as Jahve, Moira, Numen, Brahman, Wakonda. With the Icelander, living in closest touch with primitive Nature, they took the form of *landvættir*, those mysterious spirits of the island, sometimes beneficent, sometimes malignant, who existed everywhere and constantly interfered in the affairs of mankind. Laws were ostensibly passed in order to propitiate them, and it was enacted that ships were to lower their dragon prows on approaching the land and not to come up 'with open mouths and gaping jaws' so as to frighten the *landvættir*.

I cannot here do more than refer in the briefest way to a few of the better-known sagas. The more important ones are generally cast in a tragic mould, by which I mean something more than a

fatal ending. The whole composition is conceived as tending inexorably to such an end, and in the most highly wrought the gradual climax of Hybris, Atasthalia, Nemesis, the key-motives of all tragedy, is as prominent as in any play of Æschylus or Sophokles.

Njals Saga (Burnt Njal [a]) is justly considered the finest, as it is the longest, of all the family sagas. The scene is laid in the south of the island, and the interest lies mainly in its account of the growth of the community from the earliest times, of the introduction of Christianity in 1000, and of the final reform of the Allthing in the year 1004. It is especially the lawyer's saga. It centres round the fortunes of two stout-hearted friends: the brave and simple-minded warrior and skilled archer, Gunnar of Hlidarendi, and the honourable lawyer and man of peace, Njall. The evil demon of the saga, with her 'thief's eyes' and her long tresses of hair, which she tucks into her girdle, is Hallgerdr Langbrok, the wife of Gunnar. Already she has done to death two husbands and has decoyed into the meshes of her intrigues the most famous warrior of his day. Now we see him beset by his enemies, who besiege his house. From an upper window, with the aid of his bow, he is able to keep them at bay while he is served with arrows by his wife, Hallgerdr. Some wish to burn down his house, but this dastardly proposal is vetoed by the rest. Suddenly his bow-string is cut. He turns to Hallgerdr:

'Give me two locks of your hair for a new string.'
'Is it very necessary?' she asks.
'It is for my life!'
'Then let me remind you how you once slapped my face. I care not whether you hold out or not.'

Gunnar then speaks a verse; his enemies close in upon him, and he is slain.

After this all the floods of vindictive passion fall upon the head of the peaceable Njall and his family. Their homestead is surrounded, and they begin to fire the building. The order is given by the besiegers to send out the women and children. At the last moment their captain, Flosi, has pity upon the grey hairs of Njall and offers a safe conduct for him alone.

Njall said: 'I am an old man, and little able to avenge my sons. I will not live in shame.'

He returns to the burning house. Flosi then calls upon Njall's wife to pass out. She replies:

'Young I was married to Njall, and I promised that one fate should rule over us both.'

[a] Translated by G. W. Dasent, 1861; later edition in Everyman's Library.

They lay themselves down in their bed. Their little foster-child comes up. She tells him to pass out with the other children.

'Mother,' he said,' you promised my parents that you would never desert me. Are you going to leave me now?'

On the next morning they are found dead together, smothered with the smoke, the child lying between them in the bed.

Laxdœla Saga[3] relates the history of the families dwelling round the eastern coast of the Hvammsfjord. Its principal figure is Gudrun, the daughter of Osvif, one of the most splendid creations of any literature. It is the story of a highly gifted woman of dominating character, seemingly impelled by her ambition alone, but, with the Icelander's consummate art of concealing his art, we only learn at the very end how she has become a moral wreck through the cruel trick which has been practised upon her. Her real object is vengeance, not upon the guilty author of her wrongs, but upon the innocent head of the man whom she really loves, and upon his gentle and guileless wife. A complete contrast with the heroine is her rival, Hrefna, the very embodiment of maidenly gaiety and sweetness. With touching words, after the fulfilment of the tragedy, the saga-writer ends her story:

She retired to her brothers in the north, full of sorrow; yet she bore herself courteously and was gentle in speech towards all men. She lived but a short time, and died, men say, broken with grief.

With quiet irony he adds that Gudrun, her vengeance accomplished, became a nun. Towards the end of her life her son asks her to say which of her four husbands she most loved. She describes the characters of each.

'I understand,' said he, 'that their characters were as you describe them; but you have not said which you most loved.'

'You press me hard, my son. If I am to speak, I prefer that it shall be to you. I was worst to him whom I most loved.'

She means Kjartan, to whom she was betrothed in her youth, whom she never married, who was cruelly betrayed by his friend and foster-brother Bolli.

Grettis Saga[4] is the story of an outlaw; its interest is wholly psychological. Grettir's character is one of extreme complexity, and is drawn with an artistic mastery which laughs to scorn whole libraries of modern psychology. He is by no means an ideally perfect social character; he is morose, vindictive, overbearing to an intolerable degree, but again and again in the course of the

[3] Translation in The Temple Classics.
[4] Translation in Everyman's Library.

story he is the one who, with his courage, his strength, his resourcefulness, can bring help when all other help has failed. Of the crime for which he was outlawed he is entirely innocent. Here is the account of what actually happened. He and his party have been driven ashore on a lonely spot in Norway in the middle of winter, and are perishing from cold and exposure. They see fire on the opposite shore, but none of them is man enough to swim across and get it. Grettir thinks it no such great deed, but fears he will get little thanks. At last he consents and swims over the fjord.

He found twelve men inside a house, sitting round a fire and drinking. He rushed into the house, not knowing who they were. His cloak had all frozen directly he left the water, and he was a portentous sight to behold. He looked like a troll. The people inside, being all drunk, were much startled, and took him for the devil. There was a terrific uproar; some struck at him with firebrands, and, as there was much straw about, the fire spread through the house. Grettir pushed them back with his hands. He got away with his fire and returned to his companions, who were loud in praise of his skill and daring, and declared there was no one like him. The night passed, and they spent it very comfortably now round the fire. On the next morning the weather had cleared, and they rowed across to see who the people were, but found only a heap of ashes and some charred bones. Evidently the house had been burned with all who were in it, and they accused Grettir of having done it, declaring it to be an abominable deed.

They drive Grettir from their company and spread the story about the country that he has burned the men in their house. It is believed in Iceland, and as they have powerful connections, Grettir is outlawed and driven from one part of the island to another, at last to find his end in the distant island of Drangey.

Grettis Saga also contains the account of his famous struggle with the demon Glam, rightly described by the late Professor York Powell as the finest ghost story ever told. Having, after a terrific struggle, gained the mastery, he drags the monster outside in the night,

tearing away the lintel and shattering the roof. Head over heels he fell out of the house, and Grettir fell on the top of him. The moon was shining very brightly outside, with light clouds passing over it and hiding it now and again. At the moment when Glam fell the moon shone forth and lighted up the eyes of the fiend. Grettir has himself told us that that sight was the only one which ever made him tremble. What with fatigue and all that he had endured, when he saw the horrible rolling of Glam's eyes his heart sank so utterly that he had not strength to draw his sword, but lay there helpless. Glam then said: 'You have expended much energy, Grettir, in your struggle with me, but you will have little joy thereof. . . . The might which was yours I am not able to take away, but it is in my power to ordain that never shall you grow stronger than you are now, and many shall find, to their cost, that it is sufficient. . . . Henceforward there shall fall upon you exile and battle; your deeds shall turn to evil, and your

guardian-spirit shall forsake you. And this I lay upon you, that these eyes of mine shall be ever before you. You will find it hard to live alone, and at last they will drag you to death.'

Gisla Saga.—Another outlaw story is that of Gisli, the son of Sur, but with the difference that in this case the hero is undoubtedly guilty of the crime for which he suffers. His friend has been cruelly murdered, and the Icelandic code of honour demands that he shall retaliate by taking the life of the slayer. Being condemned, he retires with his wife and little foster-daughter to a lonely place at the end of the Geirthjofsfjord, where, by means of underground shelters, he succeeds in dodging his pursuers. He is haunted by two dream-wives, symbolical of the two religions between which he is halting. The one (heathendom) sprinkles him with blood and wants to bathe him therein; the other (Christianity) offers him peace and hope:

One night he dreamed that the good dream-wife came riding on a grey horse; she asked him to come with her to her home, and he did so. They came to a kind of hall; he saw cushions on the benches, and that it was well furnished. She invited him to stay with her and to be happy, and said that it was the place whither he should come when he died.

For us the principal interest lies in the touching fidelity of Gisli's wife, Aud, and her little foster-daughter, Gudrid. On one occasion the enemy, having failed in every endeavour to lay hands upon him, attempt bribery. They come to her hut:

Eyjolf sat down to have a talk with her. He said: 'I want to do some business with you. If you will tell me where Gisli is, I will pay you three hundreds of silver immediately after his head has fallen. We will not take his life in your presence. Further, I will arrange a good marriage for you, and you shall be in every way better off than you are now. Think of what your life is here in this wild place, where you see neither friend nor kinsman! This is what you reap from sharing Gisli's fortunes.'

She said: 'I think it unlikely that we shall agree about the new match being as good as the old one; still, as the proverb says, money is better than dying. Let me see whether the coin is as much and as fine as you say.'

He poured the money into her lap and talked to her a great deal while she handled it. Gudrid began to cry. Then she ran out to the place where Gisli was hiding and said to him: 'My foster-mother has gone mad; she wants to betray you.'

'No fear!' said Gisli. 'I shall not lose my life through her counsel.'

The girl then returned home. Eyjolf had then counted out all the silver. And said: 'Well, the coin is neither less nor worse than you have said. And now, I suppose, you give me leave to do what I like with it.' Eyjolf willingly agreed to that, and told her by all means to do with it whatever she pleased. She put it all into a large bag; then she stood up and flung the bag, with the silver in it, straight into his face, so that the blood flowed all over him, saying: 'Take that for your villainy, and my curse go with it! Did you think I was going to sell my husband into the

hands of a scoundrel like you? Take it and keep it, and with it your own shame and my scorn. Bear it in mind, you reptile, that it was a woman who struck you.'

Eyjolf orders his followers to lay hands upon her and slay her, but they refuse to support him in such a cowardly act.

Besides the few of which I have here been able to speak may be mentioned the story of the *Men of Eyrr* (' The Ere-Dwellers '), that of the *Banded Men*, and others included in the Saga Library of Magnusson and Morris, as well as the saga of *Egill Skala-grimsson* and the beautiful story of an unhappy love in that of *Gunnlaug Serpent-tongue*. Both these last have been translated, but the translations are long out of print.

I regret that space does not permit of my speaking about the body of poetry known as the *Older Edda*, which, though not very bulky, is at least as interesting as the prose. Nor can I do more than refer to the mythical sagas or to the great collection of historical works dealing with events of post-heroic times, the *Sturlunga Sagas*, the various *Lives of Kings*, and, above all, the *Heimskringla* of Snorri Sturlason.

G. AINSLIE HIGHT

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

The most ungrateful of us look forward from year to year to the Academy Exhibition, and go to it, like children to a pantomime, as soon as we can face the crowds of other people who go too. And we are never disappointed. We may wear the look of resignation habitual to Englishmen. '*Les Anglais s'amusent tristement, selon l'usage de leur pays,*' said Sully 300 years ago; yet we are all 'amused.' Some good works are rejected; hundreds are crowded out; a good many astonishingly bad ones slip in—at least, it is astonishing to those who do not know how it happens. It is, indeed, some time since such a range of quality has been seen; works—like those of Mr. Glyn Philpot—which would hold their own technically in the National Gallery, are within sight of stuff that would disgrace the nursery of an imbecile. But no one who has sat on a Hanging Committee will expect infallibility from the Committee of the Academy, which goes through the appalling ordeal of watching thousands upon thousands of pictures carried past them at a walking pace for several days. None of these pictures could possibly be examined, and many of them can never be noticed; moreover, one work will spoil or flatter another, and a succession of one type will modify the direction of the choice, in which mere merit is only one of a score of factors. To send to so large an exhibition is almost to invest in a lottery. Everyone would welcome a second exhibition, whereby the system of 'crowding out' would end. Twice as many works are annually accepted as there is room for, and the 'choice' of those to be hung is left to the arithmetic of the hangers and is totally unconcerned with merit. Only once have I heard of merit weighing in the scale, and that was two years ago, when a landscape was marked for a middle place on the line for its special excellence, and then crowded out because all the middle places were required for 'privileged' works, which it would have been impolitic to relegate to any other. The public has, therefore, never seen the picture which was held too good to find a place in the Academy. Everyone who cares to look will see that every wall at Burlington House is arranged symmetrically. This is considered tasteful. Consequently a work which cannot have a middle place can only

be hung at all if another can be found to match it. Further, the determination of the works to hang 'on the line' and those to be 'skied' is left to the caprice of the hangers, and we see such grotesque anomalies as the skying of two fine works by Mr. Harry Watson, who in 1922 had only one vote less than Mr. Augustus E. John for the Associateship, and will undoubtedly be elected. For years Mr. Watson's extraordinarily accomplished and beautiful paintings have delighted all lovers of good craftsmanship and good taste, yet this year people may be seen craning their necks to look at his works, while footling performances hang on the line. Some of these, we know, are 'privileged'; others, we believe, never will be. They have their day.

The public seems interested in portraits, and naturally looks at the most conspicuous. It will gape at what looks like a young lady's water colour of a pot of azaleas, and find that it purports to represent not only a man, but a king, and a king whose unaffected dignity has won the devotion of an Empire. However, no more of that. The majority of the portrait-painters give us what we have learnt to expect. Sir William Orpen gives us the maximum of information, and is much admired for it. Fortunately we are not left without a Sargent, who can show us what is meant by rich and lovely painting, fine colour, a mood of feeling, imaginative depth. He has imitators; but let anyone compare them with the master, and the power and delicacy of his painting will be better understood. Fashion at the moment smiles upon Sir John Lavery; it professes to support originality, but its instinct is, in fact, for the safety of simple principles; and what could be simpler than the principles which Sir John impressed upon Mr. Churchill when that aspiring statesman wooed the Muse? They were contained in his one word 'splash.' It is a very popular habit, indulged in by dozens of painters, for the public is flattered to think it can understand 'unfinished' 'work,' just as our fathers were flattered by being offered highly 'finished' painting. So now many a picture and many a piece of sculpture is churned up after completion for exhibition, just as a generation ago they were smoothed down. The painter has merely shifted his tongue into the other cheek. The student of painting naturally looks to the Academicians for examples of technical method, for that calculation of successive stages to the desired effect which should be possible to their experience. Unfortunately, age and experience are not the same thing; but the painters whose methods are truly accomplished are sufficiently interesting to compensate for the smallness of their numbers. Mr. Sargent is the only master of rich and liquid paint such as was beloved of Reynolds. Mr. Clausen exhibits a finely modelled and strongly characterised head in Gallery II., treated, in his usual method, in thick, dry

paint, with a matt and rather monotonous surface and a very light key of colour. The method is followed by Mr. Meredith Frampton in his portrait in Gallery X., full of character, if a little prosaic. A totally different quality is shown in Mr. Shannon's beautiful and penetrating portrait of the Dowager Countess of Cromer, the expression of which depends as much on the dark, yet luminous, colour and mysterious glassy depth as on the drawing, which is indeed not very structural. It will remind many of his deep-toned and lovely painting of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the Tate Gallery. Yet another manner is to be seen in the paintings of Mr. Glyn Philpot. These are (if we omit the Sargent) the finest works in the Academy. The style is the man, and any one of many vastly different technical styles is in its way perfect when handled by a master and used for its appropriate end; it would, for instance, be impossible to see a Sargent in the manner of Mr. Philpot. I am not minimising the immense expressiveness and significance of other techniques when I say that Mr. Philpot's method among those to be seen at the Academy may be called a *central* method, the most adaptable, the nearest to the drawing of pure form, as well as the most pliable to the expression of the mysterious play of light upon surfaces and of the delicate shades of character. It is—speaking very broadly—a method used both by Velasquez and by Alfred Stevens, and consists in a thin and liquid painting of very varied texture over a solid monochrome. Seldom has anyone so beautifully used the variety of accent and the precision of drawing possible by this means as did Mr. Philpot in his Diploma Head in Gallery II. The firmness and power, the depth and mystery, of it are marvellous. This is what is meant by style. It is indeed fortunate that we shall always be able to see it in the Diploma Gallery. In Gallery III. Mr. Philpot has a portrait of Mrs. Ernest Makower, much less subtle in its painting, yet so completely seen that it would be a lesson in genuine art to compare it with the other portraits on the same wall and realise how poor, how crude, weak and cheap every one of them looks by comparison with Mr. Philpot's painting. The same lesson could be learnt if it hung on almost any wall in the Academy. For instance, compare the clownish painting of the lace in the portrait of Princess Bibesco with the appreciative painting of the lace worn by Mrs. Makower. The portrait of the Provost of Eton in Gallery XI. is another evidence of Mr. Philpot's technical good taste (though Mr. Philpot has not a deep sense of character); compare, for instance (to take one point only), his background of books with the rude painting of the books in Mr. Eves' portrait of Thomas Hardy. It may perhaps be felt that in this portrait of Dr. James Mr. Philpot has painted too thinly, as he has done in his *Dionysus* in

Gallery I.—a mere stain of half-tone, into which the lights and the accents of dark are drawn with the most attractive accomplishment. The rich, fat texture of the old masters is so enjoyable that one thirsts for it; and it is not inconsistent with the variety of a thin final painting. It is, however, both easy and impertinent to talk. The layman has no notion of the immense difficulty of fine painting; it is the result of great knowledge, great certainty and great sensitiveness of touch, such as only long years of well-directed effort bring, though also of good taste in the choice of aspect and of procedure, which is denied to many a dexterous performer.

There is one other great quality which separates the master from the amateur,—*finished* design. The raw geometrical basis of composition—the expressive or agreeable disposition of shapes of tone and colour—is often within the compass of students of not more than ten years' standing; but they can never carry a work to a real completion, but only into that snare, a surface 'finish.' The reason is that *the accents do not come in the right place*. It is the mark of a master's work that the accents do come in the right place and are of the right value. Anyone could go round the Academy and pick out the experienced artists by this touchstone. The same difference separates the accomplished pianist or singer from the amateur; his decision of right accent is the condition and the measure of his power to interpret music. It is this which, more perhaps than anything else, is the perpetual marvel of Sargent's painting. He *sees* rightly. Everything is perfectly realised in its true importance. Mr. Philpot's works, for all their great drawing, have not this effectiveness and truth of aspect from any distance. But his use of accent is nevertheless masterly. For instance, in the Diploma portrait the eye is softly veiled by the eyelid, but a sharp accent on the lower lid and at the corner gives value to the mystery of the rest and firmness to the whole; and the imperceptible gradations of the cheek are set off by a harder note of dark at the bones. Similarly, in the portrait of Mrs. Makower, the accents at the comb, shoulder, the edges of the scarf, the change of tone and of edge down the cheek and chin, are instances of the choice of emphasis which give substance and depth to the whole. Here and there other portraits by less known painters show this skill—for example, one of Brigadier-General G. P. Bourcicault by Mr. Martine Ronaldson in Gallery XI.—while many by Academicians do not. But wherever it exists, it is the evidence of artistic feeling and firm grasp ripened by experience. Nor are these seemingly technical matters external to the fundamental business of painting. On them the power of rendering character depends; without them only a *suggestion* of it is possible. Who would say that the imaginative appeal of Mr.

Philpot's Diploma Head is separable from its technical accomplishment? It owes its expression to its style. Manner and matter are inseparable. One might as soon abstract the words from Milton.

There are always a large number of portraits in the lean years. Painters who dislike the business in an age too idle to give enough sittings and too uncultured to want more than hand-painted photographs are forced to seek commissions. Only a Sargent can take a public farewell of portraiture and expatiate in decorative enterprises. No artist enjoys toadying and touting, and few secure interesting sitters. Our heart bleeds for the painters of society beauties. In all the history of art only Holbein was proof against the insidious siege upon all the feelings which is prosecuted with unscrupulous innocence by sitters of this kind. Only those who have tried to face it have any idea of their paralysing and relentless will to be 'pretty.' What is a painter to do when a lady tells him, with utter disdain for the truth, that her eyes are much larger than 'that'? We will blame no one in the Academy for failure where Titian, Reynolds, and Watts were weak, and Goya—the first modern—cynical. But there is a two-handed engine at the door. There are women who paint. By them let women be painted. We may see a Jane Austen, a George Eliot, a Charlotte Brontë, in our art, and if not, at least some very candid performances, as well as some very enigmatical ones, according as loyalty to her sex or curiosity about her sitter swayed the paintress. But we must wait, for the female portrait-painters now before the public are exceedingly bad.

It is disappointing that so few great men are ever painted by good painters. There should be a fund to supply the National Portrait Gallery with Sargents. Posterity will regret the opportunity we have missed, as we regret the misused patronage of the age of Velasquez and Rembrandt. In the Academy there are a few portraits of distinguished men by Mr. Greiffenhagen, fairly strong in character though crude and stringy in technique. The Archbishop of York has not an Orpen mind; what a glorious thing Mr. Sargent might have given us! Mr. Baldwin is quite appreciatively painted by Mr. Eves; we are always glad to have our conception of a public man rescued from newspaper snapshots. Mr. Eves also shows a sketch of Thomas Hardy, respectful where all previous portraits I have seen have been indecent in their levity; yet there is here a suggestion of the babyish quite alien to the subject; the bronze bust by Mr. Richardson Mitchell, checked by the callipers, shows that Mr. Eves has misjudged his proportions. But one longs for a Watts to paint the last of the great Victorians. His bony drawing, his dry crumbled paint, his subdued yet dramatic colour, would have suited such a great

last century head; above all, the profound inwardness and imaginative range of Watts would have harmonised with the mind of Hardy. But the spirit of Watts is not among us. Mr. Eves imitates the manner of Sargent, a manner inimitable in its essence and unsuited to the subject. The portraits in the Academy are indeed always imitative in their manner; it is a pity the masters chosen for imitation are not always a fruitful influence. A study of Velasquez and Vandyke would infuse a finer spirit into most of it.

In the figure-painting the absence of any tradition is very noticeable; indeed, 'historical' painting is almost extinct. Yet imitation of fashionable styles is rife. There is little evidence of that passionate interest in life which should be the painter's motive; we have instead a mechanical—if accomplished—repetition of *clichés*, or an exploitation of mere oddity to attract attention. Some have a 'pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit,' but there is little room for ill-expressed conceits when the same have been well expressed before. When the matter is slight the manner is everything; a little stammering may be excused to a man burdened with thought. There are, however, fortunately, some works in which imagination and accomplishment are united. Mr. Cayley Robinson's *Pastoral*—like everything he does—is exceedingly beautiful, full of nobility and truth, even though the colour may seem a little morbid. It is good to think that we shall always have it henceforth in the Tate together with Mr. Rothenstein's rich and delightful *Princess Badroulbadour* and Miss Swynnerton's *New-risen Hope*. Mr. Shannon and Mr. Ricketts exhibit characteristic and quite lovely paintings; it is a pity they are both so careless of fine drawing. A work like *Jephthah's Daughter*, so truly imaginative, loses much by this indifference. Mr. Glyn Philpot's *Acrobats* and *Dionysus* are both accomplished and artistic, and are a proof of the value of great drawing. It is indeed true that the model used is immediately recognised, which is a pity; yet in Mr. Philpot's mysterious way the forms are exalted to an imaginative significance. The touch of melodrama in the woman among the acrobats and in a slight degree in those eyes, not of this world, which shine in the head of Dionysus, cannot weigh in the scale against the artistic feeling in all the rest. The choice of accent should again be noted. In the acrobat on the left the very small range of tone in the face and on the front of the body would be weak without the strong dark between the body and the arm; the perfect rightness of the whole is a thing quite beyond the range of the vast majority of painters. In Gallery VII. there is a most accomplished picture by Mr. Harry Watson—*Past, Present and Future*—which illustrates the same kind of artistic judgment. Note, for instance, the accent of dark on the back of

the baby's leg in the beautifully felt group of the young mother and her child, or the notes of strong blue as points in the colour scheme, or the omission of any accent, save at the edges, on the kneeling figure which forms the apex of the composition at the top. This painting is also remarkable both for the fine drawing of the nudes and for the perfect harmony obtained by a very sparing use of what is popularly called colour. But every year we go back to Mr. Watson's colour after the garishness of other pictures.

It is a relief this year to have so few of the trivial 'subject' pictures by painters who stick to facts as treacle sticks to a tablecloth. But the older generation will doubtless be puzzled by some of the 'rum' things that have taken their place. Many of them, however, are quite interesting and attractive. They have strong and clear design, and they use colour with a real feeling for its emotional power; it is not superadded, but is an essential part of the idea and arises with it. *The Golden Calf*, by Philip Maclagan, is (in spite of its feeble landscape forms) quite pleasing; its title seems fortuitous. Works like *Venus and Cupid*, by Colin Gill (Gallery II.), *The People of the Nile*, by Vivian Forbes, or *The Messenger*, by Constance Grant (Gallery XI.), are sufficiently good in design and colour and imagination to warrant the conviction that the painters will soon tire of their spurious Egyptology and Florentinism, and find that their ideas cannot be expressed save in more natural forms. The recurrence of the same *clichés* in every work of this type shows that the painters all imitate each other; they will soon be sick of the attitudes and types they have adopted and will have to go to Nature. Then they will learn wherein lies the real power of the Florentines whom they profess to follow. It lies in a union of a mystical imagination with a scientific zeal for the forms of Nature. Nothing of either has yet been expressed by these neo-primitives. They copy—but weakly—the accidental mannerisms, the peculiar marks, which Reynolds saw to be generally defects; and when their memory of the oddities of Botticelli or Ghirlandaio or Piero della Francesca fails them they are very insipid. Such a work as *Flora*, by Eric George (Gallery XI.), is a typical mixture of weak Ferrarese forms, weak Venetian colour, and cheap realism; yet there is some expression. Originality we can find only in the accomplished painters who drank at the source of all imaginative life, Nature, and studied the great masters, not to ape their manners, but to be ennobled by their minds.

Some of the most genuine work in the Academy—to which we turn with pleasure from this fashionable trifling—is among the sculpture. In the Central Hall a beautiful and expressive statue of *Peace*, by Charles Wheeler, stands opposite a very depraved

angel; the bronze panel by Gilbert Ledward in the Lecture Room is well designed, and Sir Bertram Mackennal's *Dawn of a New Age* is most attractive; really impressive are *Bereft*, by Walter Marsden, and the *Pieta*, by Reid Dick; and a delightful *Boy with a Hose-pipe*, by Anne Acheson, in Gallery XI., may be mentioned among many excellent works.

The landscapes are disappointing. There are no Camerons; Mr. Harry Watson has for the moment (we hope not for long) deserted the woodlands and rivers whose summer glories he has so often brought into the Academy, though he shows a fine painting of an interior in Gallery I.; there are no oils by Mr. W. T. Wood, which is the more regrettable as they are unique in type: apart from their imaginative mood, they are very valuable as examples of the great tradition of meticulous drawing in an age when artists, instead of trees in their multifarious forms, cover their canvases with information about the shape of their brushes. But there is a large and truly marvellous water-colour drawing by Mr. Wood, whose every detail is consummately delicate, yet the total effect not only not pedantic, but full of suggestion of the wild heart and still face of winter. Perhaps our greatest landscape painter is, however, Mr. Clausen, who sees Nature almost as in a beatific vision and moves our spirits with the profound grandeur of the life of the earth as no one else can do. He does not give us delicate drawing; but he evokes the colour and the light which our hearts hunger for as much. There are other strong painters, like Mr. Arnsby Brown, but their light is almost electric and chemical beside Mr. Clausen's Mr. Brown's imitators run amok in acid blues and gargle purples. Most of our leading painters have imitators; Mr. Wood, for instance, has two excellent ones hanging on the same wall with him, Mr. Marston and Mr. Latham. One painter has no imitators: Mr. Oliver Hall, whose dignified and rich landscapes, in dull browns and blues, are always, in their peculiar way, satisfying. There are several good water colours, mostly, as might be expected, by members of the R.W.S., like Mr. A. R. Smith, and several good small oils. Among the larger Mr. Olssen again gives us his polyphlois, boisterous oceans of molten metal, and Mr. Stokes his largely composed but rather commonly seen Italian lakes. The bulk of the large landscapes are, however, weak and unreal. Many people go to landscape for something of the relief which Nature herself gives to the townsmen; but there is true Nature only in the few.

Many of us may wonder, as we leave the Exhibition, what is the policy which guides this choice. There is probably no policy save a naïve fear of repeating the injustice done to Watts and the pre-Raphaelites (an injustice which will infallibly be repeated to any Watts or pre-Raphaelite at any time) and a vague desire to

make the Exhibition 'representative.' How far a type of art is to be taken seriously and to be 'represented' in the Academy merely because a certain *number* practise it I leave it to the reader to consider. That the result this year has at all events produced an enjoyable entertainment we will doubtless all be agreed. Fashion, after all, is unimportant ; time sifts the wheat from the chaff. We may be rather grateful for the good than cavil at the spurious. And that good is something of which the Academy may well be proud.

D. H. BANNER.

THE SILVERY WOOD-WARBLER

'A LITTLE yellow bird . . . continues to make a sibilous shivering noise in the tops of tall woods.' It 'haunts only the tops of trees in high beechen woods, and makes a sibilous grasshopper-like noise, now and then, at short intervals, shivering a little with its wings when it sings.' In these simple but vivid words Gilbert White of Selborne described, as he heard it, the wood-warbler, or wood-wren, the largest of the three leaf-warblers, those indefatigable searchers for insects among foliage.

This bird and its smaller relations, the willow-wren and chiffchaff, were first differentiated by Gilbert White, who named them the largest, the middle, and the least willow-wren. Almost a hundred years earlier, it is true, the naturalist John Ray had rather vaguely referred to it as singing with the strident voice of a locust—a rather harsh epithet—but it is very doubtful whether he really was acquainted with the bird, or could distinguish it from several other species.

Towards the end of April—St. George's Day or rather later—when the trees are displaying their vivid green dress in all its first beauty, a fairy trill may be heard sounding from amid the foliage of some oak or beech. The wood-wren has returned from overseas to its home. It lags in its coming, for chiffchaff and willow-wren have been with us for several weeks. Perhaps some question of food supply determines its late arrival, or maybe its favourite leafy shelter is not unfolded to its liking until now. Be this as it may, in a very short time wood-wrens are spread far and wide over the country, and in most districts where their favourite trees, oak and beech, are to be found, the dainty little notes ring out at frequent intervals all day long.

One may hear the song in widely diversified country. In the north and in Wales, for instance, the wood-wren loves a hanging wood—clusters of beech and oak on the slope of a sunlit hill, where bracken, ferns, and outcrops of rock are mixed together In spring, when the various shades of tender green are newly blazoned, it is indeed a delightful spot—a suitable abode for a feathered dryad. Now and then a clump of birches may be chosen as a haunt in preference to oak and beech, and I once heard a

wood-wren singing in mid-May in a large belt of larches, though what he was doing in that galley one cannot say; possibly some special food had tempted him into such an unusual surrounding.

Among such favourite trees, then, in wood or spinney, a sibilous, delicate, silvery song will attract one's attention, but only too frequently the singer will be hard to discover, especially for an unpractised eye. In the upper branches of an oak his livery of greenish above and yellow and silver-white below harmonises wonderfully with the yellow-green of the leaves as seen with the sun shining through. It is one fairy maze of brilliant gold and green, and in the midst the wood-wren, a little fairy itself, is trilling. As he flits from bough to bough, or from one tree to another, we catch a glimpse, and then once more he disappears. At times he is more confiding and searches the lower branches close at hand. One can then see that he is slightly larger and more slenderly built than the willow-wren, with a much greener back, yellow throat, flanks, and eyestripe, and a silvery-white breast.

'Silvery' is the word that somehow seems to attach itself to the wood-wren. The shining breast is so noticeable, and the delicate quality of his song notes and his dainty, flashing little movements all merit this epithet. Now he hovers with rapidly beating wings while diligently searching the underside of leaves for his small prey, and one may see that his wings are proportionately long and rather pointed. Small insects are his chief food; he does not seem to care for fruit or berries, and rarely, if ever, troubles about them.

The chief part of the song is a trill—like that of no other British bird—consisting of one note repeated more and more rapidly until it is run together like a miniature rattle, though 'rattle' is perhaps too harsh a word; but he also utters a clear, liquid, penetrating 'tee-a tee-a tee-a,' now and then repeated seven or eight times in succession. This latter note can be heard at some distance, and then may be likened to the faint ting of a bell. This bell note is sometimes given after, sometimes before, the trill; often the trill alone is uttered many times, the bell note apparently being forgotten. The rapid portion of the trill is given out while the singer is perching, as is usually also the bell note, but the first part of the trill is often sung on the wing, though, even if the flight be as much as thirty yards from tree to tree, I have never known the last part given until the perch is reached. The trill is accompanied by a 'shivering' of the wings, and, indeed, by a convulsive movement of the whole body—clear evidence of the vehemence and passion that the small singer puts into its utterance.

One hears freak songs occasionally from many different birds. I once came across a wood-wren diligently practising a variation

on the ordinary trill. Instead of carrying through at the same pitch, he jumped a long interval, and finished on a very high note that might have been that of a cricket. In any case it was very far above our musical notation. For several weeks I went to listen, but the bird was evidently pleased with the change and never gave the trill in the usual way. Another wood-wren I met with seemed unable to manage its trill. Regularly, as often as I heard it, four attempts were made, and only at the fourth effort did the bird complete it. One might have described it as a hesitation or a stammer in its song.

When several pairs of wood-wrens inhabit a wood, each pair elects to keep to its allotted range, though I have not noticed active animosity when one bird has accidentally strayed into another's territory. On the other hand, strangers may be summarily dealt with, and on such occasions the tiny wood-wren can display an unsuspected pugnacity. One day, while I watched a wood-wren happily singing on an oak sapling close by, a cuckoo happened to blunder into the private area. In an instant the small bird stopped singing, erected the feathers on its head, and with chirps of wrath launched itself headlong at the huge intruder. The cuckoo did not stop to think what slight damage it could possibly suffer from such a minute antagonist, but incontinently fled. A blue tit that also trespassed was similarly dealt with, but after that the wood-wren seemed to recover its temper and its dignity, and a young mistle-thrush that ventured near was politely ignored.

For a week or two before the nesting operations begin the wood-wren and his mate may be seen courting in the dappled shade of their favourite trees. They flit side by side hither and thither, from bough to bough, or across an open space in a wood. Now they fly together, and now one chases the other, sometimes in silence, sometimes uttering short notes of pleasure. In its general habits, and especially in its flight, the wood-wren to me has even more daintiness and fascination than the willow-wren, and that is saying a great deal.

The situation of the nest is guarded with care, and after the eggs have been laid one may watch for hours without receiving any hint of its whereabouts. The best way to find it is to observe the hen while she is building about the middle of May. By exercising some patience one may sometimes stand within a yard or two while she is bringing an oak leaf or bit of grass to a tiny hollow in a bank, beneath dry bracken, or among growing herbage. She is terribly uneasy at first and flits restlessly about, uttering a plaintive 'tee' (more pathetic, one thinks, than the note of her mate), from oak sapling to hazel bush, or among the over-hanging branches near by. She draws nearer to the spot moment

by moment, only to get a fresh access of fear, and go right away to start once again. Gradually, however, she gains confidence, and soon will fly straight to the nest with her building material, cock an eye at you when she has placed it, and hasten off for another bit. Each time on leaving the nest she gives a plaintive note, as if to say: 'I don't *quite* trust you, but I must hope for the best.'

I think, but am not quite sure, as there is no difference in appearance between the sexes, that the hen is the sole builder. Many a time have I heard the cock singing during these building operations, sometimes a hundred yards away or more. Perhaps he thinks she does it so much better than he, a mere male, could possibly do, that it is wiser to leave her to it. The hen is a close sitter, and if one knows the exact position of the nest, one may with care almost touch her before she will leave it, but she goes without a sound. A moment later, and both birds are at hand calling piteously. They fly in agitation to and fro with querulous notes, repeated unceasingly until the hen summons up courage to go back to her charge, when the cries stop abruptly. The male decides that there is no longer cause for alarm, resumes his insect hunting, and all is peace.

The nest is semi-domed like that of willow-wren and chiffchaff —all three species are called oven-birds in some districts—but feathers as lining are seldom, if ever, used, as they are by the other two. Dead leaves, moss, dry grass, and hair as lining are the usual materials. The entrance is not infrequently screened by an overhanging frond of bracken or other fern. The six or seven eggs are much more thickly spotted than are those of the other leaf-warblers, almost the whole surface being covered with small dark red spots. Occasionally a cuckoo will victimise the wood-wren, and foist her egg upon a minute prospective foster-parent. This, however, is rare, and must only happen when the more usual nests are not handy.

When the eggs are hatched there is more agitation than ever onthe parents' part. They crowd in upon one, their bills crammed with food, and redouble their cries, though one wonders how it is possible with such occupied beaks. Sometimes one parent gets tired of waiting for the intruder to depart and swallows the insects itself, though that means a renewed search for more and a fresh period of anxiety. A careful inspection of the nest will reveal a bunch of yellow mouths all gaping to the light. When fledged, the young are most engaging little people—fluffy balls of yellow, green and brown, with short tails, that soon become almost as active as their parents.

At this time the need for oak and beech foliage seems less pronounced, and the whole family may be found in woods generally

and also in large gardens. The male sometimes continues his song until long after the young are out of the nest, and I have heard it towards the end of July. Wood-wrens usually leave the country for their winter quarters about mid-September, before the other leaf-warblers, though one or two may occasionally be heard at the end of that month giving a faint call that resembles a weak imitation of the bell note.

W. WALMESLEY WHITE.

HILLS AND A VALLEY

BETWEEN five and six miles from the market town and the railway the valley begins well enough with a village that has but passed its prime a little. There are two shops in it, providing most of the material requisites of life; two inns, at one of which a man may get a bed; a church, standing since the twelfth century, where the bells are still rung. The cottages are occupied; the surrounding land is fairly tilled. The only notable sign of ill-health is an increasing inclination to pervert certain farmhouses into what, I regret to say, auctioneers and overseers call 'gentlemen's residences,' or into boarding establishments for the use and abuse of maiden ladies.

But to follow the road along the valley is unwise, for though, as I have said, it begins well enough, it gets worse with every half-mile travelled, and it ends badly. If you are in a car, and care for its pneumatic tyres, you will be wise to remember, or to learn, what Cobbett said of the 'everlasting flints' in this part of the country. Take the first turning to the right. You cannot miss it, for at the corner is a triumphal arch spanning a drive which leads to a recently erected mansion. If you are interested in monuments illustrating the history of your own times, you may stop to examine it. Carved upon it are strange beasts which may be heraldic, but which, in my opinion, are apocalyptic. It is, as writers of guide-books would have it, a modern structure, but the man for whom it was built bore the royal and ancient name of Solomon, and he is, unfortunately, dead. Unfortunately, I repeat, for, before going to his last account, he had failed to settle all his accounts here below.

If, however, you are on your own legs, the question of pursuing the valley to its bitter end becomes debatable. If you are anxious about your next meal, not having food and drink on you, or if your taste is for comfort, mental or physical, turn. Otherwise go straightforward, or, at least, as straightly forward as the character of an English road allows.

The whole length of the valley is, after all, but a trifle over five miles, and for half the journey there is the chance of pleasant walking upon turf. When the last of Solomon's architectural

oddities has been left behind, there are wooded slopes on either side. Here are good places for loitering. The valley grows narrower. The road twists and twists again so that there is no seeing for more than a few hundred yards ahead. Trees and the contour of the land conspire to deceive the ingenuous stranger into imagining that he is going nowhere in particular. Only, if you know the habits of valleys, you will realise that its narrowing signifies one of two things. Either it is approaching a dead end, or else there will be a stiff climb out of it, and from the summit will be seen a country with a strange face.

Anon a prehistoric ditch, called Woden's Dyke, cuts the unkempt sward, the wood stops, there is a glimpse of apparently transversal foothills, and a pretty hamlet is passed. It is the close of an agreeable stroll. Thereafter it is all hard going upon grit through a sorrowful region in the last stages of that creeping sickness which has fallen upon English agriculture.

Then, after one more curve, the great round bulk of Walbury is seen in front upon the right. I have gone on foot all over Surrey, and been route marching through Devon, but I know no hill in Southern England more daunting than this one. Where slopes or tops are covered, or the brows make long horizontal lines, hills are merely hills, and obviously negotiable. Bare Walbury, the domed redoubt of its range, steep from foot to crest, has an air of impregnability from the moment it breaks upon the sight.

Under its mass the valley ends. A church, squat, as befits a building in a coomb, and, behind it, a manor-house, stand where the road makes a hairpin turn before passing through what was a village. An old directory tells me that once it had close upon 300 human inhabitants, but I doubt if there are fifty now. Some of the cottages are in ruins ; others, still seeming solid, stand empty. Here and there an old fruit tree or the windlass of a well, half hidden by brush and weeds, is all that is left to tell of a vanished homestead. An ancient yew guards the desolation that used to be the parsonage garden. The parsonage is not. Some while ago every brick and stone of it was carted away for the construction of one of the temples of the aforementioned Solomon.

I knew the last vicar of the parish. He had been there for fifty years, and when he died it was not thought expedient to appoint another to a living where the living were so few. He had survived most of his flock, and I recall now that the main of his conversation was always about ghosts. He talked of them as simply and naturally as other country clergymen talk of their plums and poultry. The time had been, he told me, when, after dining at the manor, he had seen them flying out through the front doorway, over his head, ' like kites '

However that may have been, the manor-house has a strange reputation. In the Middle Ages its site was occupied by the cell of a foreign abbey, whilst the present building, though barbarously renovated in the last century, bears some internal evidence of having known better days. Locally it is claimed that Charles II. made a stay there, and that the shades of his courtiers and ladies still return from time to time. Perhaps, and perhaps not. Charles was one of our few truly popular kings, and because the people liked him, they would not easily let him go, but if I began discussion of all the tales told me of spooks and spectres at the manor, I should have never done. Once I burgled the house, spent a night of vigil in it, and came away having neither seen nor heard anything worth relation. The fault, it may be, was mine. During the renovation, when the panelling was being pulled from the walls, the workmen found bones that were subsequently buried in the churchyard. So the old parson told me. With all respect to his cloth, I fancied that his imagination occasionally ran away with him, and if it was so who can wonder? Living at the valley's end, one would soon learn to people it with wraiths for lack of other company.

Unless you turn on your tracks or take to the downs, the only way out of the valley is by the rough, sharply rising road that skirts round the side of Walbury. One of the last cottages makes some pretence to be a shop, and outside it, when last I made that climb, were chairs, a table, a sofa, and sundry other articles of well-worn furniture exposed for sale. The things told their own story. Their owner had died, and nobody had wanted to acquire his, or her, habitation. The children had gone, possibly to foreign parts, possibly to the Wen, anyhow far away. For a piece or two of paper the chattels had passed to the sole trader in the village. When opportunity presented, he would load them on a waggon, and for another piece or two of paper they would pass to some trader of the town. Meanwhile they could, for form's sake, stand as though a customer might come for them.

Half-way up the hill you become aware that on the left, hitherto unsuspected, is a high, bare ridge, and that Walbury, on the right, is the stout abutment of a great range. A bare ridge, I have written, yet it is not quite bare, for a few stunted bushes grow on it, and by the largest of them a tall post leans askew against the sky. As you draw closer you will see that at the post's top a transverse beam has been fixed. You will understand then that it is a gibbet.

It is, in fact, a double gibbet, planted on a hummock that archæologists call a long barrow, that is, a family vault of Stone Age men. There, in March 1676, a man and a woman were hanged for the murder of her children. Evidently the place of

execution was chosen with awful care. Stand on it, and you are 1011 feet above sea level, upon the highest point of all the chalky downs that run across the south of England. Up there, where the wind is always strong, the bodies must have swung well. Thither, on the day appointed, a whole countryside must have flocked, whereas if the business had been done below it would have been in the sight of no more than a handful of neighbours. The tendency of all pilgrimages is to move towards the heights. That is why in countries where there are shrines the builders have so often set them on the mountain-sides and on the brows of hills.

Anyhow I have heard those who are yet alive speak of the hanging as though it had been within their recollection. At a farm a mile or two away there was long preserved a part of the chine of a pig cut up for the day's feasting, and it only went when the rest of the farmer's goods and gear were put up for auction some thirty years ago. Even the farmstead is gone now, and its folk dead or scattered, though a memory lingers of the good cricketers that all its men were. Before the end came, perhaps, they were caring more for sports than for the soil they had held so long. Horse and hound, gun and ball, there is no getting away from them in the last chapter of the life and death of the English yeoman.

Beneath the gibbet the turf upon the barrow is smooth, as though close cropped by sheep. Elsewhere the grass of the ridge grows in coarse tussocks, brown in the mass, but silver, like strands of spiders' webs, when it is stirred by the wind and the sun has caught it. It is all waste, or at best poor pasture. Formerly it was cultivated, and I have talked with a man who mowed barley in his boyhood within a few yards of the gallows. Cobbett had these heights in mind when he wrote : 'The tops of the hills here are as good corn-land as any other part. . . . Never was there what may be called a more *hilly* country, and *all in use.*' To-day the downland supports some poorish cattle, many larks, and more partridges.

Once, according to tradition, there was a beacon here, and tradition, I do not doubt, is right. Northward, and to north-east and north-west, the sweep of view is magnificent. Almost straight ahead are the Lambourne Downs, along which runs the ancient Ridgeway, and thence the signal would have been passed across the valley of the Thames. Very far to the right, but perfectly visible on a clear day, are the Chilterns of Oxfordshire, whilst to the left, nearer and more distinct, stand the Marlborough Downs. Looking to the south, there is the passage of the valley along which I have journeyed, and beyond it a dark wooded line, behind which rise the blue hills that are set as sentinels about

Winchester. Obviously, this was a spot on which to light a warning blaze. And by here, still marked plainly as a green track, ran the old British highway which, starting from the true Ridgeway, beyond the Wiltshire Avon, ended in a junction with the Lun and Harrow Ways, some miles to the south of Basingstoke. It is rarely trodden now, but when all that Berkshire lowland, the cosy landscape of hedged and multicoloured fields, little coppices, white walls, and red roofs, was jungle, it was an important road with many settlements on either side.

West from the gibbet, following the track for half a mile, you will come upon a pond where the downland cattle go to drink. There it was that the man and woman who were hanged threw the bodies of the children.[1] Screened by a dip in the ground, and by gorse, thorn, and elder, black-skinned as shrubs in a London garden, it is a likely place for premeditated crime. Even when these highlands were laboured, who would have been walking up there when the day's work was done? Who would have heard a splash, or spied a troubling of the water? For century upon century the ridge at night has been the property of the dead. A little beyond the pond is a group of round barrows. They are small and easily missed, but, consciously or unconsciously, you are never far upon the range from that lost world of which they are memorials. Anon the path descends gently, new hills rise on the south, a village appears, and cultivation of a sort begins. In a gigantic field a solitary boy picks stones. If he does his job properly, he will be at it until he is grey, but before then probably he will have gone to Canada, and the stones will stay. Straight in front, one should be able to see the bluffs of Easton and Martinsell.[2] Somewhere across there lies mysterious Avebury, and if you have a map, you can sit down and read how far it is away. For my part, measuring the distance in terms of time, I find it is too far.

Backwards, on the other side of the gibbet and across the flint road, is Walbury, the camp of the Welsh. Concerning its age and origin as a fortress there might be much learned disputation. Within its earthworks, bank and ditch cut deep into the chalk, the camp is some 80 acres in extent, and is a fortress into which a considerable population, with its flocks and herds, might have been gathered to endure siege. Moreover, it must have been designed for defence by a big garrison, and because of these things it has been called 'late Celtic,' yet the Dorsetshire Maiden, half

[1] In *Afoot in England* Hudson gives another version of the crime, declaring that the man killed his wife by throwing her into a hornets' nest, and that the woman was accessory after the fact. So dangerous a method of murder strains my credulity.

[2] But I doubt whether I should have spotted them had not Dr. Williams-Freeman, in his *Field Archæology of Hampshire*, told me to look for them.

as large again in area, is attributed to the happy Hyperboreans of a far earlier epoch. Personally, I am more intrigued as to Walbury's history in Roman times. In a book containing much strange lore [3] the stronghold on the hill is identified with the lost Vindomis which Antoninus mentions in his Itinerary as twenty-one miles from Winchester. For this theory no support seems to be forthcoming, save that, taking a bee-line across the map, Winchester is twenty-one miles away. But let those who will argue about such matters, it is plain enough that Walbury is a bastion which in every age must have impressed itself on man as suitable for defence. In time of trouble, none in whose mind were the most rudimentary ideas of war could have neglected it. Right across its top runs the green trackway. Along here the British fell back before the marauding Saxons, and, it may be, the trenches which still faintly scar the ridge are a sign that here or hereabouts they made a stand.

'Corn Hill' Camden names this place, and within living memory every acre of the camp has been ploughed and yielded good crops. To-day it is a rabbit warren. Nowhere else have I seen such rabbits. Those of the valley and the woodland lop about, and scamper off when a man approaches, but, unless he has a dog or gun with him, halt quickly, and, whether they have reached cover or not, resume their common occupations. These creatures are of a different spirit altogether, rush like possessed animals, never stopping until they are out of sight, and go at the pace of hares, with a leaping gait that makes their legs look unnaturally long. Innumerable as the martyrs of Saragossa, they have sapped and mined the earthworks all round the camp. Men have fought for the land, and fought with it, but in the end, if this be the end, the vermin have come into the land to possess it.

One evening, walking across the hill, I found myself by a pit at the bottom of which, surrounded by rank grass and little rushes, was a pool. At this reservoir, into which the night clouds empty themselves, the camp must have drawn its water. From time immemorial dwellers on the heights have had the cunning to make such receptacles, and because, though the art is rarely practised now, it still survives, it was there that I knew myself most in contact with those who were, and, as I hold, yet are, the owners of the range. By the barrows I had merely thought about them with those half-thoughts one gives to the people and the things that are in books, but by the dew pond I was as aware of them as one is of neighbours behind a thin wall. And as I stood there a mist began to descend, or, perhaps, to rise. I could not tell which, for, taken by surprise, I knew nothing of it until

[3] *Insulæ Britannicæ*, by A. W. Whatmore.

there was a gyrating haze between Walbury and the rest of the world. Already the hedges on the lower slopes were blurred. Against the sky the gibbet on the ridge had lost its sharpness. Then, knowing that those hills are no place on which a Christian man should linger when night has fallen, I took warning from the signs, and made haste downward to the valley to retrace its length at leisure whilst day was giving way to darkness.

WILLOUGHBY DEWAR.
(*D. Willoughby.*)

MOUNT SINAI AND ITS MONASTERY

'SINAI'—what visions that word conjures up! and yet how few have ever visited or have any conception of the region which has figured so prominently in the history of the world since the earliest times!

Geographically the name applies to the whole of the peninsula lying between the Canal and Palestine. It is nowadays probably most familiar to the general public as the scene of the repulse of the Turco-German invasion of Egypt and of some of the glorious exploits of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force before Viscount Allenby entered the Holy Land. Those operations were, however, confined to the northern area. Suez, Nekhl and Akaba were, in fact, the most southern points of any importance figuring in the despatches. Kantara, Katia and El Arish, it is true, played a prominent part in the early campaign, and to-day mark the direct line of communication between Egypt and Palestine; but, although they are now identified by many with the Migdol, Elim and Alush of the Bible, it is the portion south of the Gebel Tih that counts. For this huge limestone barrier, which stretches in fantastic formations from a little south of Suez right across to Akaba—including the range of mountains named after the peninsula—fills a place unique in the traditions of the three great religions of the world.

Recently I had the good fortune to accompany a patrol of the Frontier Districts Administration on one of its periodical inspections across the peninsula by way of Mount Sinai (Geba Musa). On this occasion the patrol was more than a mere visit of inspection. Just before we left the Air Force had reported a large and suspicious party of Wahabis on the Hedjaz side of the frontier moving in a westerly direction. The trip, therefore, offered a threefold attraction: a visit to the historic Mount Sinai area, a trek across the centre of the peninsula from south-west to north-east over what was at the time partly unmapped ground, and the possibility of a brush with some advance party of the Wahabis. The first is our concern at present.

Our party consisted of nine men and a sergeant (all Sudanese) of the Frontier Districts Camel Corps, under a British subaltern,

another British officer, who, like myself, had come for the fun of the thing, a servant-cook, two guides, and last, but not least, twenty-five camels and 'Fullah,' a terrier belonging to our commanding officer, which had already accompanied him on his way down from headquarters by the west route and stuck to us gamely on our long trek back.

As it was summer, we had to adapt our programme in order to avoid the extreme heat of the day. We rose just before dawn, usually about 3.15 a.m., had a hurried and moonlit breakfast, and then trekked until about 9.30 a.m., with perhaps a halt at about seven. We would then pitch a temporary camp wherever any shade could be obtained and rest until about 3.30 p.m. In the afternoon we trekked again until about 6.30 p.m., when we would camp for the night and have dinner by candle-light. During our midday rest we used a tent; at night the firmament was our only roof.

The overland journey started from Tor, that quaint townlet on the west coast of the peninsula, sixty kilometres south of Suez. It has gained world-wide notoriety in consequence of its selection by the International Quarantine Board as the station where all pilgrims returning from the annual pilgrimage to Mecca are quarantined for forty-eight hours before continuing their journey westwards.

The port is enclosed by a coral reef and is deep enough to admit vessels of considerable draught. The whole of the south side is devoted to this remarkable little station, which is entirely self-contained, with its own lighting, water, refrigerating and disinfecting plant. It also comprises a hospital staffed by Egyptian nurses, male and female, with English sisters and an English matron. As our ship came to anchor in the roads the quarantine buildings stood out distinctly from the rest of the native town, which is one kilometre away.

Our way lay amidst incredibly wild and desolate scenery. The Wadi Isla, the bed of an old river, up which we toiled for two days, unfolded before us a wonderful spectacle of Nature in her wild state. Hemmed in on either side by enormous mountains, with gigantic barren masses of granite and ligneous stone rising precipitously in places, with great rocks perched at giddy angles and huge boulders lining the Wadi in magnificent confusion, it made a profoundly impressive scene, to which here and there a feathery palm added a picturesque touch.

For some distance, about three hours' trek, the Wadi was passable; then it narrowed with winding turns, which, owing to the rough nature of the valley, made our progress very slow. The wildness of the scene was accentuated as we advanced by the gentle little stream that ran down the Wadi, picking its way

between the boulders, disappearing to earth, and then emerging again further on, its water beautifully clear, but in parts tasting of mimosa—practically the only vegetation.

After leaving the Wadi Isla our route lay among hills which twisted and turned in a most exasperating manner. No sooner had we got over or round one height than others took its place, higher, steeper, more difficult. We made good progress, but the road was only good in parts, some portions being simply stones laid anyhow, across which our camels had to pick their way as best they could.

At last we attained the hill from which we got our first glimpse of Gebel Musa, the scene of the eventful meeting between Moses and the Lord. And a mighty mountain it looked in the setting sun—a mass of solid rugged granite towering above a plain of wide extent, hemmed in all round with similar giants!

As we paused a few minutes to take in the scene we could picture in our fancy the hosts of Israel camped on the spacious Raha plain, at the further end of the range, on the watch for the reappearance of their leader. We could hear in imagination the din and bustle of camp life, and we could understand a little of the awe with which they must have been struck by the majestic appearance and wild surroundings of the mountain, on the summit of which their leader stood face to face with God. To judge by the unearthly echoes our voices made, the effect of the thunder and lightning which we are told played all the time over the valley and around the hill-tops must indeed have been terrifying to such a primitive people, though fully in keeping with the traditions attached in those times to the great and awful Jehovah.

We entered the plain a little after 5 p.m., and, as twilight was approaching, I inquired of our guide, 'How long to our scheduled camping ground?' He replied, 'Thirty minutes'; so on we went. A little later, as the light seemed to be failing, I asked him whether it would last until we reached our destination, or if we should camp where we were on the plain. The reply being again in the affirmative, we continued our way. Soon we began to climb. Every turn, I thought, would bring us in sight of our goal, but no! Higher and higher we plodded our way; further and further it seemed to be. At last, when it was quite dark, we began to descend. To my renewed inquiry the reply came, '*Lessa taht*' ('Further down'), whereupon I fairly let the guide have the length of my tongue, for it is no joke taking a caravan of camels with loads at night across mountainous country.

Slowly we progressed, leading our camels through pitchy darkness, and at last, after an hour and a half of acute mental torture—for we never knew whether the next step would not land

us over the side—we reached the bottom, where we camped for the night, thoroughly exhausted.

When we awoke, however, a gratifying sight fully repaid us for all our worries of the previous evening.

No matter by what route the traveller crosses Southern Sinai, he is invariably struck by the extraordinary lack of vegetation, habitation or humanity. It is on all sides a veritable wilderness. All the more surprising, therefore, to see close to us in the valley, miles away from any sign of civilisation, a building which we at once recognised as the famous Monastery of St. Katharine. Nestling against the base of the Gebel Musa, and forming with its cypress and fruit trees a striking contrast to the surrounding mountains and the barren Raha on the distant horizon, it made an unforgettable picture.

We had heard a great deal about this remarkable institution, but its unique appearance and picturesque situation were somehow quite unexpected; while the impression of a sanctuary it conveyed by its high walls and the note of hospitality it struck by its delightfully green surroundings were distinctly refreshing after our long and tiring trek through this barren and inhospitable region.

The site on which the monastery stands is historic in the sense that it encloses the Chapel of the Burning Bush, which chapel Queen Helena is said to have ordered to be built on the occasion of her passage through the desert on her way to Jerusalem, where she found the portions of the Cross still shown in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

In the earliest Christian times the country surrounding Gebel Musa attracted numbers of hermits and their like, who, to quote a recent visitor, found it apart from its Biblical association an ideal spot for meditation and prayer. But in those days it abounded in brigands, who held these devotees at their mercy. Certain priests who had suffered more severely than usual at their hands, went to the Emperor Justinian and suggested he should assist them by erecting some building which could offer them better protection than they could find in their cells and chapels.

Ever ready for an excuse to indulge his architectural fancy, and thinking this a good opportunity to create a strong point for resisting the advance of the Arabs and Persians, Justinian acquiesced in the request and ordered the erection in A.D. 541 of what came to be known as the Monastery of St. Katharine.

Designed in every way like a fortress, it has to this day retained all its mediæval characteristics. It covers altogether an area of about one acre and is surrounded by a massive high wall, with bastions and loopholes and a gallery running right through the centre for purposes of defence. Latter-day requirements have

necessitated the raising of the wall, and part of the eastern side was repaired by Napoleon, to whom the monks appealed for assistance, but the old embattlements are still distinguishable below the brick heightening, and the impression of a mediæval fortress remains.

When first built, the convent had a gate at the north end, but, in self-defence against marauding bands, the monks were forced to brick it up. For centuries the only means of entrance or exit were two turrets constructed high up on the eastern wall, through which the inmates and visitors were hoisted or let down in a basket. There are still shown the ancient weapons with which the monks defended themselves, and the windows through which boiling water and oil were poured on to the attackers whenever they tried to break down the bricked-up portion, the only vulnerable point in the enclosure. To-day the approach to the monastery is up a causeway into a courtyard linking the garden to the building, the entrance into which is through a low and antiquated door in the northern wall.

I was met on arrival by two of the senior monks, who at once invited me to enter the monastery and offered me breakfast. I did not need asking twice. Our meal consisted of new-laid eggs, excellent bread without butter, tea with 'Ideal Milk,' jam, delicious grapes and almonds—the whole washed down with some good wine, not to be identified. As I knew no Greek and they no English, the conversation was carried on in Arabic. Although most of them were indifferent Arabic scholars, we got on very well and discussed all manner of subjects. They were most eager for the latest news from outside, which I gladly gave, but they were gloriously vague about the names of wadis, mountains and villages in their own neighbourhood and tended to confuse one's ideas rather than add to one's information.

After breakfast we sat and talked for some time. Then they took me round the walls and through the galleries that had been constructed in mediæval times for the purpose of defence. It was arranged that I should be shown over the monastery the next day, and at noon I made a move to return to my camp. The monks, however, remonstrated with me and pressed me to make their monastery my headquarters. This, for many reasons, I could not do, and then they insisted that I should take all my meals with them. This, again, I could not agree to, but they seemed so hurt that I promised to stay for lunch on condition that I was allowed to dine at home. I was very glad in the end that I had agreed to remain, for, as the menu showed, they had evidently made preparations. We started with sardines, followed by rich vermicelli soup, roast turkey, fresh beans and fried potatoes, cucumber salad, stewed pears, cheese, fruit, and wine

with coffee and liqueurs. A banquet in the midst of the wilderness.

It was a sumptuous repast, and after the breakfast I was hard put to it to do it justice. Hardly had I returned to camp when my orderly announced the arrival of a servant from the monastery. I went out and found a Greek carrying a couple of baskets; standing there, with his long hair and flowing robes, he looked exactly like the picture of a disciple. The baskets contained fresh eggs, some loaves of bread, grapes, nuts, and wine, together with two candlesticks and candles. The last were a most graceful and thoughtful addition. Quite casually in course of conversation I had mentioned my previous evening's experience without any light, and the monks had evidently made a mental note. I found they did not restrict their ministrations to myself, but that later they sent a supply of food for the patrol.

The next two days were fully occupied in going over the monastery. The monks have contrived to compress an incredible amount of detail into the small area at their disposal. On passing through the entrance door we proceeded by a tortuous passage to a series of wooden staircases which led to three storeys of rooms and apartments, two of which ran most of the way round the enclosure.

On the first storey are various offices and storerooms, as well as the old landing leading out to the turrets constituting the original means of entrance. Nowadays the hoist is only used for provisions and other heavy materials. While we were there a caravan happened to arrive from Tor, and we were able to watch the monks working at the capstan to lift the grain which had arrived. On the second storey are the dormitories, the refectory, and library; while on the topmost storey, which is at the north end, are situated the guest-rooms and the apartments of the Archbishop.

Within the monastery are nineteen chapels, each dedicated to a different saint, with the Church of St. Katharine in the centre. The latter is a fine building, over which we were conducted by a weird-looking sacristan who looked for all the world as if he might himself have come down from the time of Justinian with the relics he so proudly showed us.

Built of stone, the church is quite an imposing building, with finely carved doors of great antiquity. The floor is of superb marble, and down the centre run, on either side, columns of granite, each cut out of one piece, but, alas! spoilt by a coating of white paint. The walls are covered by beautifully painted pictures dating back for centuries, and seats for the monks run down the aisle against the columns, in a line at right angles to the altar. In the centre stands a high seat for the Bishop, a pulpit

of great age, while—an incongruous item amid all these relics—an old grandfather's clock rears itself against the pulpit.

In front of the altar, which is screened off by a handsome pair of brass gates hung with some fine ikons of great antiquity, are numerous brass lamps and some gigantic candles made by the monks two centuries ago. The sanctuary is exquisitely carved, with a wonderful mosaic ceiling dating from the original building of the monastery and depicting the Transfiguration, with portraits of Justinian and Theodora, his wife. It is in perfect condition and a beautiful piece of work, well worth coming all the way to see; so also are the many holy treasures, such as old Gospels written on parchment and skin, which are shown to visitors with warrantable pride.

Outside the church, at the back, is the Burning Bush, and close to it the chapel erected by Queen Helena; this is also in a marvellous state of preservation, and contains some priceless holy relics and another mosaic ceiling. To enter the chapel we had to take off our shoes or put on special slippers provided for us by the ancient sacristan. It was a dark interior and not in such a good state of preservation as the main chapel, but its holy treasures are none the less interesting and very much older.

Alongside the church is a belfry, whose quaint chimes, rung on Saturday evenings and on saints' days, afford a pleasant relief in this otherwise noiseless region. Near by are a minaret and a small mosque, the latter containing a *minbar* (pulpit), antiquely carved, somewhat dilapidated. The monks gave the following interesting explanation of the presence of this Islamic place of worship in the midst of such a collection of Christian shrines.

During his wanderings the Prophet took refuge in the monastery, and was so well treated that, in gratitude, he issued an order to his followers never to molest the inmates. This order was zealously treasured by the monks, and undoubtedly for a long time it secured them immunity from the destructive attentions of mediæval Moslems. But about A.D. 1000 the Egyptian King Zaher—Sinai has at all times lain within the Egyptian frontier—decided he could no longer tolerate the existence of such an active centre of Christian doctrine. Accordingly its destruction, or at any rate that of its chapel, was seriously threatened. The monks thereupon produced the Prophet's *shehada*, and a compromise was arrived at by their agreeing to the erection of this mosque at the door of their principal chapel. They declare that, thanks to this, they enjoyed immunity during the periods when all other Christian edifices, particularly those not possessing foreign protection, were razed to the ground. Certainly it is remarkable that this peculiarly militant Christian institution should alone have survived to this day in a Moslem land.

A unique feature, and one of the proudest possessions of the monastery, is its library, comprising over 4000 Arabic, Syriac and Greek books and MSS., many of world-wide repute and dating from earliest times. Among the treasures the monk librarian showed us was a Gospel of the time of Theodosius written in gold ink characters on skin, with hand-painted pictures of Christ, the Virgin and the Apostles, all in wonderful detail, on gold-leaf background. There is a Psalter dating from the eighth century and containing in twelve pages what usually occupies many more; I found the characters so closely and minutely written that they could only be read with a strong magnifying glass. There was also a fine collection of very old Syriac MSS., which were catalogued in 1894 by Miss Agnes Smith-Lewis and Miss Margaret Gibson, and include a palimpsest of considerable age, the date of the later writing being A.D. 778.

It was here that the famous *Codex Sinaiticus*, one of the earliest Bibles, an uncial MS. of the fourth century written on thin vellum, was discovered in 1844. Alas! to-day the monks only possess a copy. The original was borrowed, on promise of return, by representatives of the Czar, who wanted to see it. It was taken to Moscow, where it was kept, and a copy, the one shown at present, sent in its place without any explanation. The library, which, in addition to early MSS., contains some of the earliest examples of printed books, is, in fact, well known to the literary world, and scarce a year passes but learned men journey to the monastery in order to examine its MSS. and carry out Biblical research. The latest of such visitors was Dr. Rendel Harris.

The monastery is managed by about twenty monks, but the number varies during the year. At their head is an Archbishop belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church, who, except that he receives consecration in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, is entirely independent of the Greek Orthodox Patriarch and, like his subordinates, is a local Egyptian subject. The present Archbishop is Porphyrios II., a fine-looking man of about sixty years of age, who is Doctor of Philosophy and LL.D. (Cantab.). During the first two years of the reoccupation of Palestine he was asked by Lord Allenby to take over control of the affairs of the Greek Orthodox community in Jerusalem, whose Patriarch had been driven into exile. It was he who officiated in May 1918, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, at the historic ceremony of the Holy Fire, when for the first time on record no troops were used in the church. Previously Moslem (Turkish) troops had had to be employed to keep order during the ceremony between the various Christian sects.

The convent before the war possessed extensive estates in

Russia, Rumania, Greece and Egypt, but to-day it is entirely dependent on its Egyptian lands and what it receives from Greece and Cyprus.

Each monk has his allotted duties. A certain amount of Arab labour is employed, but the main work is done by the inmates. These, a supremely contented little band, produce everything for their own requirements with the exception of flour, in which form most of the contributions reach them from outside. They distribute anything up to 500 loaves a day to the 'Subian el Deir,' descendants of the men sent by Justinian to help and defend the convent against attack; and these inhabitants of the adjacent hills, although of Christian origin, to-day are followers of the Prophet. But while the convent exercises an enormous influence, far and wide, over the tribes, who ascribe to its inmates almost supernatural powers and who in many cases are entirely dependent on them for food and medicine, it is a remarkable illustration of the manner in which this people have been pauperised that they absolutely refuse to do a stroke of work for their benefactors unless they are paid for it in hard cash.

A curious feature amongst the buildings constructed outside the convent enclosure is the mortuary vault for the bones of departed monks. The atmosphere was nauseating, and we were glad to escape from this gruesome spectacle into the delightful garden beyond. Here we saw what attention and water, both abundant at the convent, can do even in a rocky region like this. The garden produces delicious fruit—pears, apples, oranges, plums, grapes, almonds, etc.—and such vegetables as potatoes, onions, cabbages, tomatoes, egg-plants; while olive trees, cypresses, palms and poplars flourish in a surprising manner. One of the remarkable features of the Gebel Musa region is the cypress and palm trees, which the monks travel miles to tend, and which appear now and again on the side of otherwise barren mountains Live stock also are reared, while in the basement of the convent exist huge vats for the excellent wine and oil which the monks make for themselves.

The only Christian centre of its kind in a land which is closely identified with the most important events of the Old Testament, possessing relics and literary treasures that have attracted the attention of *savants* all the world over, and practising the Christian dictates of charity to the highest degree in a wilderness which is noted for its desolation and its solitude, the Monastery of St. Katharine is indeed unique.

Before we parted company the monks gave us another excellent meal and made us sign in their visitors' book. It was a fascinating volume, and we spent a long time reading through the interesting collection of notes from grateful recipients

of the monastery's hospitality and deciphering the signatures, some of which had become quite historical. Amongst them we noticed the signatures of three Germans who visited the place on July 31, 1914. The monks could only remember them as tourists, but July is an unusual time of year for visitors to penetrate into the interior of Sinai. Far more likely is it that these three Germans, who thus made their appearance three days before the outbreak of hostilities in this isolated part of the region that was so soon to become such an important centre of fighting, were spying out the land according to plan in anticipation of '*Der Tag*'; and one wonders what part they played in the subsequent developments on Egypt's eastern frontier.

The good monks came down to the gate to bid us farewell as our caravan passed out. At the last moment they added to the great debt we already owed them by sending over to our camp three baskets crammed full of eggs, melons, tomatoes, plums, grapes, nuts and bread, with three bottles of wine and two legs of veal. They had indeed killed the fatted calf for us. Their generosity kept us going with fresh fruit, vegetables, and meat for three days, and it was with sincere regret that we left this most remarkable of desert sanctuaries.

From the monastery our route lay towards the Raha, the plain where the Israelites camped before Sinai, but instead of taking the road to Nekhl, which runs across it, we turned sharply to the north-east up the Wadi Sheikh. For two and a half days we followed this direction amidst scenery which, though a complete change from what we had left behind, was truly wonderful, and helped to round off an experience one can never forget.

A. S. MERTON.

THE TRUE CAUSE OF TRADE DEPRESSION

PROBABLY the most alarming feature of the present industrial situation is the open confession of our professional economists and statesmen that they know of no remedy for trade depression and are, therefore, impotent to deal with this question. And, quite unreasonably, they adopt an attitude of passive resistance towards every suggestion originating from unorthodox sources on the assumption that, if they are incapable of solving this most vital problem themselves, nobody else need try.

To the ordinary layman whose mind is free from prejudice and superstition the cause of our economic troubles is easily recognised, and the remedy would follow as a matter of course if certain obstacles which now impede our industrial progress were removed.

Let us first collect the data available. The present trade slump started some time during 1920, and became most severe in 1921 and 1922. For nearly two years after the war, viz., from November 1918, through 1919 and part of 1920, we had a trade boom. Manufacturers and producers generally were overwhelmed with orders, both foreign and domestic. Plans were prepared by hundreds of firms for the extension of their premises and plants.

Conditions at that time warranted the assumption that trade would continue brisk for years to come. There was a world shortage of goods, and all nations were crying aloud for them. The war had cut down supplies far below the normal demand in peace-times, especially for housing accommodation. But scarcely had industry got fairly into its stride when a halt was called, and some invisible hand applied the brakes to the wheels of production and succeeded in slowing down the whole mechanism. Whose was the hand that caused this calamity, resulting in all the losses sustained during the past three and a half years? Let us go back to the years 1917 and 1918. In the former year a Select Committee was appointed by the Treasury to report on the financial facilities that should be provided for trade after the war. Of the twelve members three were industrialists, who succeeded in getting certain clauses incorporated in the joint

Report recommending an increase in credit facilities which would be required to meet the extra demand for our trade needs. Prior to this Report the Electrical Trades Committee of the Board of Trade, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Sir Charles Parsons, had reported in 1916 as follows:

1. The existing banking organisations in Great Britain do not furnish the facilities necessary for assisting manufacturers to carry out large contracts or for developing the electrical industry as a whole.

2. It is, therefore, of urgent importance that a banking system should be created to provide such facilities.

3. The absence of a banking system of this kind has in the past placed British manufacturers, engineers and capitalists under serious disadvantages. By the assistance and co-operation of their banking system German firms have been enabled to open up new fields for their industry, in many cases in British colonies, and to invade other fields hitherto held by British industry.

The Committee's Report ends with the following important statement:

Our witnesses inform us that banking facilities similar to those which we now recommend have already been inaugurated both in the United States and in France.

Here, then, were two Government Committees pointing out the need of increased credit facilities for enabling our industries after the war to achieve success. In 1918, however, another Committee, of a very different complexion from the two former ones, was appointed by the Treasury officials for the purpose of advising the Government with regard to the currency and foreign exchanges during the period of reconstruction. This Committee, known as the Cunliffe Currency Committee, consisted entirely of bankers and members of the money-lending profession. In this Committee's Report we find the following statement:

It has been urged in some quarters that, in order to make possible the provision of a liberal supply of money at low rates during the period of reconstruction, further new currency notes should be created with the object of enabling banks to make large loans to industry without the risk of finding themselves short of cash to meet the requirements of the public for legal tender money. It is plain that a policy of this kind is incompatible with the maintenance of an effective gold standard.

What the maintenance of an effective gold-standard has to do with promoting our trade and industries, the Committee do not attempt to show. Most people would imagine that financial policies are merely means to a definite end, namely, the promotion of trade and commerce, but, according to the Cunliffe Currency Committee, the maintenance of an effective gold-standard is an end in itself and must be preserved at all costs, regardless of its economic results.

It has yet to be demonstrated that this institution is of any real benefit to the producing and trading classes. The source of all wealth is production, and both trade and financial policies of industrial nations should be such as will most readily serve the interests of the wealth-producing classes.

The assumption that the gold-standard is the best financial policy for effecting this object is not in accordance with the experiences of this and other nations. On the contrary, it can be easily proved that the gold-standard has been one of the greatest hindrances to the growth of trade that this country has ever experienced.

What our financiers term "sound currency" is that which promotes the interests of the money-lending class, and it does not necessarily follow that the prosperity of trade is bound up with the interests of this non-producing class.

At any rate, one would have supposed that a Committee endowed with such important functions as the Cunliffe Committee possessed would have made some attempt to describe the advantages to the nation which they believed the gold-standard capable of conferring.

Some time in March 1920 Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, created consternation throughout the entire industrial world by the announcement that the Government had 'set its heart on deflating the currency,' thus completely ignoring the recommendations of the industrial Committees which had previously reported on the need for an increase in our exchange facilities, and making the wishes of the money-lending classes superior to the national trade demands. The psychological effect of this announcement was sufficient to check enterprise and create a feeling of insecurity throughout the trading world. During that year millions of pounds worth of orders were cancelled—chiefly from abroad—and scores of projects connected with factory extensions were abandoned.

It is true that actual deflation did not commence until later, but the mere announcement of the Government's intentions, accompanied as it was by an increase in the Bank rate and curtailing of credit, was sufficient to put an end to the trade boom. From this time on the percentage of the unemployed increased. The effective demand for goods began to slacken, overtime was stopped, and many factories commenced to reduce their normal working hours. With the fall in prices wages were lowered, thus reducing the demand for goods still further. The number of bankruptcies increased by some hundreds per cent. over that of previous years. Hundreds of firms were forced into liquidation through the depreciation in the values of their stocks.

To add to the nation's difficulties, the Government authorities

started selling war stores at greatly reduced prices, thus crippling many industries engaged in the manufacture of similar goods. The protection promised during the war against cheap foreign competition was contemptuously rejected—except in certain special cases—by the very politicians who had advocated it. And, on top of all this, the taxpayers were subjected to the most merciless taxation ever known.

If the British armies had been defeated and this country had fallen under German rule, it is difficult to suppose that we would have been subjected to greater hardships or more harassing conditions than those which originated under the Lloyd George Coalition Government.

On the other hand, we find during this same period an almost entire absence of unemployment in those countries most affected by the war, viz., France, Belgium and Germany. Until the occupation of the Ruhr by the French and Belgian armies (when, under instructions of the Berlin Government, the German operatives went on strike) there was no slackening of production throughout the whole of Germany.

Similarly in France, whose northern provinces were devastated, there has been an absence of the industrial evils from which we are suffering. The same is true of Belgium. And in these countries no attempt has been made towards carrying out any policy of currency contraction. To add to our data, it should be stated that trade has been depressed in all the British colonies and dominions where a similar financial policy to that recommended by the Cunliffe Committee has been practised.

In the United States a state of depression commenced in 1920, and continued until the second half of 1922, with seven millions of unemployed. Since then, however, there has been a great trade revival as the result of a change from currency deflation to currency expansion. Further, it will be found that wherever currency contraction has occurred trade depression has invariably followed. We find this not only during the post-war period, but throughout the world's history. A century and a half ago David Hume wrote as follows :

> In every kingdom into which money begins to pour in greater abundance than formerly everything takes a new face. Labour and industry gain new life, the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention. . . . But when gold and silver are diminishing the workman has not the same employment from the manufacturer and merchant, though he pays the same price for everything on the market ; the farmer cannot dispose of his corn and cattle, though he must pay the same rent to the landlord ; the poverty, beggary and sloth that must ensue are easily foreseen.

Sir Archibald Alison went so far as to attribute the thousand-

year night of Europe, commencing after the fall of the Roman Empire, to the dearth of currency due to the loss of the precious metals which resulted from that catastrophe. And to the flood of silver which followed the discovery of the rich Potosi mines the same writer ascribes the great revival of trade, art, literature and science known as the Renaissance.

Again, it is certain that the long period of industrial depression following the Napoleonic wars, which culminated in the so-called 'hungry forties,' was contemporaneous with the monetary deflation policy advocated by Lord Liverpool and Sir Robert Peel. And, as Lord Beaconsfield once pointed out, we were saved by the accidental discoveries of gold in California and Australia, which reversed the policy of these statesmen by expanding the currency and causing an upward trend of prices.

Similar examples may be cited from the histories of all industrial nations, and the refusal of our orthodox economists to recognise these lessons is the result of sheer prejudice or wilful blindness. Moreover, no other cause for our present economic disasters has been or can be produced which will stand similar investigation.

Let us examine and briefly dispose of other alleged causes advanced by certain so-called 'authorities.' Whatever the cause, it should be the same for all cases and countries. One well-known writer attributes our troubles to over-population. The density of population of the United Kingdom is 355 per square mile; Germany has a density of 330, whilst Belgium supports 660! Yet Germany and Belgium have managed to escape the trade slump scourge. On the other hand, our very sparsely populated colonies, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, have suffered as severely as we have. Evidently, therefore, mere density of population is no interpretation of trade depression.

Another alleged cause is the losses incurred through the war; but, since France and Belgium suffered more heavily than Britain and are both prospering, this falls to the ground. Our Free Trade policy is cited by some as the real cause, and Protection is, therefore, offered as the one and only remedy. No doubt our free import policy has tended to augment our economic troubles, but since protected countries like the United States, Canada and Australia have all suffered, it is apparent that Protection alone is no effective remedy.

The chaotic state of the foreign exchanges is another alleged cause. But why this should ruin British trade without affecting the trade of our rivals has yet to be explained; and it is in those countries where the currency is said to be 'cheap' and 'unsound' that trade has prospered.

Not one of these attempts by the orthodox school to diagnose

our industrial disease will bear examination. There is one, and only one, explanation which will account for these economic happenings universally, and that is the policy of currency contraction. Wherever currency deflation has been pursued the industrial and social effects have been disastrous, in all countries and in all ages. Great Britain and her colonies have experienced the worst period of industrial depression known, and in these countries currency and credit contraction has been pursued the most relentlessly, regardless of its ruinous results.

What object had the members of the Cunliffe Committee in recommending a financial policy so obviously ruinous to trade and industry? And, above all, what possible motives could the Government have had in adopting such a suicidal system? The answer to these questions is this: The prosperity of the banks has always been regarded as the first consideration of our legislators for the past century.

It has always been assumed that industrial prosperity is unattainable save through financial prosperity, and, therefore, the success of one means the well-being of both. Now, whilst no financial system can prosper indefinitely unless supported by industry, it frequently happens that a short period of financial prosperity can be purchased at the expense of trade and industry.

We have an example of this during the past three years. In spite of the losses sustained by the producing classes, the banks have reaped an enormous harvest. Within two years of the practical adoption of the Cunliffe Committee's Report the shares of the Bank of England advanced 74*l.* each, whilst the average increase in the quotations of the leading joint stock banks is 33⅓ per cent. Similarly, the increase in the value of the War Bonds aggregates over 1,000,000,000*l.* These facts throw a sinister light upon the motives of the Committee—composed exclusively of bankers, presided over by the Governor of the Bank of England—responsible for this policy, and resulting in such enormous profits.

On the other hand, consider the effects this Committee's recommendations have had upon the British taxpayers. According to a well-known statistician, Mr. Edgar Crammond, at the beginning of 1920 our national wealth was equivalent to 30,000,000,000*l.* At that time our National Debt represented one-fourth of the national wealth, viz., 7,500,000,000*l.* But after two years of deflation, so that 'the pound sterling might look the dollar in the face'—to use the picturesque language of the statesman under whom this financial policy was established—our national wealth has fallen to 15,000,000,000*l.*, whilst the National Debt has grown from one-fourth to one-half of the national wealth. Never in the history of nations has such a

robbery of the taxpayers been so planned and put into execution by the men whose duty it is to protect the public interests.

It means that those who purchased War Bonds with what were known as 8*s.* and 10*s.* pounds are to be repaid both interest and principal in money of twice the value of that loaned. One can scarcely avoid contrasting this very generous treatment of the money-lenders with that meted out to the men who risked their lives in battle and at sea by the Government that promised to make England a country ' fit for heroes to live in.'

Not only has this money-contraction policy doubled the burden of the National Debt: it has also reduced the national income by fully 50 per cent. And by forcing down the scale of wages without reducing costs or food prices correspondingly, it has fomented strikes throughout the country.

A telling example of the effects of this twin policy of currency contraction and ruinous taxation is seen in the disclosures made by Lord Ashfield during the recent tram and omnibus strike. In spite of the reduction in wages and the vast business enjoyed by this company, it does not earn sufficient to pay the shareholders more than a mere pittance. It is also admitted that the rates of wages are insufficient to ensure the men enough for maintaining their families on a satisfactory level of existence.

It is also stated that the public cannot afford to pay higher fares. Here we have the three classes involved, viz., the travelling public, labour and capitalists, all reduced to the limits of their resources, with apparently no possibility of further compromise, and all this because a few Treasury theorists and money-lenders are permitted to determine how much money shall be allowed to circulate! Just here I may perhaps be permitted to quote one or two paragraphs from my criticism of the first interim Report of the Cunliffe Committee in 1918, which was submitted to the members of that Committee in lieu of oral testimony.

The following extracts will indicate how clearly the Committee were warned of the tragic results of the policy they were advocating:

> The Committee strongly urge the restoration of our pre-war currency system. May I ask if the members of the Committee have really given serious thought to what ' the restoration of normal conditions ' implies?
>
> It is generally admitted that our present national obligations necessitate a very substantial increase in our annual output of wealth over that of pre-war times. If we are to remain solvent, if we are to withstand the foreign economic rivalry and pressure with which we are threatened, it requires no argument to prove that our pre-war currency will not suffice to enable us to create the surplus wealth needed. Our pre-war currency was barely sufficient for our pre-war turnover. ' Restoration of normal conditions ' means restriction of output to pre-war volumes. It means the abandonment of all or most of the Government's reconstruction and housing schemes, the repudiation of our war debt, interest payments, war

pensions, land schemes, and scores of similar projects and undertakings. It also means the restoration of low wages, with armies of unemployed. Are these the conditions the Government and the Committee are anxious to restore? . . .

May I venture at this point to mention certain facts which the Committee, in their eagerness to restore pre-war conditions, appear to have overlooked—facts which one is almost ashamed to mention?

The wealth of a nation is due and proportional to the industrial, the productive, activities of its inhabitants. Money, currency and banking expedients are not, *per se*, wealth, but merely claims to wealth, nor are they in any sense productive in character, but are merely convenient means and methods of exchanging and distributing wealth. Hence the virtues of any banking or currency system should be judged according as, and to the degree to which, the system contributes to and facilitates production and trade.

And the system which enables or permits the production and distribution of the greatest volume of wealth, and thereby contributes to the well-being of the greatest number of the population, should be regarded as the best, and *vice versâ*. It seems hardly necessary to add that finance should function solely as the servant or the tool of trade and not assume the *rôle* of controller. It is from this standpoint that I propose to deal in detail with the Report.

This criticism concludes as follows:

In our political history as a nation we are just now at the cross-roads, one of which leads to untold prosperity, whilst the other takes us back to our pre-war conditions of social unrest, class inequalities and antagonism, with the extremes of the wealthy few and the vast masses of our people always within sight of starvation. We can only follow the former road by discarding our economic fallacies, which necessarily lead to failures, by abandoning the superstition which has made a fetish of gold, and by allowing ourselves to be guided by science, by justice, and by intelligence instead of tradition and selfish class interests. The Committee's recommendations lead entirely in the opposite direction. The Government cannot adopt those recommendations without violating the recent pledges given to the people by the Prime Minister and his associates. Our economic position to-day is as critical as was our military position when the Prime Minister uttered his famous admonition, 'We must either go on or go under.' We cannot possibly 'go on' in the sense of reconstructing and developing our trade and industries with a scarcity of money, which the Committee recommend. It is, therefore, the bounden and patriotic duty of those who really understand this great question, and foresee the dangers and perils to which our economic future will be exposed by a return to our pre-war currency system, to do all in their power to prevent the adoption by the Government of the Committee's Report.

The action of the Coalition Government in accepting and endorsing the recommendations of this Committee recalls that of a former British Government which pursued a similarly ruinous policy a century ago, with results of a similarly tragic nature, to which Sir Archibald Alison refers in his *History of Europe* in the following terms:

England, like Imperial Rome, had fallen under the rule of 'moneyed patricians' whose interests were adverse to that of the industrial classes

in the State, but whose influence outweighed them altogether. They desired to cheapen everything except money, and that they sought to make as dear as possible.

Are our 'moneyed patricians' prepared to face the final results of their foolish policy, which are now shaping themselves to be recorded in the dire events which will transpire during the next two or three years ?

ARTHUR KITSON.

HOUSING: A NATIONAL POLICY

On April 11, 1919, His Majesty the King, addressing the representatives of local authorities at Buckingham Palace, used these words:

> I am informed that the immediate need of working class houses for England and Wales alone is estimated at approximately five hundred thousand. To meet this need, the same untiring energy and enthusiasm will be required as that which enabled the country to meet the demand for the munitions of war, and it is not merely 'houses' that are needed. The new houses must also be 'homes.' Can we not aim at securing to the working classes in their homes the comfort, leisure, brightness and peace which we usually associate with the word 'home'? . . . It is not too much to say that an adequate solution of the housing question is the foundation of all social progress. Health and housing are indissolubly connected. If this country is to be the country which we desire to see it become, a great offensive must be undertaken against disease and crime, and the first point at which the attack must be delivered is the unhealthy, ugly, overcrowded house in the mean street which we all of us know too well.

To what extent have the efforts of successive Governments succeeded in meeting these needs?

According to figures recently supplied by the Ministry of Health, the following houses have been built under State-assisted schemes:

Houses built under State-assisted Schemes

1919	100
1920	15,711
1921	86,669
1922	88,999
1923	19,185
1924 (to May 1)	9,110
	219,774

Seeing that before the war it was estimated that there was an average production of 80,000 to 90,000 houses per annum to meet the needs of the growth of the population and make good the normal wastage, it is obvious that, on this basis, the houses built since the war have not kept pace with the normal annual needs, leaving the shortage as great as in 1919.

It has been suggested that, owing to war losses and subsequent reduction in the rate of increase of the population, the demand for houses will be reduced in the future. It must, however, be remembered that the death of husband or father did not mean, in the majority of cases, that the widow and children vacated the home; moreover, is it not probable that the marriage rate is a truer index of the demand for houses than is the net increase in population? If this is so, it is suggestive that the average marriage rate for the ten years ending 1921 shows an increase of 53,691 marriages per annum above that of the preceding decennial period, and in the three years 1919-1921 there was an average of 356,726 marriages per year compared with an average rate of 264,146 for the years 1901-1911.

At the recent Birmingham conference of the C.O.P.E.C. a special commission which had been inquiring into the question of housing reported as follows: 'The broad fact is that as a result of the war the housing conditions are to-day much worse than they were before 1914.' Examples are quoted that are appalling in their character. In one house in Northumberland, consisting of one living-room and one bedroom, eleven persons contrive to exist: a father, mother, four adult sons, two daughters, the husband of one daughter and their baby, and an adult male lodger. In Manchester a four-roomed tenement is let to four families, totalling nineteen persons, seven of whom live in the parlour. In Doncaster over 1000, and in Middlesbrough over 2000, four-roomed houses shelter two or more families, and in the latter town more than 1100 out of 4000 applicants for houses have been waiting over three years.

Those who are in touch with the actualities of the case in our large industrial towns know only too well that a similar appalling shortage exists throughout the country, and that for every house built there are a hundred applicants.

The familiarity which breeds contempt must not in this instance allow us to relax our efforts in dealing with the most tragic of all human problems.

It is obvious from the figures already quoted that neither in 1923 nor at the present time are the whole of the available resources of man-power and materials being used to remedy this evil.

In July 1921, when the Addison scheme was in full operation, according to calculations based on the figures of the Ministry of Health, over 195,000 men were employed on State-assisted housing schemes, whereas, according to statistics given in the Report of the Building Industry submitted to Parliament April 10, 1924 (Cmd. 2104), it is doubtful whether 49,000 men are so employed to-day.

This large reduction is undoubtedly directly due to the action of successive Ministers of Health, following the example of Sir Alfred Mond, in restricting the activities of local authorities who were manfully tackling the problem.

It was said by some that, if only the State and the local authorities would stand aside and not interfere, private enterprise would solve the problem. Unfortunately for the homeless masses, private enterprise has not seized the opportunity and supplied the houses. According to the Report recently submitted to the Minister of Health by the National House-building Committee (representing the National Federation of Building Trades' Employers and Operatives) private enterprise will not be able to do so unless subsidised out of public funds.

The fact that an acute shortage of houses has been in existence since 1919 makes it evident that the operation of the ordinary laws of supply and demand fails to meet the situation. A moment's consideration shows this to be inevitable, seeing that building costs are nearly treble what they were before the war, whilst the wages of the majority of those who require the houses are now little more than they were before the war.

The average parlour cottage costs to-day about 500*l.*, including land, sewers and streets, and consequently must be let at a rental of not less than 15*s.* per week, exclusive of rates, to tempt the private investor to interest himself in cottage property. This rent is clearly beyond the means of the average worker on to-day's wages.

If the supply of houses could be considered simply on all fours with the supply of any other commodity, the obvious solution of the problem would be to wait until the law of supply and demand adjusted the economic equation.

But, in view of the untold misery and suffering endured by thousands of families since the war, will anyone contend that this is a matter which can be left to the ordinary laws of supply and demand ?

Apart from all other considerations, it must be remembered that the present artificial scarcity is largely due to the arbitrary action of the State in limiting building operations during the war ; consequently the strictest economic purist can scarcely contend that the State has no obligation in this matter.

To-day's housing problem is not all due to the war. As far back as 1885 the Report of the Royal Commission on Housing is full of evidence of overcrowding and slum conditions.

The shortage was acute in 1912, when the Report of the Liberal Land Inquiry Committee disclosed a deficiency of over 200,000 houses. In addition they reported that a large number of existing houses were unfit for human habitation and should be at

once demolished; they estimated that about 10 per cent., or over 600,000, should be so condemned.

The continued existence of these slum dwellings throughout the country aggravates the problem to-day.

In Leeds alone, according to the Report of the Unhealthy Areas Committee, presided over by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, there are 72,000 back-to-back houses. In Birmingham Professor Tillyard states there are 40,000 to 50,000 of these monstrosities, and smaller numbers are to be found in other industrial towns.

According to Mr. Henry Aldridge, Secretary of the National Housing and Town Planning Council, a recognised expert on this question, there are to-day upwards of a million slums which are hopelessly unfit for human habitation.

It is curious to note that whereas every 'up-to-date' business man is prepared to scrap any portion of his machinery immediately it is obsolete, or can be replaced by more efficient plant, houses once built are expected to last for ever.

The machine must embody the last word of science and invention, or it is thrown on the scrap-heap, but the human worker who tends the machine is expected to remain in ill-ventilated, badly built, obsolete dwellings, which are a menace to himself and his family. We accept without comment the fact that millions of our working class houses are more than a century old.

It is obvious that, having regard to the replacements required, as well as to the war shortage to be made good, no mere temporary expedients or hand to mouth policy will suffice. The problem calls for a well-conceived, comprehensive programme, steadily adhered to and carried out with resolution over a period of years.

At the Inter-Allied Housing Congress held in London in 1920 a resolution was passed calling upon each Government to take steps immediately to secure that within the limit of twenty years every family should be housed under proper conditions, with adequate provision for amenity in regard to surroundings.

Accepting that limit of time in which to set our house in order, our twenty years' programme would be as under:

Houses required for those dispossessed by slum clearances	1,250,000
Annual housing programme, 80,000 × 20	1,600,000
Houses required to make good shortage arising during war years	500,000
	3,350,000

In other words, 167,500 houses must be built every year for the next twenty years in England and Wales, and a further

30,000 for Scotland, making the total number required during the next twenty years 200,000 a year for the United Kingdom.

With regard to slum replacements, inasmuch as overcrowding prevails to a greater extent in slum dwellings than elsewhere, provision must be made for a larger number of new houses to be built than the number demolished.

Judging by past experience, no such building programme as that outlined for the next twenty years is possible without considerable augmentation of the supplies of both labour and materials.

The Report on this question just submitted to the Minister of Health by the National House-building Committee (representative of employers and operatives in the building trades) gives some instructive figures.

Whereas in December 1913 there were (according to the records of the Ministry of Labour of insured persons) 429,120 craftsmen employed in the skilled trades of the industry, in January 1924 that number had fallen to 367,030, and in consequence there is not sufficient labour available to carry out a largely extended housing programme. The reasons given for this reduction in numbers are :

1. The casual nature of employment.
2. Transfers to kindred industries—shipbuilding, cabinet-making, waggon-building, etc.
3. Prolonged depression 1905-14.
4. War losses, post-war conditions, emigration.

Contrary to opinions held in some quarters, the reduction in recruitment is not due to any restrictive action by trade unions with reference to the number of apprentices allowed, as according to the 1921 Census return there were then in training only about 21,000 apprentices in five skilled trades, whereas according to the rules of these trades there might have been 56,400. How far this falling off is due to reluctance on the part of employers to train apprentices, and how far to unwillingness of parents to apprentice their children to this industry, is not made clear.

It is somewhat significant that the period of the maximum employment on housing schemes, namely, July 1921, when 195,000 men were so employed as compared with 49,000 men to-day, coincides with the exercise by local authorities of their power to prohibit work on luxury buildings, such as cinemas, private motor garages, etc., a power which has since been taken away.

It is worth considering whether such powers should not be temporarily restored until the excessive shortage and consequent hardship and suffering to so many innocent people is relieved.

According to the Building Trades Report, the co-operation and assistance of the trade is promised in augmenting labour, and

by a relaxation where necessary as to the limit of the number of apprentices allowed and an increase in the age limit the Committee hope to be able to secure the additional building labour required to carry out an extended building programme of 225,000 houses a year for fifteen years.

It will be noticed that the total number of houses required and obtainable, according to the Report of the building industry, is practically the same as the figures given in the preceding pages.

Concerning the soundness and practicability of the suggestions made by the Committee it is as yet not possible to speak with certitude. There is in them an element of vagueness which renders it difficult to discuss them. But there may be general agreement in holding the view that the security afforded to the worker by a long-run building programme should encourage the recruitment of labour. Stated in another way, certainty and regularity of employment should engender a spirit of goodwill and co-operation whereby production will be stimulated and building costs reduced.

It will be more profitable to look for assistance in this way than on the lines of the Report, which seeks to establish a close corporation in the building industry and, by the exclusion of all foreign materials for building supplies, to create a trust and combine to keep prices up in the home market.

It is most unfortunate, in view of the heavy falling off in the number of houses built last year under the Chamberlain Act, that the present Government have not yet been able to submit definite proposals to Parliament.

Judging by the rate of progress of their other legislative measures, the best part of the building season will be over before their schemes can become operative.

It may be of service to consider what are the lessons to be learnt from the experience of the workings of previous Housing Acts, and what conclusions should be drawn from them to guide us as to future policy.

1. *Private enterprise unaided is unable to make good the shortage in workmen's dwellings.*

Since the war there has been a gradual resumption of activity on the part of the speculative builder. But whereas before the war this activity included the building of cottages for private investors, who let them to working class tenants, now the speculative builder is engaged in building houses costing from 600*l*. to 1100*l*. for sale outright to occupying owners.

The supply of new houses built by private enterprise for occupation at weekly rents by working class families has practically ceased.

The demand for a better-class house for immediate purchase

offers a more profitable avenue, and absorbs the whole of the activities of the speculative builder who formerly built the smaller and cheaper house.

In addition it is doubtful whether investors are now to be found who are prepared to lock up their money in the purchase of cottage property.

It is not only that they fail to see how a substantial return can be secured from investments in cottage property. The cumulative effect of the various Rent and Mortgage Restrictions Acts has been to render such investments unpopular with the public generally. Moreover, the experience of the war period has opened out many alternative fields of investment to a public which previously put its money into bricks and mortar.

2. *State grants to private builders are liable to abuse, and also have failed to produce the number of houses required.*

The experience of the administration of the subsidy granted under the Housing (Additional Powers) Act, 1919, whereby sums varying from 140*l.* to 260*l.* were distributed to private persons in the case of upwards of 40,000 houses, shows the undesirability of repeating this method of stimulating the supply of houses. Subsidies were paid for the building of seaside and country bungalows, and for the provision of houses for their gamekeepers, chauffeurs and gardeners, to employers well able to provide these themselves. Speculative builders were also enabled to enhance their profits at the expense both of the public and the purchasers.

State grants to private persons under the 1923 Act, whilst not open to abuse to the same extent, have failed to produce the number of houses required, because obviously the great mass of the homeless thousands are wage-earners unable to purchase their own houses but able and willing to pay a reasonable rent if only houses to let are forthcoming.

The maximum number of houses which could be built for occupying owners under State subsidies would not touch the fringe of the problem.

3. *The largest proportion of the houses which have been erected have been secured through the agency of the local authorities, who have erected no less than* 170,257 *houses out of the total of* 219,774 *houses built under the various Housing Acts since* 1919.

Bearing this fact in mind, it is clearly desirable that the Government should seek the co-operation of the local authorities in the carrying out of a long-run national housing policy.

It is understood that the Government contemplate submitting to the House of Commons proposals under which 9*l.* per house will be given for forty years to local authorities on two conditions :

(*a*) That they (the local authorities) let the houses when built at the same rents (plus 40 per cent. increase under the

Rent and Mortgage Interest Act) as houses of the ordinary working class type built and let before the war;

(*b*) That the local authorities give out of the rates 4*l*. 10*s*. per house or such lesser sum as will enable them to let the houses at the rents named above.

The rents are not to be higher than those coming within the formula set out in (*a*) unless the loss is such that it exceeds the 13*l*. 10*s*. provided conjointly by the State and the local authority. In the case of the loss being greater than 13*l*. 10*s*., additions are to be made to the rent.

It is understood that the Government will give additional grants to those local authorities with great housing needs and small rateable values, and especially liberal aid will be given to local authorities for purely agricultural areas in which the rents are low and in which the rate of wages paid is such as to render it impossible for agricultural labourers to pay rents on an urban scale.

It should not be too much to hope that these points will receive more attention than was devoted to them when the Housing Act, 1923, was under consideration in the House of Commons.

Just as at the present time there is a differentiation between one locality and another as regards the scale in force for teachers' salaries under the Burnham award or for police pay under the findings of the Desborough Committee, there is no reason why there should not be different regional scales of State contribution towards housing schemes.

In many industrial towns where the housing shortage is most acute the local rates are already overburdened by unemployment relief charges; when local rates are 20*s*. or 30*s*. in the pound, there is a limit to whatever the most zealous housing reformers can do without adequate State assistance.

In so far as the shortage is due to the cessation of house-building during the war and to the influx of outsiders into industrial areas to speed up the manufacture of munitions, these are national and not local causes. The State therefore should accept responsibility for the results of its own actions and not seek to saddle them upon already overburdened ratepayers.

This loss, if treated as a war charge, would be one of the few from which any lasting benefit to the community would accrue.

Local authorities, if granted increased aid, are prepared to continue the good work they are doing and to bear in the future, if necessary, an even greater burden than in the past, realising that the health of the community depends upon an enlightened housing policy.

This does not necessarily mean that the local authorities will

build the houses themselves by direct labour, but that they will, as in the past, by means of competitive tenders, employ private enterprise to do for them that which private enterprise admits it is unable to do by itself.

Inasmuch as State funds are to be used, Parliament is entitled to lay down certain general conditions which must accompany the grant. This need not mean interference and control of operations from 'Whitehall,' but merely that when application is made to the Treasury for the grant it should be accompanied by a certificate that the local authority has complied with these conditions.

The higher standard of dwelling required by the Housing and Town Planning Act of 1919 must be maintained.

In urban districts not more than twelve houses to the acre should be allowed. Not less than three bedrooms should be provided, so that as the children grow up the decencies of life may be observed. A bath should be found in every house.

As regards the first condition, as the average price paid for land acquired under the 1919 Housing Act was 200*l.* per acre, the substitution of twelve for twenty houses per acre means only a difference of 2*d.* per week in the rent. It is not necessary or desirable that in every case each house should occupy one-twelfth of an acre, but it is important in planning out an estate that sufficient land should be provided for playgrounds, breathing spaces and similar amenities.

The other conditions are such obvious necessities of healthy family life as to need no comment.

It is urged in some quarters that these proposals involve a subsidy of wages, to which it might be replied that abnormal conditions call for exceptional treatment. Apart however from that, we must face the probability that for some years to come the lower-paid workers will not be able to pay an economic rent for such houses. Does this mean they must be condemned to live for all time in that inferior type of dwelling which in pre-war days was called a home? If we are to have a higher standard of comfort and of decency all round we must face the fact that, unless there is a considerable increase in the wages of the lower-paid worker, it will be necessary to continue this assistance if he is to have a home worthy of the name.

Is there anything very alarming in this proposition?

Does not each local authority at the present time provide various health services out of public funds?

The whole sewage and cleansing systems of our towns, our fever hospitals, our maternity and child welfare centres, our school clinics, our swimming baths, parks, and recreation grounds, and in some cases our water supplies, are already communal health

services, and therefore no new principle is involved in adding the provision of improved dwelling-houses to the list.

With regard to this being a subsidy of wages, no one need feel that any new economic heresy is involved, unless he or she is prepared to repudiate all responsibility for our system of free education, which many of us desire to see extended to the utmost limits.

In 1870 the State, realising the national necessity of a sound education for all, took upon its shoulders the responsibility of supplementing the supply of schools then available. It would appear that the time has now come for similar State action in regard to housing.

A healthy home for each child is as essential to national well-being as a sound education. In the same way as the State in 1870 provided schools where there was a failure on the part of the voluntary system to do so, so in 1924 the State must accept the responsibility for seeing that where private enterprise fails to provide a decent, healthy home for each child adequate provision is forthcoming.

Quite apart from the desire to see that every child born into the world has a reasonable chance of healthy surroundings, this expenditure can be more than justified on the narrow grounds of pounds, shillings and pence.

From inquiries made by Dr. Addison when Minister of Health it was ascertained that the total annual direct cost of tuberculosis to the community in England and Wales was 14,250,000*l.*, and he estimated from figures in his possession that the loss to the public in any one year from ill-health and consequent loss of work directly due to bad housing was no less a sum than 42,367,000*l.* (*The Betrayal of the Slums*, see pp. 88 and 99). It is obvious that the saving of but a part of these charges would more than compensate for the whole of the subsidies required for the better housing of our slum population.

It is not suggested that any expensive scheme of buying out slum landlords should be undertaken. The most effective way of dealing with the slum problem is to build a sufficiency of new houses and then fearlessly close every house that is not reasonably fit for habitation. It is true, the present slum dwellers will not themselves occupy the new houses, but there will be a gradual filtration upwards and outwards, which will most effectively and economically solve the slum problem.

To summarise these conclusions:

1. Private enterprise unaided cannot supply present housing needs.

2. Public assistance is necessary, and should be given through public authorities, so that the whole benefit may reach the public and not be intercepted by private interests.

3. The burden cannot be borne by the local ratepayer. The problem is a national one, and the bulk of the loss should be contributed by the National Exchequer.

4. A high standard of dwelling should be maintained with good planning and adequate accommodation.

5. A comprehensive programme is required extending over a period of years. No haphazard opportunist scheme is of any use.

6. A healthy nation is as important as a well-educated one; public assistance, therefore, is equally necessary and justifiable in both cases.

TREVELYAN THOMSON.

LIFE AND SCENES IN LONDON

I. Bethnal Geeen [1]

Bethnal Green has been described as London's poorest slum, and I do not quarrel with the term. It is a very dreadful place. Yet the approach is not particularly disagreeable. Bethnal Green Road is a wide street ; Cambridge Road, through which it passes, is a good thoroughfare ; and even Green Street, into which it runs on its way to a bridge leading to the Roman Road of Bow, is not unpleasant. But on each side of Green Street lie dozens of small streets and alleys, ugly, mean, uncomfortable. It was a matter of surprise to me to find out that some of these deplorable houses are only about thirty years old ; I had supposed that the conscience of the nation was then stirring in its sleep.

A few days ago I was in Bethnal Green, and turned up a narrow street off Green Street, thence into a narrower one, and found myself entering a sort of slit between houses, an alley, a *cul de sac*, so narrow that a stranger might well miss it, not dreaming that anyone could live there. Yet several families exist within these hemming walls, in the houses which face each other across a yard or so of flagging.

The family I wished to visit lives at the top of one of these houses, and rent two rooms. On the right is the bedroom—the bed usually unmade—on the left is the 'living'-room ; the suite is inhabited by a man, his wife, seven sons and one daughter, three of the children being under four years of age.

There was a fire in the living room, for the day before had been washing day, and on cords stretched immediately over the family dining-table hung a collection of wet garments. For a few moments the mother managed to quiet her 'three under four,' and sank thankfully into a chair for a chat.

'The rent is 8*s*. 6*d*. a week,' she said. 'If only there were any place to put anything! There is not so much as a cupboard. Or if only we could get another room, now that the eldest is getting a big boy, and goes out to work! He's getting on well, and his

[1] 'Poplar—Apart from Politics,' by Miss Sydney K. Phelps, was published in *The Nineteenth Century and After* for April, 1924.

money's useful; he works at a packing place, but when trade is bad he has to stand down. My husband is out of work, and likely to be. Chest trouble, you know. Doctor says it's both sides now.'

In the East End we never mention consumption or cancer; one is 'chest trouble,' the other is 'inside trouble.'

'He is out in the Park now,' she said. But almost immediately in walked the master of these two rooms—a well-set-up figure, alarmingly thin, a man about forty, with a white, shadowed face. He also stopped to talk.

'I am a soldier, or was. When I was a lad I went all through the Boer war, and was wounded; I have got both the medals. Then I worked at the docks, or at any odd jobs I could find. When this last war came, I joined up again—the Marines—and served until they invalided me out. Yes, there is a pension: 8*s*. a week for me and 7*s*. for the wife and children. Theirs used to be 8*s*., too, but the eldest is just beyond the age limit now. We're crowded here, but there are no rooms to be had. We should do all right if I could manage to work. It's that chest trouble that worries me.'

And across a yard of passage was the room in which this man, suffering from tuberculosis, sleeps with his wife and as many of the children as can be packed in; the elder boys sleep in the living-room. Yet the mother was cheerful; the faces, at least, of the children were clean, and they looked happy. The room was a muddle of furniture of all sorts, a cooking, drying, working nursery. Above the mantelpiece hung a faded photograph of Guido's portrait of Beatrice Cenci. Noticing that my eyes rested on it for a second, as I wondered by what strange chance it had made its way hither, the man said:

'I am always wondering what is the story about that.'

I had not the wit to invent a legend on the spur of the moment, nor the heart to outline to him the tragedy; his own face was as sad a tale as I cared to read. I do not know what relief this man gets when he is out of work; he did not tell me, and I did not like to ask an old soldier. There must be some, or the family could not live.

A particularly cheerful friend of mine lives with her husband and family in a little street on the opposite side of Green Street. She is one of the most sunny people I know. If I were to describe her as a coster she might be offended, but she does take her stand on Saturdays at a barrow in the street; and I cannot help thinking that the fresh air and the gay chaffering have something to do with her buoyant spirits. At any rate, she is content with life, and more than content with her husband and children. She is thirty-five years of age, and has nine children living. The tenth

she lost, to her great grief, nearly a year ago. When we paid her a visit of consolation then, she was in tears, lamenting the unearthly quiet of her house. At that moment seven of her children were in the room or the passage outside, two being away at work, but she said: 'Quiet as the grave without him. I can't bear it.' Her only consolation is that she has a framed enlarged photograph of the infant, taken when at the point of death. But deadly quiet is not likely to be her lot in the near future, for there will be another baby before many months have passed

'I am going in to have it,' she announced.

'To a hospital? You will like that better?'

'Oh, well, it's the London,' she said. 'Why, they're *kind* to you there.'

She is so cheerful, so industrious, that I think the coming child ought to be a good citizen. The cluster round her all look clean and well fed.

Her husband makes boxes for a boot factory, and occasionally sells boots for the firm, on commission, from a barrow in the street. He is generally out when I call; but his praises are sounded.

'I am the only woman in Bethnal Green that knows what her husband earns,' said his wife triumphantly; '2*l*. 16*s*. a week it is; and he turns out his pockets on this table.'

They have four rooms, rent 18*s*. 6*d*. a week. My friend's only trouble is that her two eldest children, who have left school, and are earning from 10*s*. to 11*s*. a week each, are beginning to show signs of becoming 'grand,' and want to know why they cannot have a real parlour. Mother does not see how it can be managed.

There is often a little difficulty when a boy leaves school and starts earning money. The money is more than welcome; but he expects extra food, and possibly extra consideration. And the form of his future 'young lady' looms ahead. One mother, speaking of her boy's prospects, posed us completely.

'Yes, he's doing a lot better now, since he took to the devil 'opping.'

We are used to curious trades, but this was a puzzle. My mind flew off to a Cornish village in which the devil was successfully danced out of the place; my friend's mind sped to a Kentish hop garden. We were wrong. The lad had found employment at a little photographer's, and was being taught developing.

There are more romantic occupations than box-making in Bethnal Green. It was once a centre of the silk-weaving industry, and I have the pleasure of knowing a delightful old lady who still carries on the craft in her own home. The front room of the upper storey of the house in which she lives is almost filled by two great mills, wonderful structures of considerable age. When I called

last, on a bitterly cold day, she was at work there, without a fire. Indeed, I am not sure that a fire could have been lit in the room, for one of the old wooden mills nearly touched the fireplace. Nothing gives her greater pleasure than to show her skill, to see interest and admiration in a visitor's eyes, as she works a treadle with her foot, sets her mill revolving, manipulates thirty-five bobbins, or deftly gathers up the threads on her outstretched fingers for the necessary crossing.

'I am a warper, not really a weaver,' she said. 'This black silk is for scarves. There's another lot I've just done, blue and white shot; it's more interesting. I was 'prenticed for seven years when I was fourteen, and got 3*d.* a week and my keep, raised at the end to 6*d.* a week.'

'How did you get your mills? They must cost a lot.'

'They do cost a lot now, and they cost a good bit to mend when one of the old bits of wood goes with a snap. They were left me by the people I worked for. There's an old lady comes in to work at the other one when she's well enough; but she's getting on, nearly eighty, and feels the cold.'

My friend is about seventy. She can earn 1*l.* a week, when she can get the orders. She loves her mills, and loves her work. The only time she was ever known to be 'a little bit trying' was when a severe attack of rheumatism crippled her hands, and she could not feel her threads; then she was nearly in despair.

This passion for work is a very real thing, not only for the money earned, but for the work itself. There is an old woman of eighty, living near, who strings children's bats at 3½*d.* a dozen. She only earns half a crown a week (she has the old age pension), but she says:

'I have always worked, and I always mean to. I used to be a shirt-maker. Very different things were when I was young to what they are now. Why, nowadays women get paid 4*s.* 6*d.* a dozen for machining them; I did not get half that.'

The position of holders of old age pensions in Bethnal Green is a difficult one. The women, at least, seek in every way for some means of augmenting the 10*s.* a week by doing odd jobs. This is necessary, for the average weekly rent of one room is from 4*s.* to 5*s.*, and in the winter months coal will cost them every week from 2*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* After gas and insurances have been paid, only 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* remains for food, and nothing at all for clothes. If they cannot get employment in their own trade, they eke out their means by 'minding' a young child of a neighbour whilst the mother goes out to work, or prepare the midday meal for school-children, or take in washing, or sit up for a few hours in the night with some sick person.

Here is an instance of the privations endured by a brave

woman who has done home work nearly all her life. Miss C. is aged fifty-nine; she is a brush-drawer by trade, entirely dependent on her earnings. She suffers from rheumatoid arthritis, and begins to find that her sight is failing. She rents a six-room house at 1*l.* a week, and lets off four of the rooms for 15*s.* The current price paid for brush-drawing is 2¾*d.* per hundred holes; but work has been very irregular, and for some time her earnings have not averaged more than 10*s.* a week. She is gradually pawning her possessions to buy food and coal.

The Wages Boards have succeeded, certainly, in increasing the rate of pay for home work; but, unfortunately, this has limited the amount of work given out. Box-making, for instance, is far better paid; but nearly all the box-makers I know are in distress, because there is so little work. By the way, I fancy that if anyone really wanted a simple test to show the state of trade it would be a good idea to inquire into the matter of box-making. As one of my friends put it: 'You see, boxes aren't anything; no one thinks of them when things go well. But when trade is bad, why, then they do.'

There are still cases in which the rate of pay seems alarmingly low. One woman and her brother share two small rooms; he is an invalid, and spends a lot of his time in the hospital. When he is home he has an allowance of 15*s.* a week. Until last year this woman was helping to support a crippled sister. She machines youths' waistcoats, not doing the pressing or the buttonholes, but finding her own thread. For the commonest kind of waistcoat, made of rough tweed, she is paid 5½*d.* Sometimes she gets an order which she much prefers, that is, to make white waistcoats, to be shipped abroad, at 6*d.* each; and it is only fair to say that at times she gets what she calls really good work, that is, to make evening waistcoats for men; they take much more work, but she can get 4*s.* 6*d.* each for them. We asked her to lend us one of the 5½*d.* waistcoats to show to a friend interested in the trade; but she refused point-blank, saying that if she talked too much she might never get any more work, and then there would be only the workhouse in front of her. But she showed her book in which orders and payments are entered.

One difficulty is that hardly any of the poor—even if they are earning fairly good wages—have any reserve on which they can fall back in difficult times, or any fund from which they can replace their worn-out household necessaries. I once knew the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, though his name was certainly not De Montfort, and he had no beautiful daughter Bessie. He went out with a barrel-organ, whilst his wife sat at home making match-boxes. Between them they just managed to pay their rent, and to buy food of a sort for themselves and the children. Meanwhile

the 'home,' which means the furniture, went to wrack and ruin. A friend of mine, hearing rumours of distress, took me to Bethnal Green to see the family, and the memory of that visit will not fade from my mind. In one tiny room there was a broken iron bedstead and a chair. The bedstead was covered with a filthy piece of sacking, and on it slept, in their clothes, three little boys, huddled together, covered over with all sorts of bits and pieces of old rugs and mats. The dress of their mother cannot be described. My friend and I left hurriedly to see about another bed, bedding and clothing. Help was forthcoming, and the family was rescued from a state of such utter desolation that it had brought one member into the shadow of a police court. It was not at all a good sight in a Christian land.

There is one dread which ever haunts the minds of the poor. Death does not frighten them in the least—'a friend's voice'—but the thought of having to die in a workhouse infirmary is appalling. Rightly or wrongly, they believe that they will not be well treated. They feel also that they will lose their identity; and—it is a small point, perhaps—the elder married women especially do so hate being addressed as 'Brown' or 'Jones.' In the light of this dread, please let me tell a story told me by Mr. Holmes.

He got to know a woman who was in the habit of getting drunk, fighting, and going to prison with dreadful regularity. He saw her in prison, and suggested that she was wasting her life.

'Who cares?' she demanded.

'Well, I do. When you are let out, go straight to this address, it is my home, and my wife will take care of you for a time until you can get work.'

'Ho yuss! And what'll she want me to do?'

'Nothing, only rest, and enjoy yourself if you can.'

When she was released she did go to his house, taking a little refreshment on the way, and fully prepared to leave promptly, and make an evening of it, if she were not well received. But Mrs. Holmes welcomed her as if she had been a most desirable guest, and she decided to stay and see. For the first few days she was looking out for the 'catch'; but, finding there was none, she settled down in great content, and insisted on doing her share of the house work. Some weeks passed; then one afternoon she went out for a walk, and did not return. Very sorrowfully her host made inquiries at police stations, fearing that she might have met old friends and have got into difficulties once more. But the police knew nothing at all about her. Then he feared a street accident, and sent round to the hospitals. No, she had simply vanished, and left no trace. Several months later he got

an urgent summons to an infirmary, where a woman, dying of cancer, wanted to see him. He found his late guest. With the ghost of a smile on her face, she said:

'Did you down finely, didn't I?'

'I don't know about that; I have been very anxious about you; we were sorry we had not made you happy.'

'Happy? Lord bless you! It's the only time in my life that I have been happy. But when the pain began again, I knew what it meant. I had been cut about twice before, and they said there couldn't be a third time. So I says to myself: "What am I going to do? They'll never turn me out. If I stay here for the end, there'll be Mrs. Holmes running up and down stairs waiting on me. *And they're the only people that have ever been kind to me.* It's not fair, and I won't do it." So I slipped away here, where I never thought to be, gave another name, and waited until it was too late for me to be moved before I would let you know. That's all.'

It was all—here. In a few days her valiant spirit passed away.

I do not want to dwell over much on the virtues to be found in the slums; I do not wish to appear to be a disciple of the late esteemed Hannah More, and to be capable of reminding starving people, as she did, that, though they had suffered from scarcity of food, they had suffered no scarcity of religious instruction. I would as soon point out to them, in her inimitable words, 'the advantages they derive from the benefits of distinction in fortune, which enables the high to assist the low.' There are people who have such a touching belief in the good effects of hardships borne by others that they are capable of congratulating the poor on the happy chance which has deprived them of all comfort here in order to accentuate the rapture which will be theirs hereafter, whilst they, for their own part, choose—both. But, all the same, I am always coming across proofs of staggering heroism in mean streets, without liking the streets one whit the better, though I love the heroes and heroines. One such proof reached me a day or two ago. The Home Workers' Aid Association has a small fund from which, as far as it can be stretched, certain very old or infirm members are allowed a little pension of 10*s.* a month. It sounds almost absurd to say that such a trifle makes a very real difference to them; but it does, and the pensions are waited for with the utmost eagerness. A poor and ill woman whom I know has been receiving this little sum for more than a year. It is the only addition to her allowance from the guardians of 15*s.* a week. She wrote to me as follows. I have changed the spelling:—

The Vicar has offered me 2*s.* 6*d.* a week. I would not say 'Yes' at first, for he has been so good to me, paying for someone to sit up at night

with me out of his own pocket. But he says this comes from a lady to do with the Church; I do not know who. I think I ought to give up the home workers' pension if I take this. There's so many that want the help. Please tell me what I should do.

¶ I do not think the East End is quite as dreary a place as it was even twenty years ago. There is such a great power for good at work. It is the Church; by this I mean the blessed company of all faithful people—Church of England clergy, Roman Catholic priests, Nonconformist ministers, the Salvation Army, and the irregulars, those who do not acknowledge our Lord in word, but serve Him in deed, and, being sealed of the tribe of Abou ben Adhem, show their love of God in their love of their fellow-men.

Yet the distress is very great. In many cases life is scarcely worth living. Too often there is a touch of wistfulness in the eyes of inhabitants of Bethnal Green when a funeral starts. The determination on the part of neighbours to see that one of their own people has a seemly 'send-off' has led to a curious custom. Directly a death occurs some energetic man or woman in the street goes from house to house asking for money for flowers—that is, wreaths. The appeal is seldom disregarded. I have known a woman with only *6d.* in the house give *3d.* for flowers for someone she hardly knew. The attitude of the overdriven towards death may be illustrated by an overheard conversation between two very poor women. There had been a tragic accident, and the victim lay in the mortuary. One of the women had had the good fortune to see the body; the other had not. She asked:—

'How did she look?'

'Well, there was a rather stern look on her face.'

'Stern? Why, that's not right. Should have been a smile. No need for her to look stern *now*.'

Bethnal Green is very patient; it endures a lot of misery in silence. Personally I think it is more utterly hopeless in summer than in winter. When the sun beats down on that wilderness of closely packed houses, it is as if you were in a tunnel with the roof off, and only one yard of blue sky above you. The great redeeming feature is Victoria Park, a really noble space of over 200 acres, a park boasting fine trees, masses of flowering shrubs, abundance of seats, and a good-sized lake. It is the lungs of Bethnal Green, the resting place for the weary, the playground of children; without it conditions would be intolerable.

Only once have I heard a real outcry, an outburst of rage, against the place. This was in a tram, and I do not think the speaker was an Englishman. If only he had confined himself to the housing question he would have been on safe ground; he had only to ask us to look around us. But he insisted on telling his fellow-passengers all about the class which was trampling on the

people and sucking their blood. I gathered that these feats were being performed simultaneously. He promised them a very different state of affairs shortly. There was an impending strike, over which he rejoiced greatly; but what his soul waited for was a general strike. 'Give us that, only twenty-four hours of it, and we'll have them all on their knees to us—yes, all the men that go about now with gold chains stretched across their waistcoats.'

This was said with such pointed ferocity that I glanced at the man sitting next me. He appeared to be a prosperous tradesman, and, sure enough, he had a gold watch-chain. The prosperous one said not one word, but he gravely lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the speaker's good wishes. The action was so unexpected, and showed so much humour, that the tram rocked with laughter, and the orator remembered an appointment and got out. A very poor woman sitting on my other side said to me:

'Don't he talk beautifully? But there——'

She sighed, and her sigh meant 'I have known four-and-twenty leaders of revolt.'

SYDNEY K. PHELPS.

LIFE AND SCENES IN LONDON

II. Waterloo Bridge

There is always something fascinating about a bridge across a river. It is open to the sky and the winds of heaven, and dominates the waters below.

When John Rennie, at the instance of the Strand Bridge Company, built Waterloo Bridge in 1817, it was pronounced by Canova to be the finest stone bridge in Europe. In days before William H. Vanderbilt's 'largest paving stone in the world' was deposited in Fifth Avenue of New York, the grey granite stones of the footway were considered cyclopean, for they occupied the whole width of the pavement.

Originally forced out of the earth in the form of volcanic mud, now cooled and hardened by time, the rock has a granulated resistance which makes for rounded surfaces, and the edges where two stones met were worn down in time into depressions which gave an antiquity to the building. How many million human feet contributed to wear down those solid stones, before they made way in 1911 for the more prosaic sandstone, it would be hard to say.

The piers are built upon a flooring of beech-wood 6 inches thick, which is kept in place by beech and elm piles driven into the bed of the river. Signs of subsidence have now induced the London County Council to renew the structure in a wider form to carry the increased traffic of modern times. The old granite stones are to be replaced on the sides; thus the new material will be contained in the centre, but, whether the building will have gained or lost in artistic beauty by the thickening process, the old proportion will certainly be changed for ever, and the bridge will have lost its soul, for there is a soul in old buildings which no amount of replacing stone by stone will preserve. What Temple Bar, re-erected in a country park, looks like, I know not, but it cannot have the soul of the old gate which adorned as well as obstructed Fleet Street.

When the bridge was first built, it was considered such a triumph that a French engineer was moved, in a report that he

made to the French Institute of the day, to write the following words:

> If tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking and finishing of this work, if he learns that an association of a number of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument worthy of Sesostris and the Cæsars, he will admire still more the nation in which similar undertakings could be the fruit of the efforts of a few obscure individuals lost in the crowd of industrious citizens.

Those were brave days.

Thousands upon thousands of men hurry across that bridge twice in the day: the pale, youthful city clerk, gazing up into the blue sky with regret at the loss of another fine day to be spent in a close office, lit only perhaps by reflectors or artificial light, counting the days and even hours till his holiday shall come; the Government clerk, with papers in a case stamped with the royal arms—not so hopeless he, for the letter that he drafted for his chief last night was a masterpiece of tact, making the pinnacle of his life's journey—the permanent Under-Secretaryship—more clear and possible even for him; the solicitor's managing clerk, to whose busy brain the reputation of a well-known firm is attributable, for on him hangs the conduct of dozens of cases. He is the hidden lever which keeps the machinery moving with constant activity. For the small salary of a few hundreds a year he organises all the attacks and defences in the legal war, chooses his fighting men, pushes his advance guard through the wire entanglements of chamber pleadings into open court, exercising all the arts of diplomacy between the office and the senior partner, and between the office and the enemy, displaying the qualities of both an ambassador and a general in conducting the bloodless warfare; in short, to the outward world he is the firm. He is pale, he rarely hurries, and he is usually the best-dressed man in the office, for only a partner can afford to be shabby. Since the war the lady clerk and typist has invaded the bridge. She trots demurely along the pavement, carrying her little case, in which repose her novel, her looking-glass, and powder puff. Behind that inscrutable girlish face lies knowledge that would wreck many a big reputation, for has she not taken down in shorthand and typed three company reports, one to be read at the General Meeting, another to be disclosed to the Board, and a third, specially confidential, to be given to the Chairman? It is said that women cannot keep a secret. One of the amazing things in life is the reticence of the typist. As long as her heart is unaffected her head is sound enough.

These crowds cross the bridge morning and evening with the regularity with which the tide moves up and down the river. Indeed, they are like particles of the same ocean, for they all

dress alike: the same straw hat in summer surmounts the head of each, the same billycock or felt hat in the winter, the umbrella with a crooked handle, dark trousers and spats. As their lives are drab and monotonous, so are their clothes. Day by day, month by month, year by year, does this ceaseless tide of humanity ebb and flow across the bridge, each mechanically bound for a similar object, each thinking the same thoughts, with apparently no wider conception of life than what the daily paper gives them between the suburban villa and their daily task. Nature to them is represented by a small plot of ground at the back of their dwellings which they cultivate in shirt-sleeves on Saturday afternoons, or by what they chance to see from a bicycle or a small motor on Sunday. Their ideas of the great world in which they live seem to be as 'cribbed, cabined and confined' as those of the ants which scurry to and from their nests in search of food. But it must not be supposed that because their lives are limited to a small area therefore they are really unhappy. Upper Tooting possesses more happiness to the square yard than the spacious dwellings in Belgravia, for the sense of working for a home sweetens the monotony of labour. The wife who is apart from her husband for most of the day is generally pleased to see him when he returns, and has often been observed to walk to the station to meet him. In the morning, too, she frequently accompanies him to the last corner and parts from him with an affectionate wave of the hand. Indeed, the paucity of divorce actions among the clerkly class is some indication that their domestic lives are not unhappy, and that there are fewer wild oats sown in that class than in other walks of life.

Nor must we imagine that each individual in this mass of people is as commonplace as his habit of life would seem to make him. One is perhaps an authority on roses; another has a bookcase stocked with poets whom he would blush to quote, though, if you caught him in an expansive mood, he would draw an intelligent comparison between Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw; and a third makes experiments in electricity or chemistry. They may talk *Star* or *Daily Mail* in the train, but the thoughts that matter to them they keep to themselves. For years I knew a doorkeeper in a public building without discovering that he had an unerring taste in prints, and collected according to his purse.

Innate laziness induces some and the pressure of time others to crowd the omnibus which carries them across the bridge to Somerset House, and indeed the dust and filth which eternally blow up and down the Waterloo Bridge Road are enough to drive anyone to the shelter of a public conveyance, for the authorities seem to deem it sufficient if the gutters only at the side of the roadway should be watered. These thin wet strips soon show the

mass of floating atoms by catching them by millions till they form a dry scum on the surface. Could you analyse this scum you would indicate the sort of stuff which daily invades eyes, nose and mouth in this grey and sordid thoroughfare. It is only the experienced wayfarer who always chooses the windy side of the road, for he knows well that in that cylindrical churn the dust is apt to settle on the leeward side of the street. No wonder everyone hurries, for there is no inducement to linger in such a place, and the secondhand furniture shop may thrust its gate-posts, rugs and busts of Ariosto and pictures of Sir Henry Irving into the fairway of the pavement in vain. What are busts and pictures to a man of business ? A roll-top desk, however, offered cheap, sometimes comes in handy. But, once on the bridge, the cool, crisp air from the river which sweeps through the balustrades is an inexpressible relief, the dancing ripples on the tide below are a joy to the eye, and even a city man may envy the little boys bathing, whose pink bodies make spots of colour on the mud which stretches away to Blackfriars. Here again no one stops except in one place, and there, for some inexplicable reason, some dozen people are nearly always held spellbound by the fascination of the work of shooting rubbish. Down below the bridge two cranes are ceaselessly tilting gravel, rubbish, ballast, what you will, into the *Saucy Sally* or *Foam Queen*, barges which wait patiently in the mud till high tide shall bear them God knows whither. And close-cropped urchins, with patched breeches down at heel, peer through the balustrades, and loafers lean over the coping, by the hour watching and waiting as though some catastrophe were imminent, but nothing ever happens, and still they gaze with eternal curiosity. Otherwise the bridge is not for loafers. Barges full of hay, coal, and timber float up and down the river, aided by long sweeps and brown sails, with slow precision ; tugs and steamers puff along, breasting the brown ripples of the tide ; the trim little launches of the river police dash in and out between the craft, apparently enjoying quite a pleasure cruise ; but no one gives them more than a passing glance. The life and movement of the river, with its broad sweep ending in pearly indistinct greys ; the most glorious sunset, with its richest cornucopia of colour ; the sky, with an alpine range of thunder-clouds blazing with dazzling whiteness ; the steeples and towers of Wren rising above the ugly roofs in their perfection of proportion, and the great dome of St. Paul's standing in misty splendour—all are passed unnoticed by the crowd because of the uncomfortable fact that work has to be done and trains must be caught. Not even your pleasure-seeker has a moment to spare for these things, for either he has a shop, a theatre, or a race-meeting for his object, and his eye never focuses anything beyond the pavement or the

passing traffic. There are shops, music-halls, theatres, and other attractions in the Strand where he may loiter at his ease: there everything beckons him to stay his pace and satisfy his curiosity; but on the bridge one balustrade telleth another, and each stone is like the last; therefore he hurries on. Nothing really important happens on the bridge, and that is perhaps why the authorities send the most youthful policeman in the force to this beat. He is usually a beardless boy clad in a brand-new uniform, which he wears with the self-consciousness of a bride going to the altar, and you perceive the natural gait of youth struggling painfully with the official step as he saunters along, assuming with an effort an air of authority. Once a collision occurred, and he was seen, note-book in hand, acting as arbiter between two furious drivers; and if he adds other qualities in after-life to the serenity he displayed on this occasion he will doubtless be an inspector some of these days. His duty on the bridge must be exceeding light, for, with the exception of the above exciting incident, it mainly consists of telling little boys not to stand on the stone seats to look at the river. Troops of these ragged imps cross the bridge daily in search of fuel, which they gather in old sacks from far and near; like eagles descending upon a carcase, so do they find out wherever a road is being mended, that they may fill their go-carts and sacks with blocks of wood; their general cargo is made up of bits of coal dropped from carts, fragments of packing cases, and other combustible matter. Thus does the South feed on the plenty of the North. But occasionally I have seen a small portion of the cargo jettisoned on the way home. A steamer or a tug is sighted approaching the bridge, small bullet-heads are thrust through the balustrade in eager expectation, and as she passes under, pop goes a piece of wood, and if it goes down the funnel, shrieks of triumph rise above the roar of traffic. I ask any candid reader whether 'Aunt Sally' or any form of cock-shy is comparable to this; the running deer at Bisley is mechanical if you think of it, and a grouse drive pales before it. Naval gunnery in stormy weather or dropping shells from an airship might possibly match it, or pea-shooting from a railway carriage. At an age when children of the well-to-do are being herded by nurses, loaded with toys, and taken for sombre airings in the Park, these urchins are bringing grist to the family mill, using their wits, braving the dangers of the streets, eluding the vigilance of Policeman X, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Groups also of stout matronly women pass over to the south side every morning, each bearing on her head a huge basket of flowers from Covent Garden—the mart of the floral circulation of the metropolis. The bearing of this daily burden seems to have lowered and broadened their figures, for they move with short and resolute steps; they all appear

dumpy, nevertheless there is something statuesque in their upright carriage and impassive faces. You cannot joke or get excited with a basket on your head; you have to take your corners slowly, or a violent movement might end in disaster.

But the merchant princes, who deal in larger quantities than can be carried on the person, employ coster carts for their transport, which are pushed, pulled or donkey-drawn. These men are gay and vivacious, as befits vendors of flowers. They take their ease in their inn by the wayside, not unmindful of the thirst of their flowers, for outside the 'Feathers,' on the south side, will be seen a tap and a bucket, and from the latter the flowers receive a gracious baptism before their owners' thirst is quenched. In summer, however, there is a counter-attraction to the wayfarer in the presence of a seller of lemonade, whose 'pitch' is at the entrance of the bridge. A huge bell-glass full of golden liquid, garnished with floating islands of peel and inexhaustible, is his only advertisement, the sight of which alone is sufficient to create a deep thirst in the mouth; but the brave costers always hold to their course for a few yards in the face of this temptation to seek a stronger refreshment at the 'Feathers.' Some day, perhaps, a wave of temperance reform may come over the coster profession, but at present the end is not yet, and these merchants, being creatures of habit, follow the customs of their ancestors.

In saying that nothing really important happens on the bridge, I was using the word 'important' in its relative sense. The embrasures are probably the most detached places in London; they are as secret as confessional boxes, central spots of calm in the hurricane of traffic. Could these stone seats repeat the outpourings of soul, the heart-throbs of joy and sorrow, and the relations of hope and despair which have taken place in these niches, fiction would be outmoded and description beggared. Who are those two figures—ordinary-looking specimens of the street idler—sitting together in close converse, during which gesticulation occasionally appears? Is it politics they are discussing, or the latest football match? No, it is a question of thieves' ethics on the division of spoil, as to what a man should do if he is not given his fair share, a much more interesting and engrossing topic than mere politics. And those two men opposite on the other side of the road, the one a prosperous-looking artisan and the other a labourer with patched corduroys and wearing an anxious look in his eye which alternates with flashes of anger. Their topic is what to do with a wife who is a confirmed drunkard, neglecting home and children. The police magistrate's advice and punishment has been found of none effect, beating of no use, and the family purse has run dry in order to satisfy her craving for liquor. The end of the discussion is unprofitable, for this is a case

in which there is no cure. A temporary adjournment to the bar of the 'Feathers' affords a temporary respite from the situation, for sympathy is most readily conveyed in a glass by many. Again, the sun is shining brightly on the recumbent figure of a man lying fast asleep on the hard stone. The direct rays have no effect on the upturned face, neither is the stone hard to him, for he is on a journey in dreamland through the country of his boyhood. It may be a coincidence that the stone on which he sleeps comes from Dartmoor, and that he sees the leonine mass of Hey Tor grey against the sky at the end of a deep green lane garnished with lady-ferns and polypodies, that he hastens with beating heart to meet his love, who is to meet him on the uplands, that he smells the sweet savour of the moor and hears the hum of bees—it may be a coincidence, or some subtle connection between things animate and inanimate. 'Some gardens cry out for a murder,' says Stevenson, and a stone may well suggest a train of thought in a dream. The awakening, however, will be rude, for the roar of traffic is not the voice of the Dart, neither has the dust of the road the scent of gorse ; he will remember, moreover, that his love has run away with another to Australia, and he will feel that you may be lonely even on Waterloo Bridge.

At night, indeed, it is a lonely place ; the traffic dwindles down to a few stray vehicles and a belated foot-passenger or so hastening home. The lamps give a feeble light which only makes the river beneath darker by contrast, but under one of them you may see a woman who does not hurry. She is pretty and pale, but her eyes have lost the look of laughter, and her face is clouded by apprehension. She has yielded to temptation, she is not as she was, and the future is full of dread. She might possibly be saved by pity and kindness, but the world seldom pities those who are too kind to their fellows. She is weary in spirit and in body, and she sits down on the hard grey stone with her elbows on her knees, wrestles with doubt, and not without prayer ; then, feeling stronger, she stands up and looks down on the kindly reflections of the river. The lights dance on the surface like jack-o'-lanterns, and the swirl below looks soft and caressing. A sudden impulse, a splash, and the future is certain for her.

The passengers crossing the bridge next day just catch sight of a paragraph in an evening paper narrating the discovery of the body of an unknown woman, respectably dressed, near Tower Steps, describing her dress and asking for information ; and then they hasten on to the sporting news as the traffic goes on its way, impassive as the tide. What do they care about the fate of 'one more unfortunate,' or its cause ? Had it occurred in a village, the countryside would have rung with expressions of sympathy, but in a city the breath of life whirls its atoms too quickly for

molecular attraction to take place. In a big factory the entanglement of a man in the machinery creates no great stir.

Standing in Cheapside one day, the poet Heine was reminded of the passage of the French across the Beresina. It seemed to him

> as though all London were such Beresina Bridge, where everyone presses on in mad haste to save his scrap of life, where the daring rider stamps down the poor pedestrian, where everyone who falls is lost for ever, where the best friends rush without feeling over each other's corpses, and where thousands, weak and bleeding, grasp in vain at the planks of the bridge and slide down into the ice-pit of death.

Had he lived to witness the motor omnibus which once battered down the parapet of the bridge in its mad haste, he could not have used stronger language. But though we have not all the poetical temperament, we must admit that the bridge has its tragedies. But it called up to the poet's imagination a vision of a different kind. It was that of the fair Mlle. Laurence, whom he had seen with a travelling troupe dancing in the streets to the sound of a drum and a triangle. The challenge of her eye and the grace of her carriage in the dance were sufficient to induce the lonely stranger to invest the history of this child of the dead with the brightest halo of romance, and we are presented with a portrait full of subtle and elusive charm. We are transported to the warmed and cushioned Paris boudoir, and there her own gift of expression in the dance is still led by a strange reminiscent impulse towards the mystery of her birth. It takes the fire of a poetical mind to produce jewels from a material so commonplace, and it was on Waterloo Bridge that the first spark was struck.

But its main characteristic is that you see the same faces at the same time every day in passing. They are as constant as the pigeons which congregate in and about the flour-mills of Seth Taylor, preferring to pick up clean grain to scavenging. At about ten of the morning may always be seen a man busily occupied in one of the embrasures. He wears the dignified aspect of an ambassador, and moves with the deliberation of one who undertakes problems of difficulty. Like a chess-player, he sits with an air of profound thought before a small tray whereon he arranges articles for sale. Out of small paper packages he abstracts matchboxes, umbrella-rings, studs, and such trifles, and fixes his battalions of pencils and bootlaces in strategical array. Here are no phantom brigades, for his army is always at full strength before he goes into action. He is a general in disguise, and there is no doubt he is an ex-soldier from his upright and bold carriage as he vends his wares at a later hour. Another face used invariably to greet you in passing from the bridge to the Strand. It was that of a wizened little blind man who sat in an unused porch of

Somerset House selling matches, with his knees protected from the weather by a waterproof apron. He announced his presence, and his willingness to satisfy the needs of the smoker, in the shrillest tones, in a kind of gay challenge and a cock-crow ending on a high note. What it was none could say, save that it ended in the word 'gentlemen,' but it arrested attention, which was the main point. This cheerful cry and his upturned, scarred face, smiling at his infirmity like laughter through tears, won him many a copper even from those who did not require matches, and he drove a prosperous trade. One day, however, something appeared to be wanting in the furniture of the street, for his porch was empty. Inquiry elicited that he was dangerously ill in hospital, and after that he never appeared again. When death silences a cheerful note, the world should mourn, for merry hearts are rare, and there are many to whom that street has now become more commonplace, though they don't quite know why.

It is true, the bridge can hardly claim such a large share in the life of the people as those mediæval structures which supported houses and shops, such as old London Bridge. There you might surprise your enemy in an upper chamber, fling him from the window, and go on your way rejoicing, for it was as much part of the City as Eastcheap or the Fleet. But Waterloo Bridge is the daily road of countless human beings, very much like each other in the aggregate and conspicuously commonplace. Enormous masses of incoherent individuals appeal to the imagination and affect some minds with sadness.

> I am always haunted [says Lord Rosebery] by the awfulness of London, by the great appalling effect of these millions, cast down, it would appear, by hazard on the banks of this noble stream, working each in their own groove and their own cell, without regard or knowledge of each other.

After all, life itself, when you come to think of it, is very incoherent in its ingredients; its grains, too, like the shifting sand, are very like one another, and its incidents very same. The real interest lies in its exceptions, or at least the types which carry character, and he who crosses Waterloo, or any other, bridge in search of them will not have to travel far or wait very long.

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

XIX- -XX

A MONTHLY REVIEW

FOUNDED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. XCV

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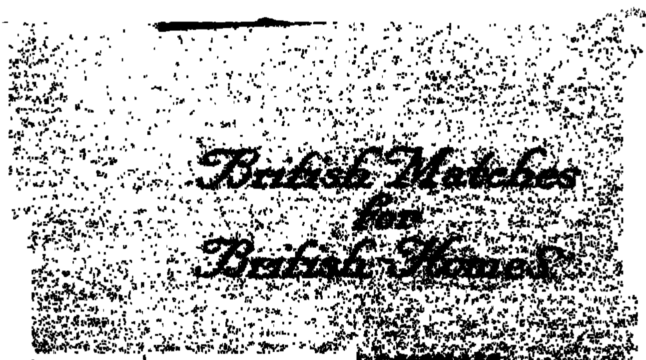
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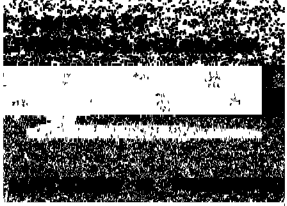
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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XX

XIX

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YOUTH ON THE ANVIL

My interest in industry began at fourteen, with my first job at a firm where they made twisted ironwork and wooden revolving shutters. I recall the eager joy with which I hailed the beginning of manhood. People, I thought, won success by hard work, and I was determined to get all the success there was.

As regards work there was scope enough. I worked from 6 a.m. till 6 p.m., ten and a half hours a day without meal-times (half an hour breakfast, one hour dinner). My first task was to gather shavings from the floor of the wood shop upstairs and to burn them. This seemed easy, for there was a big fireplace in the corner of the shop and a yard below. But the foreman of the wood shop objected to my burning them upstairs in case of fire, and the smithy foreman downstairs objected to my burning them downstairs because of the smoke. I pondered these objections solemn-eyed. Hard work was evidently not enough; life was a complicated affair. It was my first snag. In the meantime I had to get rid of the shavings which were ever accumulating. I burnt them upstairs or downstairs, according to which foreman

happened to be out of the way. But it was a furtive, wretched business.

Still I went on hopefully. The copy-book said: 'Work,' and work I would. The first few days, before I quite fitted in, I became a nuisance with my clamouring for jobs. They set me cleaning up the yard, sorting out nails and so on, but they could not satisfy me.

But soon I had more work than I wanted. In the metal department I was taught how to work a drilling machine, to make holes in iron. I was put at intervals to wielding a hammer in the smith's shop. I carried huge scuttles of 'breeze' for the forges and nearly broke my arms and back. I pushed a heavy old truck, at which passing carmen jeered, full of ironwork, through the streets, to the jobs where it was required, or from the foundry. Between whiles I helped in the wood shop, painting the revolving shutters with slate-coloured paint. I was kept 'on the go' from morning till night. The dark, raw, wintry mornings, when I had to turn out at about five o'clock, were very miserable. The day was a long stretch of toil till evening, when I staggered home with grimy hands and face and greasy clothes. I discovered about this time that it was necessary to wash myself thoroughly before tea, or else I dozed, so that it was hard to get clean before bed-time. I began to faint about this time, too. For this work I received five shillings a week.

My eager hopes and bright ambitions began to fade with the colour in my cheeks. No one really took any interest in me as a person or in my development as such. I was regarded as a piece of cheap mechanism which could be easily replaced.

I remember the first time I went to the foundry to fetch castings. At the entrance I was directed to where I could find the man in charge, Mr. Clarke. I went into a long, gloomy shop, like a huge shed, with a sandy floor, and saw a knot of men at one end. A man came towards me along the narrow pathway, and I saw he carried two pails, from which came a red glow. A clamour of yells rose from the men at the other end, and I skipped out of the way confusedly. The pails were filled with molten metal. I spoke to Mr. Clarke, who answered in a surly, indifferent tone, and bade me follow him. We passed an elderly man with spectacles and a short grey beard, who looked benign as he stooped over his work. He was painting huge iron girders with a dull red paint. As we passed, Mr. Clarke, who, with his burly form and drooping moustache, was fierce and mastiff-like, rasped out:

'Late again this morning, were you?'

The old man looked up startled.

'No!' he quavered; 'I was in early.'

'Oh! And this is what you've done all the morning. I'll

see about that!' And the mastiff-man strode on, leaving the old workman utterly miserable, hurrying over his work with trembling fingers.

I thought to myself: 'He works hard. He looks as if he has always done so, and yet this is how he is treated!' I was on the threshold; he was near the end of his work-worn life. I had matter for immature reflection here. Since then I have seen many men tremble before foremen, and have seen advertisements for men 'able to hustle the work through the shops.' In human terms, the kind of bullying I saw here is what they mean.

My employer was a Liberal in politics. He had strong views on social reform, especially on land nationalisation. At one election the big wooden gate of the workshop was plastered with posters urging people to 'Vote for So and So and Progress.' After the election I had the job of scrubbing the posters off. It was a bitter, drizzly morning, with a cutting wind coming in gusts, and I had a pailful of lukewarm water, a pair of steps and a piece of rag. The water ran down my arm, and the wind made my wet sleeve flap dismally. I felt a deep, dark hatred of social reform and uplift that morning. It was unreasonable, but it was there.

After twelve months I got a job as a driller at double my previous money. But it was very monotonous. I used to look for the long shadows to come in the evening, for this meant I would soon be free. I still worked hard, but my early enthusiasm was gone. Besides, I learnt nothing fresh. The man I helped was afraid I would get his job. He did his special bits of work stealthily when I was fully occupied, so that I would not see him. I was not interested in him or his work, so I obliged him with my indifference. During the three years we worked together we hardly spoke. I was left to this man. There was no question of giving me training. I was simply required to drill holes in metal.

All the men contributed sixpence a week to the local hospital. It was deducted from their wages. Each man had signed a paper to this effect when he began work there. Every quarter we had a letter of thanks from the hospital for our generosity, and it was posted up in the shop.

One day, while I was at my machine, the drill stuck in a piece of metal, which, tearing loose from its fastening, flew round and caught my finger. It dragged the nail off and cut deeply all round the finger end. I thought it had taken the tip off. Throwing a coat round my shoulders, I set off to the hospital, covered as I was with the grime of the workshop. After waiting some time I was shown in to the doctor. One hand had been hastily wrapped,

and with the other I was holding my coat at the neck. I quite forgot the greasy old cap which I had on.

I held out my finger for inspection, but the doctor waved it aside.

'What about your cap?' he said sternly.

I dropped the coat and took my cap off.

I like good manners myself, but, in the circumstances, I don't think I should have bothered had I been in his place.

Later, as an Oxford student, I visited the local eye hospital and noticed the different manner adopted towards me when I was clean and well dressed as compared with that shown to the agricultural labourer patients. To the doctors this double standard of manners is quite sub-conscious. But it is there, nevertheless, and it is universal. I am not the only workman who has noticed and resented it.

I left this firm in circumstances peculiar enough to be interesting. In the fitting shop, where about twenty skilled men were employed, a new bonus system was introduced. The men obstructed this, and, as a result, the whole of them received an hour's notice. This occurred about a week before Christmas.

The morning after their dismissal one of them was back and in charge of the shop. Up till then the work—building motorcycle engines—had been done by skilled men at skilled rates. Now lads of eighteen or nineteen—called improvers, because, I suppose, they never had a chance to improve—were brought in, and the work was subdivided amongst them, each doing one monotonous job over and over again.

The man who had been in charge of the fitting shop was a relative of mine, and for this reason, although I was in the machine section—another department altogether—I was cleared out.

Then began my search for work. It was a cold, raw morning. A little group, numbering about twenty, gathered round the factory gate, were shivering. They were waiting to see the foreman on the chance of a start. They were competitors, and looked suspiciously at each other as they waited. An hour dragged by, from six till seven. As seven o'clock approached the workers arrived, at first leisurely and straggling, then in a thick, steady stream, which gradually became thinner and quicker until the last few arrivals came up with a run. The gate shut at seven. No foreman arrived. They still waited. Eight o'clock struck. The group dwindled one by one till only six or eight were left. Mutual suffering and tedium broke down reserve. They talked—all except one. He was an old man, still upright, with white hair and grizzled white beard. He paced up and down restlessly. He

had sharp features, prominent high cheek-bones with the skin stretched tightly over them. His coat was threadbare and green with age. Once it had been black; now it was weather-beaten and worn, like its owner. One by one the others went, till only he and I remained. He still walked to and fro tirelessly, patiently.

Another day I was more successful. I arrived very early and saw the night-shift men leaving work. They came out one by one through a little wooden door cut in a big gate. As they stepped out they looked a sticky, sallow-faced, weedy, wretched lot, much as I imagined people would look if they crawled out of the Black Hole of Calcutta. They may not have been so bad; they were just dirty and exhausted. But you must remember that I was cold and dispirited and looking for work. I found it there. But after seeing the others I did not know whether to be sorry or glad. Then I went back to the neighbouring coffee stall to gulp hot coffee and warm my numbed limbs: I had been waiting for hours. Here I heard such pitiful stories of futile and footsore wanderings in search of work, the chief themes being broken boots and starvation, that I felt very lucky indeed.

I was feeling a man now. I was nearly eighteen, and I had a big machine to mind and lots of levers to pull. I looked indulgently upon the lads of fourteen who, in the early mornings before the whistle went to begin work, sat on upturned pails and boxes in front of the stove, huddled together, with their arms round each other for warmth. They shouted, laughed and swore terrifically. They thought they were men, too. They had soon forgotten their scanty schooling, and the more obscene their talk, the manlier they felt. It was the only standard that anyone troubled to set them.

My work was now more monotonous than ever. I drilled 'worm casings' for motor lorries. Week after week I made holes in these. There were four big holes, about an inch in diameter and eight inches long, often through very hard metal, and as I finished one I began another. Speed was the greatest consideration. But I resented having to fix all my attention and nerve force on this drudgery, and, in spite of my efforts, my mind would wander. I generally brought a few slices of bread-and-butter for lunch, but I rarely had time to swallow these. I hung on to my machine handle grimly and saved every second I could. The bread was much appreciated by the youngsters, who ran about the factory gate crying: 'Any left-off bread, sir?' as we went home. It was good to get out into the cool night air after a feverish day in the shop, and although I was tired, I liked the walk

in the friendly gloom down the misty lane which led over the marsh-land towards home.

Amid that roaring machinery and the never-ending beat of the gas engine, a crude, harsh recurring melody seemed to beat in my brain. I felt very insignificant in the midst of it all, though sometimes, when the huge arc lamps near the rafters glowed, while the black, shining snakes of belts slid swiftly over the pulleys and the little electric lights twinkled in and out of the huge machines, throwing curious ever-changing shadows, we seemed to be part of a great glorious adventure. The shop became warm and friendly, and I worked steadily, falling in with the beat of it and seeing the work grow under my hand.

At times snatches of verse would form themselves in my mind in harmony with this rugged symphony of toil. Often these feelings were wordless, or if words came they passed unrecorded. But now and then in my work-book, where I wrote particulars of work done, I would scribble hurriedly tiny fragments, often only a word or two, which in the dinner-hour I would make into verse, crude enough, yet expressing my changing moods. Here are a few chosen at random :

THE ELUSIVE MOMENT

It comes in the midst of our toil and care,
In the turmoil and strife of the world ;
It mirrors the hopes of our lives so fair,
Like a yacht with its sails unfurled.

THE FACTORY SLAVES

With toil-worn limbs and dragging feet
They stumble down the broken road ;
The hooters shrill their mornings greet,
Their hopeless, jaded efforts goad.

JOY

Laughter and light and roses,
Pleasure without alloy !
Chant, if you will, of sorrow,
I sing the song of Joy.

PESSIMISM

The trees are sapless and withered,
The dead dry branches fall,
And over the sky a sombre cloud
Hangs like a funeral pall.

A SONG OF MEN

I tell of the men who gather
In factory, forge and mill,
Warming their hands by the fire
In the morning grey and chill.

CHILD OF THE AGE

Child of the Age,
So fretful yet,
With face so wistful, wan and set!
This modern age of steel and gold
Condemns you to be bought and sold;
Open your eyes and think and feel,
Then help to build the Commonweal.

Monotony and speeding up, my two great grievances, were made more hateful by the drab, ugly surroundings. The life had no human dignity about it. Men were treated as of less account than animals, and so some of them became bestial in conduct and speech. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert, in the course of experiments at the Bethlehem Steel Works, observed pleasantly that, in order to get pig iron loaded efficiently, it was necessary to have men as near like oxen as possible. But men do not grow so. They have to be made so. I went through the process, but I resisted it. Others were not so fortunate. The tragedy of much routine toil is that men are forced to give all their attention, their nerve and energy, to tasks which are not worth it, in order to turn the work out quickly enough. People vary greatly: some prefer monotonous routine work; others like it as a relief from more highly specialised effort. But there is no relief if the utmost degree of concentration on petty tasks is demanded. The variability of people is in itself an argument against uniformity of toil. And when a man has to tear up metal at a higher speed even than the machine and the tools are adapted for and to wear them out in the process, he as well as the machine is damaged. Sometimes gangs of millwrights are kept going round repairing machinery which is daily knocked to pieces; it pays the firm to use up machinery and men.

Variety of occupation is more healthy and self-developing than deadening routine, but if such monotonous work as is inevitable is not combined with super-speed it is not so harmful. Yet it is just this work, subdivided and standardised, which gives the greatest opportunity to the 'feed and speed men.' Spinoza is said to have thought out much of his pantheistic philosophy while at his daily work of polishing lenses. Under modern factory conditions it would be difficult for him to do so. Incidentally it may be noted that the pull of modern industry is towards a mechanistic conception of the universe as a self-adjusting machine producing its own power.

A man will naturally call more of his personality into play to redress the balance when only a fraction of his muscle and mind is constantly being used. But if his whole attention is fixed on doing some petty operation quickly, he cannot do this. Conse-

quently he suffers from suppression or atrophy of other faculties and becomes merely a work beast, helpless except when doing his routine job.

My nature fought against being pushed into a rut. While my drill was grinding through the hard metal I would be thinking about problems and philosophies. Then perhaps, just as a fragment of verse had shaped itself in my mind, crack! went my drill, and there was a dull grind as the tool rubbed away in the metal. I jumped for the lever and pushed the belt over on the loose pulley, bringing the machine to a standstill. Then I would tumble the worm case to the floor and poke and hammer till I got the broken drill out.

It may be urged that it was unfair to expect the firm to be paying for my working time while I composed verses. Yet I kept the machine running and usually turned the work out in the time allowed, though I did not earn the amount of bonus of some men. I suffered in competition with them, but I saw enough to realise that to rely on the profit incentive alone is to warp human nature. Besides injuring the workers, it made them guilty of meannesses to their fellows. And I am convinced that less hustling would be sounder psychology; it would give the human side of the worker a chance.

A shrill whistle sounds, and the machines are still. It is the dinner-hour. Men bring out packets of sandwiches and sit down on boxes and cases which are lying about the shop, stretching their limbs and relaxing their muscles, reclining in various attitudes of ease. Papers are scanned; conversation commences. I read a book. This is viewed with disfavour. It is an offence against workshop etiquette. Papers are allowed without comment, not books. It may be an expression of the gregarious instinct in man. 'Always reading, you are,' growls one. 'Reading your brains away,' says another. 'We've got a cyclo-what-d'you-call-it at home,' remarks a third. 'Give to us it was; tells you all about everything, from a pin to a bloomin' elephant. None of us ever reads it.' He looks round with an air of pride. 'Time enough to read when you're old,' sums up the first, amid general agreement.

'You're a bit of a bookworm, aren't you?' said one of my shopmates. 'So am I. Can you lend me any stories?'

He did not look the part, but I took him at his word and brought him *The Iron Pirate*, by Max Pemberton.

Then I tried him with Jack London's *White Fang*.

'Ain't you got any more proper stories?' he said, returning it. 'This is all about a bloomin' dawg!'

It recalled my early reading. After my first week at work I

received a silver sixpence for pocket-money. I went out feeling rich. In the window of a little newsagent's shop was a brightly coloured 'Boys' Friend Library' booklet, marked threepence. I thought of buying it, but I did not like breaking into my sixpence. I had bought *Jack, Sam and Petes* before for twopence when I had the money. They were mainly about a negro who said: 'Yah! yah!' and lifted pianos with his teeth, and his friend, who was a wonderful shot and never missed his mark. I thought these lovely at first, but then I wished that the coloured gentleman was not quite so strong and that the other one had not such a uniform deadliness of aim.

But this was different. Three whole pennies! Yet then I would have three more. I walked up and down outside till, suddenly making up my mind, I entered and purchased it.

I next went to Erith, a smudgy industrial town, and worked in a huge engineering plant. Compared with it, my other firms had been toys. These works were the centre of everything in the town. The townspeople spoke of the 'slaughter' when the firm was slack and men were discharged. Inhabitants dated their reminiscences and their children's birthdays from the time when the firm did this or that. Neighbours knocked at each other's walls in the mornings, for they all had to be out at the same time, and the clatter of feet along the street was like an army out of step.

I lodged in a house which accommodated half a dozen other workers. A few days after my arrival I asked a fellow-lodger to show me round the town. We went together down the narrow turning leading to the crooked High Street. Here by a dismal lamp my companion halted.

'This is it,' he said.

'Well, go on,' I urged. 'Show it to me.'

'This is all there is,' he persisted. And he wanted me to stand at that corner with him for the rest of the evening. It was his sole idea of recreation.

I asked if there were a library. There was. We went to it We were in luck: a lecture was being given. It took place in a big underground cellar which would accommodate about a hundred and fifty people; some forty were present. A gentleman spoke about canals in Mars. He had a blackboard and chalk and grew very excited over it. He was proving, with great wealth of aggressive detail, that there were or were not canals in Mars. Then another gentleman, who had been shuffling round uneasily during the lecture, stood up and moved a vote of thanks, taking almost as long as the lecturer himself. This was the only piece of citizen culture I ever heard of in Erith.

I stayed in Erith during the week and went home to London at the week-ends. Going away was a welcome relief, for the murk of the town told on my nerves. I could not read or study in my lodgings, which were small and crowded, and Erith was a dingy, ill-lighted place which seemed to combine all the disadvantages of the country with those of the town.

It was a slag heap of humanity. At my lodgings Potts, a little man with goggling, watery eyes, whose wife was in the workhouse, and Jackson, who became reconciled to his wife at intervals —at this particular period he had left her in Newcastle—set the tone. But I was glad to get in there because the only other lodging I sampled was a place, lit by a dim lamp, where the lodgers sat with their knees bunched up to the table while I tried vainly to read by the dim light.

The chief recreation of Erith was drink. The town reeked with public-houses. Harsh, unlovely conditions resulted in a pitiful ugliness of life, with surly men snapping at each other or—what seemed still more pitiful to me—acquiescing dully in those conditions.

I came back to my lodgings late one Sunday night, and when I struck a match in the kitchen, I saw one man sprawling like a log on the floor, another sat stupefied with his head and arms resting on the table, while a bottle of beer was upset and had run out all over the cloth. It was a scene Zolaesque in its unrelieved sordidness.

This was the way they spent their week-end rest from toil. At work they found nothing to uplift them, to give them dignity or a sense of individual worth. Away from work there was no appeal to civic pride or urge to attainment in any field. No one cared what they did with their lives. If they gave up working their machines, others would take their places. They felt this dumbly; and, though not consciously, their beings resented it. Their drinking was the inarticulate protest they made against their conditions.

Inside the workshop the rate-fixers were constantly at work seeking to reduce the times allowed for the various operations. From my work-book I take the following details, which are typical:

'Plate supply pad (drilling operation). Time allowed, 13½ minutes.

'Compression plates (drilling operation). Time allowed, 7½ minutes.'

These I put down as a check for the future, but the rate-fixer could often reduce the times when the operation was slightly varied. Constant haggling went on every day all over the shop.

I did not like haggling over half-minutes; I felt it derogatory to the dignity of a human being.

Trade unions were strong in the shop. The men felt they were needed as a defence. Once a charge-hand (under-foreman) was suspected of working for the union in the shop. The manager came striding down the shop to him. 'Put on your coat and get out of this!' he said.

The man went. But the shop steward chalked up in big, bold letters on the back of a cupboard the words 'Meeting 5.30.'

At 5.30 the men stopped their machines and poured out past the foreman and the shop officials, who gazed after them in bewilderment.

Both sides, the management and the men, seemed to have drawn apart into separate hostile camps. There was an expectant hush, such as precedes a storm. The men trooped out in a body. They were supposed to stay and work overtime, but they went out slowly, ostentatiously, truculently. Outside they gathered round a cart, and a trade union organiser rose to address them. They were in a fighting temper; they wanted trouble.

He spoke quietly and easily, counselling moderation. All around stood the workmen with grimy hands and faces, the whites of their eyes gleaming strangely in the dark. His speech did not please them, and they shuffled uneasily; but they were not skilled in the use of words, so he went on unchallenged. Gradually, against their inclination, he wore down their pugnacious spirit. One could see them wavering as he spoke and see the light of conflict die down in their eyes. When he had finished they dispersed almost silently. A few groups alone remained, sullenly giving voice to their discontent.

Many of the men, like myself, would have welcomed a strike. They cared little about the particular issue involved. They were sick of the monotony. Individually they often went 'on the booze'; collectively they wanted to strike now. Work pressed too heavily on their lives; and they wanted some change, any change: they cared little what it might be.

The daily round went on, punctuated with sleep-times and meal-times. Most of the men went out for dinner. Grimy men jostled each other and entered frowsy cookshops from which came a warm, greasy odour redolent of decaying vegetables and kippers. Men crowded together, hurriedly eating their midday meal in a heated, steam-laden atmosphere, without room for their elbows and amid an incessant clatter and chatter. Later on factory hooters, bells and whistles began to sound, and the cookshops emptied.

One was a dark hole where a parrot cage hung in the gloom, its occupant giving every now and then a wild, mournful shriek. A cheap nasal gramophone which was always rasping out the latest comic songs added to the other attractions. The combination was irresistible.

I used to take sandwiches and a book and get over several gates and fences until I reached a field where I would be undisturbed save by the hooter, which made me do a hurdle race back to work.

It was the desire for change combined with the activities of some microbe of study that made me reach out to wider vistas. Consequently I went in for the National Co-operative Scholarship examination open to students from all over the country. I entered for this three successive years. Twice I travelled up from Erith to London for it and arrived tired out. The third time I managed to win it. It gave me a year at Oxford. Then I got a Middlesex County Senior Scholarship and stayed there another two years. I took the Diploma for Economics and Political Science at Oxford University and specialised for a year in psychology.

But, above all, I shared in the beauty of that city of learning and that wider culture from which my fellows of the workshop were barred out. In the evenings the old colleges gleamed out with a ghostly blue-greyness as of a beautiful dream which might melt away, while the wine-red creepers mantled the old towers with rich, warm colour. I realised how unfair it is that those who work so hard should be given so few compensations, and I want to smash down those bars which prevent them having a fuller life.

Industrial psychologists began by studying workers as instruments of production. To do so efficiently they had to go farther and penetrate more into their non-working lives. Motion study was not enough ; rest pauses and fatigue research, even investigation of housing and living conditions, have reinforced this. How long will it be before they make ' man ' and not ' work ' the centre of their efforts ? My experience indicates that it is time they did.

R. M. Fox.

RAYS AND RADIATION

The general reader must often be mystified by the scientific or pseudo-scientific discoveries that are described from time to time in the public press. He wonders if this new discovery be genuine or not, or, if it be genuine, whether it is going to do all that is claimed for it. And he has little to guide him. In the last few years many astonishing claims have been put forward, not all of which have proved to be genuine. One person claims to have discovered and even photographed fairies, another to have made gold out of baser elements like lead or quicksilver, a third to deflect the needle of an electrical instrument with the look from his eyes, a fourth to cure tuberculosis, a fifth to relieve the condition of diabetes, and a sixth to do many wonderful experiments with rays. Time is the touchstone of all discoveries. And nothing, not even exaggerations or false statements attendant on their first announcement, will prevent their incorporation in the science of the day, if they be genuine. But if common sense be brought to bear on the matter one may arrive at a decision much more rapidly. It may be safely said that every scientific discovery of modern times has first been described in the scientific press or in a patent specification; that the work described has invariably been capable of repetition and substantiation by other scientific workers; and that the discoverer, although he may have been no modern Newton or Faraday, has invariably had minor discoveries to his credit. Discoveries that do not conform to limitations of this kind do not belong to natural science. They are the dreams of cranks, or the assertions of egotists or of genuinely misguided men. An investigation of such matters is not the province of natural science, but of the new and interesting field of psycho-pathology.

Inventors of this (the wrong) class have many characteristics in common, and by these they may be quickly recognised. They are quite sure of the genuineness of their work, yet they are afraid to let others put it to the test; they are very secretive and frequently lock up their formulæ in safes; they love trying to form syndicates; they are always glad to demonstrate their invention to the uninformed, but they never can demonstrate

before scientists, either because the latter are so insulting that no gentleman can work with them, or else because on the day the scientists appear the apparatus has unexpectedly gone wrong. This is not rational behaviour. If, for example, a man can make gold, he is wasting time in forming a syndicate to make it, or in talking to journalists about it. The normal behaviour would be to make it and keep on making it. For making gold would harm no one; on the contrary, it would bring the inventor all the wealth he could desire, and also, if he wanted it, enormous scientific fame.

The properties of rays and radiation have been recently prominently brought before public notice. Wonderful claims have been made for a ray: that it cures cancer, stops motor cars afar off, sets fire to combustibles at a distance, and so forth. From the scientific point of view, as will be seen from a consideration of radiations, there is a germ of truth in these fantastic claims; nevertheless the conclusion must be that the claims are without foundation and are, in fact, false.

When a scientist speaks of rays or of radiation he means streams of energy issuing from a source where they are generated and moving outwards in ever-widening circles. This energy exists in two principal forms: as waves in the imponderable ether which fills all space, and as swiftly-moving material particles. Each of these classes is distinct and has its own characteristics. Wireless waves and ordinary light are examples of the first class; the swift particles sent out continuously by the element radium of the second.

The first class is much the more important, and so numerous and so amazing are the properties of the different rays composing it that a description of them, even in outline, would fill a book. It comprises the widely-travelling wireless waves which are unperceived by the senses; the infra-red waves which are invisible but manifest as radiant heat rays; the light we see, the most familiar of all radiation; the invisible but chemically-active ultra-violet rays, and finally the penetrating X-rays. From the subjective point of view these rays differ greatly, but from the objective point of view they are one and the same. They are all waves of the same kind in the ether; they all travel with a velocity of 186,000 miles a second; and they differ only in that the lengths of their waves—the shortest distance between successive crests—are different. This distance, the wavelength, is shortest for gamma-rays, a kind of X-ray spontaneously emitted by radio-active substances, and is longest for wireless waves; it varies, although not quite continuously, for the waves between. If we take the metre (39⅜ inches) as the standard of length, we may say that gamma-rays waves vary in length from half the

millionth of a millionth of a metre to a length sixteen times larger, X-rays from the latter distance to a length 250 times larger, and ultra-violet rays from that upper limit of X-rays to a distance 130 times greater. All these rays are invisible to the eye, and may only be recognised by making use of suitable instruments. The kind of radiation next in order is visible light, and its wavelengths vary from two-fifths to four-fifths of a millionth of a metre, the shorter length corresponding to the violet end of the spectrum and the longer to the red end. Beyond the red rays are invisible rays called infra-red or heat rays, and their wavelengths vary continuously from that of red light to about two-fifths of a thousandth of a metre. At this point there is a short break in the continuity of the wavelengths, for the longest waves, the wireless waves, do not begin till two-thousandths of a metre. From that point, however, the wavelengths increase continuously to many thousands of metres.

An idea of the relative magnitude of wavelengths may be better obtained from the following rough comparison: if the gamma-ray waves be regarded as a tenth of an inch in length, X-rays would vary from an inch to 10 yards, ultra-violet rays from 10 yards to 1000 yards, visible light from 1000 to 2000 yards, the infra-red rays from 2000 yards to about 400 miles, and wireless waves from 3000 miles to many millions of miles.

Attention may be called to two points in this. The first is that our eyes can see waves of a very narrow range of wavelengths only; with the same world around us, but with different eyes, how different a world it would be! If, for example, our eyes were sensitive to X-rays, we should see with the eyes of X-rays; there would be no colour in Nature, we should recognise trees in the wood only by seeing the sap rising in them, and in the street we should appear to one another as walking skeletons. The second is that the break in the continuity of the wavelengths is not considered a very serious deficiency in our knowledge. There is no reason to suppose that when the missing rays are discovered they will differ vitally from those on either side. Until 1921, indeed, there was a gap between the infra-red rays and X-rays, but now that has been bridged and nothing abnormal has been revealed. There is, of course, the possibility that the rays with extraordinary properties which are described from time to time in the public press may include the above missing ones. But it is unlikely both that such rays would have extraordinary properties and that they would be discovered by the type of man who makes that claim.

Wireless waves are now familiar to all and need hardly be mentioned here. Broadcasting stations transmit energy on wavelengths of several hundreds of metres At high-power, long-

range stations the wavelength is much larger, about 10,000 metres. But they have been produced with as small a wavelength as seven-hundredths of an inch, and short wavelengths are most suitable when it is necessary to concentrate the waves in a particular direction. As is well known, wireless waves can pass readily through substances which are opaque to light and heat waves—buildings, for example, are no obstacles to them—except when the body traversed conducts electricity. Then some of the energy is lost, electric currents being produced, and it is on this principle that 'picking-up' by aerials depends. Although we cannot shield ourselves from these waves, that is of no consequence, for their passage through our bodies harms them in no way.

The next class of radiation is infra-red waves, so called because their wavelengths ascend from those of the longest visible waves, red light. These rays are characterised by their heating effect. Heat rays are thus invisible waves longer than light waves and shorter than wireless waves. The great source of these rays is, of course, the sun, but they are given out by every hot body and by every source of light. A kettle of boiling water, for example, gives out rays about twelve times longer than the longest visible ones, and the heat rays from our bodies are about thirteen times longer. These rays penetrate air well, but not water, and have little action on a photographic plate. Instruments to detect them are now so sensitive that the heat from a single candle-flame may be readily detected 100 yards away.

Next in order come visible light waves, to the good offices of which we are indebted for all we see. The colours constituting white light are, in decreasing order of wavelengths, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, the familiar colours of the spectrum or of the rainbow. Much of the chemical activity of plants is due to light waves, and their effects on a photographic plate have given us photography.

Wonderful things may be done with light waves when they are allowed to fall upon the element selenium. Metallic selenium conducts electricity badly, but when light waves fall upon it its power of conduction is greatly increased. If, then, selenium be included in an electric circuit which is only properly completed when the selenium conducts electricity well, the current will do nothing till light falls on the selenium. Then the circuit is completed and the bomb goes off, or the engine stops, or the rudder is swung over to the left, depending upon what has been carefully arranged to happen beforehand on the completion of the circuit. It is in this way that torpedoes or submarines may be guided from a distance. But although the device is ingenious the light is itself acting in no extraordinary way. It does not do

these wonderful things of itself; the beam of light falling on the selenium merely 'presses the button' from a distance.

This property of selenium is also the basis of other ingenious devices: the optical telephone in which speech is conveyed along a beam of light, the speaking cinema films in which the speech of the actor may be accurately synchronised with his movements, and the optophone, an instrument with a telephone which converts letters into successive musical notes, *motifs*, and thus enables a blind man after some practice to read. An account of these is given in Dr. Fournier d'Albe's recent book, *Selenium*. Again it may be emphasised that these instruments, although very useful and exceedingly ingenious, are not more wonderful than the photographic plate or the telephone; light itself in actuating the selenium is showing no abnormal properties.

Ultra-violet rays are invisible rays of shorter wavelengths than violet rays. They have a pronounced action upon a photographic plate, and this is one of the most useful devices for detecting them. Only the longer ones of this class can penetrate our atmosphere or glass, and much of the trouble in investigating this type is due to the difficulty of finding material which does not completely stop them when they strike against it. One of the few bodies they can traverse is quartz. It seems strange to us that there is a kind of radiation that cannot penetrate glass, but that is simply because we think of all radiation as visible light. A substance transparent to rays of one wavelength may be opaque to rays of another. Gamma-rays waves, indeed, which have the shortest known wavelengths, pass through all substances with an ease or difficulty that is independent of the nature of the body, and dependent only on its density. Aluminium, for example, is about as dense as glass, and each of these is about a fourth as dense as lead. Four inches of aluminium stop these rays exactly as easily as 4 inches of glass or as 1 inch of lead. The ultra-violet rays have in certain circumstances remarkably curative properties. Much of the value of being outside in sunlight or in a sunny room with open windows is due to their action; the Finsen light, with its beneficent action on lupus, is largely ultra-violet. These rays are used in killing bacteria, in sterilising milk and water, and in eczema and similar troubles. They may be generated along with ordinary light in the mercury-vapour lamp, in the electric arc lamp, or most simply by burning a piece of magnesium ribbon in the air.

X-rays are now shorn of the mystery which thirty years ago gave them their enigmatic name. Their nature was a subject of much scientific controversy in the years before the war, and their real nature was only begun to be known in 1912. They are now known to be waves of the same class as the others, but with a very

short wavelength; this shortness, however, confers upon them remarkable properties. They pass through prisms of glass without deviation, and are not acted on by lenses. Lighter materials like paper, cloth, flesh, and aluminium are readily penetrated by them, while heavier bodies like brass, lead, and bones absorb them. Thus arises their important application in surgery, and also in discovering flaws in materials, such as cracks in machinery, composed of substances of different densities. X-rays also have curative properties in certain diseases because they are able to destroy diseased tissues more readily than healthy ones. If the 'dosage' be too large (and this applies to ultra-violet rays also) X-rays may have a harmful and even a fatal effect, as is well known. But this occurs only when the person affected is too near the source where they are generated or is insufficiently protected from them by screens. Their potency falls off very rapidly as one recedes from them, and at a short distance, or with proper covering, a person may be perfectly safe from them.

The most penetrating type of X-rays are called gamma-rays. They can penetrate a solid block of lead a foot thick, and when properly applied they can destroy some deep-seated cancers. But they have this disadvantage over X-rays, that they cannot be generated like X-rays. They are emitted only by certain substances, the radioactive elements, and these are at present, and are likely to remain, rare in Nature.

The second class of rays consists of material particles carrying electrical charges. For the most part this class, although it is of high scientific interest, has little practical application because of its small penetrating power. These rays may be made by an electric discharge in an evacuated glass tube, or they may be generated spontaneously in Nature by certain substances known as the radio-elements, of which radium is best known. But it is nearly impossible to get them away from the places where they are generated into the outer world where they may be of use, owing to the remarkable facility with which matter of every kind absorbs them. The most important of these material particles is the alpha particle, which is an atom of the gaseous element helium, electrically charged, which starts off with a velocity of about 10,000 miles per second. But an almost negligible fraction of a second later it is stopped because it cannot penetrate more than about 3 inches of even so light a substance as air. A sheet of notepaper will also stop it completely.

The alpha particle is a bundle of energy in a very concentrated form. A single alpha particle can be detected by allowing it to strike a prepared screen in a dark room, because each particle gives out a flash of light at the moment of impact. Or the

particle may strike a membrane connected with a loud speaker, and the noise of its tiny impact may be so increased as to be readily heard. With these swiftly-moving rays as projectiles, also, Sir Ernest Rutherford of Cambridge University has bombarded certain metals, and in particular aluminium, and has artificially brought about, for the first time, the transmutation of elements. But this may be done on a few elements only, and then only to an excessively minute degree : it will not, it appears, ever be of any practical importance.

Finally, there are the beta particles, streams of entities sometimes called electrons, which carry negative charges of electricity and move initially with velocities as high as 50,000 to 150,000 miles a second. They have little penetrating power, and no therapeutic value. Their chief practical application is in carrying a current in the valve of the wireless set and in similar instruments.

From what has been described above, it is clear that if one combines the properties of all known types of rays and fearlessly generalises from particular cases, the amalgamated ray may be said to do many things. As an alpha particle it can transmute the elements ; as a gamma-ray it can cure various diseases ; as an X-ray it can reveal hidden snags, and, if you stand in its way too long, can kill you ; as ultra-violet light it can take photographs in the dark, or by destroying tissues it may destroy life, or as infra-red radiation it can ignite at a distance what is combustible ; as ordinary light acting on the metal selenium it may do all the things which require merely the completion of an electric circuit to set them off, such as ring a bell, drop a bomb, or guide an aeroplane or submarine. Wireless waves also perform wonders when matters are so arranged that the completion of a circuit by the action of these waves commences operations.

But in practice few of these remarkable properties are operative, because, in the ordinary circumstances of life, the ray cannot act. So the elements are not transmuted—the deadly X-rays and ultra-violet rays do not kill unless you are very close up against them ; at a short distance, or with coverings on, you cannot be harmed. Combustible materials are not usually left lying about in the sun. And owners of motor cars, submarines, and aeroplanes do not fit complicated and neatly-tuned mechanism to their machines so that when an enemy shines the ray upon them the circuit is completed and the engine stops or the bomb blows them up.

Providentially it happens that the rays of short wavelength which are most harmful to mankind are least potent at a distance, and most easily avoided by screens ; they are also the hardest to generate. Those of long wavelength, like wireless waves, which

can be easily generated and sent out with great energy, and which cannot be avoided, are perfectly harmless.

Some day, perhaps, this comforting fact may cease to be true, for science is still in its infancy. But that day, fortunately, is not yet.

A. S. RUSSELL.

WHAT IS IT THAT NATIONALIST INDIA WANTS?

WHEN five years ago the Government of India Act of 1919 was placed on the statute-book, those who were responsible for the measure—the Government which conceived it and Parliament which approved and ratified it—undoubtedly thought that they were making a very generous response to the demand which India was understood to be making for Home Rule. A good many people who were acquainted with conditions in India thought that too big a step was being taken, and doubted whether Parliament fully appreciated all the implications of the change which it was effecting. The Cabinet and the House of Commons, they feared, harassed by the tremendous effort required to bring the war to a close, and thereafter distracted by the number and complexity of the problems accompanying the advent of peace, had approached the matter with a feeling of satiety, had concluded that something must be done, had made a tired gesture of appreciation of the part played by the Indian Army in the war by passing the Bill, and had then turned back to other and more absorbing preoccupations.

The Indian attitude towards the measure was disappointing. There were those amongst her public men who, while careful not to exhibit any undue enthusiasm for the scheme, declared their readiness to accept it as a first instalment and to do their best to make it a success. The more advanced Nationalists, however, assumed an attitude of hostility from its inception, minimised the extent of the changes which it introduced, pilloried it as 'the contemptible device of a bankrupt statesman' to cheat them into a belief that it constituted a genuine attempt to meet their legitimate aspirations, and declared their determination to have nothing to do with it.

The real magnitude of the changes brought about by the Act were undoubtedly obscured by a vociferous campaign of depreciation, so that many even of those who were prepared to co-operate in working the new Constitution were inclined to under-estimate its possibilities. Yet a cursory glance at the position before and after the passing of the Act in a typical Indian province should

be sufficient to indicate the nature and extent of the advance. Under the Minto-Morley Constitution, which came into operation in 1910, the Legislative Council in Bengal had been composed of persons nominated by the Governor or elected by strictly circumscribed electorates. The vote, that is to say, had been the prerogative of a limited number of persons enjoyed by reason of the special position which they occupied, such as membership of a municipal or district board, or of a special association such as a chamber of commerce or the senate of a university, or again of a particular class such as the great landholders of the Presidency. With such elections the great mass of the people had had no concern. In a province with a population of more than forty-five million the total number of electors of all classes who had had any share in returning members to the Legislative Council had not exceeded 12,000. Under the Act of 1919 a revolution was brought about both in the character and the size of the electorate. Territorial constituencies on the democratic model of the West, with electors voting direct for candidates for the new provincial Parliament, formed the basis of the new Constitution. With a stroke of the pen upwards of a million persons were added to the electorate of a Legislature which underwent as striking a metamorphosis as the electorate itself. The old Legislative Council had consisted of fifty-three members; the new body was composed of 139. Of the former, twenty-eight members, or a bare majority, had been elected; of the latter, 113, or 81 per cent. In the case of the Minto-Morley Council rather more than one-third of the members had been officials; in that of the new body 13 per cent. only were Government officials.

A corresponding change was effected in the composition and character of the Executive Government. Under the Minto-Morley constitution the Government had consisted of a council of three, two of whom had been European civil servants, and one an Indian non-official gentleman, with the Governor of the province at its head. This small body had been responsible, through the Secretary of State, to the Parliament of Great Britain, and irremovable, consequently, by the Legislative Council of the province. Under the Act of 1919 this small autocratic and, on the whole, extremely efficient instrument of government was replaced by an executive composed of two European officials and five Indian public men—a change in itself of no little import, since it converted the Indian element in the Government from a permanent minority into a permanent and overwhelming majority. Moreover, of the five Indian members of the Government three were elected members of the Legislative Council and in respect of the subjects which they administered, including such vitally important matters as local self-government, public health,

education, agriculture, the development of industries, excise and public works, occupied a position *vis-à-vis* the Legislative Council which, if not wholly identical with, was at least analogous to that of members of the Cabinet to Parliament in Great Britain. The remainder of the Government, namely, the Executive Council, half Indian and half European, half official and half non-official, while subject to pressure from the Legislative Council, continued to be responsible through the Secretary of State to Parliament.

Such, in brief, was dyarchy, the famous half-way house on the road to full responsible government on the British model. It was certainly a novel type of *camarilla*, a sort of political Siamese twins with the Governor as the umbilical link holding them together. Like the two-headed eagle of Byzantium, it looked east and west—the Ministry [1] to the Indian Legislature, the Executive Council to Westminster and Whitehall. No one was ever under any delusion as to the delicate nature of the relationship between the various parts of this complicated constitutional machine. It was fully realised that frequent readjustments of its delicately-poised parts would be likely to be required; but it was hoped that the Governor, if armed with adequate reserve powers, would prove the necessary *deus ex machina* of the scheme. It was admittedly a makeshift of a purely transitional character, for its working was to come under the examination of a Parliamentary Commission in the brief space of ten years. During this transitional and—it was fondly hoped—probationary period the Executive Council was to be the link with the past designed to give stability to the whole, while the Ministry was encouraged to look to the future. The dyarchic Government thus resembled the famous founder of Janiculum, so conveniently dowered with two faces the better to look forward while maintaining an eye upon what lay behind. For its motto it could not have done better than adopt two lines of Colman:

> In two-faced Janus we this moral find—
> While we look forward, we should glance behind.

I am concerned, however, to emphasise the magnitude of the advance made under the Act of 1919 rather than to expatiate upon the peculiarities of the actual Constitution to which it gave birth. Changes similar to those which I have described as taking place in Bengal were effected in the other provinces of British India. And though in the case of the Central Government, with the Viceroy at its head, responsibility remained to Parliament, the Indian Legislative Assembly was enlarged and given wide oppor-

[1] I use the word 'Ministry' to denote that half of the Government which is responsible to the Legislative Council, as distinct from that half of it—the Executive Council—which is not.

tunities of bringing pressure to bear upon the Executive, while the latter was Indianised to the extent of 50 per cent. of its ordinary *personnel.* Nor can it be doubted that, so far as the provinces are concerned, full responsible government at the close of a brief ten years was placed within reach of those who were demanding it. All that they were asked to do was to demonstrate their fitness for it by educating the newly-created electorate and by taking advantage of the wide powers now offered them under the Constitution, with a genuine intention of making government through its agency a success. Why, then, did they not do so?

There were many who were desirous of doing so, and it was more than unfortunate that they should have been gravely handicapped by the financial stringency of the times amidst which the new *régime* was ushered in. One of the earliest measures which the reformed Government in Bengal was compelled to take was the imposition of additional taxation. This was a sufficiently discouraging start; it proved little short of disastrous when it was found that the proceeds of this courageous act were only sufficient to keep the administration going, and allowed of no popular programme by the new Ministers as an offset to the unpopularity of the measure with which they had most unwillingly signalised their *début* to the public. And the way in which men like Sir S. N. Bannerjee, Mr. (now Sir) P. C. Mitter, and Nawab Syed Nawab Ali Chowdhuri in Bengal strove to make a success of the new Constitution in the face of these difficulties and the abuse and taunts of their opponents does the greatest credit to their courage and their patriotism.

These men, however, represented but one section of the politically-minded. What is the explanation of the attitude of those who were openly hostile to the new Constitution—who flung back with contumely at those who made it, a gift offered in all sincerity as a measure calculated to meet what was admitted to be a legitimate demand? There is only one explanation of an attitude which *primâ facie* was wholly illogical. It was an exaggerated pride of race which was at the root of the rejection by the extreme Nationalist of that which the Englishman offered him. As an Indian he refused to accept what the Englishman was prepared to give. He would take all that he demanded or nothing. The case of the Muhammadan in this matter has been an exceptional one. He joined forces with the Hindu Nationalist for reasons which were purely accidental—the plight of Islam which arose out of the participation of Turkey in the war. And his alliance with him possesses no promise of permanency. I do not in any way under-estimate the immense political importance of the Moslems of India—I have paid my tribute to it elsewhere. But the paramount factor in the present political crisis in India

is the pride of race of the intellectual Hindu—a thing born of a rapidly-awakened consciousness of past greatness, giving birth in its turn to an extreme sensitiveness to any suggestion of inferiority where East and West come into contact. Because of this newly-awakened pride of race many Indians to-day look back with feelings of repugnance to the time, not long past, when their own class permitted itself to be dominated by the mental outlook and the mode of life of Europe. An observant Indian writer, Mr. St. Nihal Singh, who after an absence of eleven years returned to India in 1921 and spent two years in travelling over the country, has admitted that what struck him most was the revolution in the intellectual and spiritual outlook upon life of the men with whom he came in contact.

> The people in general [he tells us] are becoming more and more dissatisfied with being turned into *mock Englishmen*. An ever-deepening national impulse is compelling India to go back to the fount of her own traditions and her own culture, to insist upon developing along her own lines so that she may be able to contribute to the knowledge of the world instead of being merely a recipient of such knowledge as may be vouchsafed to her.[1]

And I have little hesitation in saying that throughout five years of intimate association with the educated classes of Bengal it was the existence of this spirit which pressed itself most insistently upon me. To ignore it would be the height of folly; to attempt to understand it is essential if one would plumb the depths of the present situation.

In so far as this rapidly-quickened pride of race has led men to turn with interest and respect to their own culture, to foster national development on lines in harmony with their own race genius, to accept, not blindly, but with a wise discrimination, that which the West has to offer them, it is a healthy symptom and one at which no one can cavil. But in many cases the reaction against the West to which it has given rise has been of unreasoning violence, and the result has been to give many Indians an extravagant opinion of their country's past and an irrational dislike of the civilisation, the culture, the thought, the mode of life, and above all, perhaps, the material prosperity of the West. It is an easy step from this state of mind to the belief that it is Great Britain that has dethroned the Indian peoples from their greatness, and that it is British greed and British commerce that have drained the land of its former riches.

The example of this attitude of mind best known outside India is provided by Mr. M. K. Gandhi. His campaign against modern civilisation, however, was inspired so obviously by the

[1] See an article entitled 'India from the Inside,' published in the *Irish Independent* of January 30, 1924.

teaching of Tolstoy as to place him in a somewhat exceptional category; and for this reason I prefer to take as an example of those who have persuaded themselves that the ills from which India suffers are attributable to her connection with Great Britain another prominent exponent of the extreme Nationalist creed, Mr. C. R. Das, the present leader of the Swarajist party.

Mr. Das's profession of faith has been made in innumerable speeches and writings, but never, perhaps, with greater eloquence and fervour than in an address delivered in Bengal seven years ago, before he had attained to his present position in the public eye. As an oratorical *tour de force* it cannot fail to excite admiration, and it is easy to understand the impression which it must have made upon those who listened to it. One may disagree wholly with the conclusions which it contains and chafe at the false premises upon which they are based, but one cannot remain indifferent to the emotion with which it is charged or discount the passionate love for his own land and his own people which it displays. Mr. Das spoke, indeed, with all the ardour of a missionary. He smote in pieces the golden calf which he set up as symbolical of the ideals of Europe, and with the fervour of a seer he pointed the way to a promised land. The dominant note was hatred—and dread—of everything that savoured of the West. The education, the industrialism, the commerce, the very mode of life itself of Europe—all these were held up to opprobrium and denounced with undiscriminating bitterness. It was the pursuit of these false gods that had converted Bengal from a smiling land of happiness and plenty into a salt waste over which brooded stagnation and death. With a fine disregard for historical accuracy, the India of pre-British days was pictured in glowing colours as a land of happiness and prosperity:

> We had corn in our granaries; our tanks supplied us with fish, and the eye was soothed and refreshed by the limpid blue of the sky and the green foliage of the trees. All day long the peasant toiled in the fields, and at eve, returning to his lamp-lit home, he sang the song of his heart

But these things were no more.

> The granaries are empty of their golden grain; the kine are dry and give no milk; and the fields once so green are dry and parched with thirst. What remains is the dream of former happiness and the languor and misery of insistent pain.

How, he asked, had this fearful nakedness and desolation come about? The whole significance of the speech lay in the answer which he gave to this question. It was repeated over and over again throughout the discourse:

> We had made aliens of our own people; we had forgotten the ideals of our heart. As I look back on the dim darkness of this distant century the

past seems peopled with vague and phantom shapes of terror, and I repeat again that the fault was ours. We had lost our manhood, and losing manhood we had lost all claim save the claim of life. Miserable as we were—our commerce, our manufacture, our industry—we sacrificed it all on the altar of the alien tradesman. The wheel and distaff broke in our household; we cut off our hands and feet; we strangled fortune in her own cradle.

Word pictures of a golden age of peace and plenty before the advent of the British have been repeated so often that in India they are very generally accepted as a perfectly accurate presentation of facts. Yet an effectual corrective of these strange historical aberrations is to be found in some, at least, of the literature current amongst the peasantry itself. For centuries past there have been sung and handed down from father to son amongst the peasant population of Eastern Bengal a whole collection of ballads, the faithful record by village poets of episodes in the daily lives of the people. A number of these illuminating songs has recently been collected, edited and translated by Rai Bahadur Dinesh Chandra Sen, who has done so much to make better known to the world the literary treasures of Bengal. Amongst these ballads is the story of Kenaram, a famous robber chief. This interesting work is described by the editor of the collection as an historical account by one who knew them at first hand of events in Bengal during the closing quarter of the sixteenth century. It must contain, therefore, a first-hand account of the life of Bengal before the advent of the British.

The tale which it unfolds is that of a land racked and riven by anarchy, of deserted homesteads, and of a people harried and panic stricken under a chaotic administration. 'The people buried their wealth under the earth for fear of plunder,' sings the poetess. 'The robbers strangled the wayfarers with nooses of rope;' and, with particular reference to the activities of Kenaram himself, 'the very leaves of the trees shivered as if in fright: none dared to light a lamp in the evening lest it should attract notice to the house nor dared to come outside after dark.' Here we have an interesting commentary, surely, upon Mr. Das's picture of the peasant toiling in the fields all day and 'at eve returning to his lamp-lit home' to sing the song of his heart. Nor does this historical ballad bear out the contention of Mr. Das and his fellow-thinkers that famine is a product of British rule. 'At this time,' declares the poetess, 'the district of Mymensingh was visited by one of the most cruel famines that had ever come upon Bengal.' And she describes its horrors in graphic detail: 'Husbands sold their wives, and wives their children. All convention, all affection and feeling were gone and men became like lower animals seeking the whole day long for something to

live upon.' It would seem, therefore, that even before the advent of the British there were sombre interludes amid the golden days of brimming granaries and sweet content.

Mr. Das, however, was not troubled by any doubts of the kind suggested by the ballad of Kenaram. With an extraordinary wealth of eloquence he pleaded for a return from the pursuit of alien gods to a worship of their own.

> Mimic Anglicism has become an obsession with us [he cried] ; we find its black footprint in every walk and endeavour of our life. We substitute meeting-houses for temples ; . . . we give up the national and healthful games of our country and introduce all sorts of foreign importations. We have become hybrid in dress, in thought, in sentiment and culture, and are making frantic attempts even to be hybrids in blood.

The people of Bengal are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of oratory. Appeals to their past greatness couched in moving language, however bad the history upon which they are based, are capable of stirring their souls to their very depths. As they listen spell-bound to these glowing words the darker shadows in the picture of Indian life as it existed when Great Britain took up her beneficent task disappear and are forgotten. The inhuman practice of *suttee*, in accordance with which year after year hundreds of unfortunate women were burned alive on their dead husbands' funeral pyres, is lost sight of ; so also is the scourge of the Thugs, by whom murder by strangulation followed by robbery was reduced to a fine art ; so, too, the heinous practice of infanticide, which in some parts of the land was responsible for the wholesale slaughter of female children. Forgotten are the mutilations and other forms of torture inflicted as punishments at the caprice of those who administered what passed for a system of criminal justice before the British established a new and merciful reign of law ; forgotten is the devouring sword of the Pindharis who swept over the land, leaving in their train the smouldering ashes of perished homesteads, the anguish of tortured and ravished humanity side by side with the lifeless bodies of the victims of their blood lust. For these twentieth century audiences of Mr. Das and his colleagues these things might never have been : for them the India of pre-British days was a golden land of peace and plenty ; the India of to-day a sick and stricken world lying pale and wan under the deadening shadow of the West.

It is scarcely surprising that such vehement denunciations of the domination of the West, such passionate panegyrics in exaltation of the past, such burning appeals to India to cast from her the borrowed garments of an alien people and gird upon her thighs the armour of her own culture and civilisation, ringing as they do from a thousand platforms and pouring through the columns of a widespread Press, should darken the light of reason with the

dust of fierce racial animosities. One of the saddest and most disquieting features of political activity in India for some years past has been the readiness with which hundreds of young men have thrown in their lot with secret organisations which have sought to effect a revolution by means of terrorism and assassination. What is it that has influenced them to embark upon so desperate a course ? In only too many cases it has been the hope of bringing about a religious and cultural revival, a restoration of the past glories associated in their minds with what has been represented as a golden age of Hinduism. In Bengal these secret societies, which during a decade from 1907 onwards were responsible for so much violent political crime, were modelled on a society described in a romantic novel by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, a writer of exceptional power and immense popularity, who has not inaptly been described as the Walter Scott of Bengal. The romance entitled *Ananda Math* ('The Abbey of Bliss') is founded on an actual historical episode known as the Sannyasi rebellion, which finds frequent mention in the letters of Warren Hastings. The essence of the story is a Hindu revival necessitating the overthrow of the enemies of Hinduism—at the time of the events narrated the Mussulman rulers—which was to be achieved by a body of men pledged by solemn vows to the service of the motherland. For the Mussulman rulers of the novel the Bengali revolutionaries substituted the British, and by so doing they ignored the conclusions drawn by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee at the close of his book on two important points—the benefits of British rule to India, in which he was a firm believer, and the fallacy underlying the assumption that the attainment of any particular end justifies the employment of any means. But in many points of detail the revolutionary societies modelled themselves faithfully on the patriotic fraternity of the novel, and by so doing acquired in the eyes of those who joined them an alluring glamour of patriotism and romance. It is from this novel that the motto of Nationalist India, '*Bande, Mataram!*' ('Hail, Motherland!'), is taken.

. . . . . .

This, then, is a thing which must be taken into account—the pride of race which permeates Nationalist India, inspiring her to picture a future freed from what is regarded as the stranglehold of the West. And if we feel compelled to condemn the extravagant unreason with which it has unhappily become associated, we may pause, nevertheless, to ask ourselves whether, in our turn, we have not been too rigid in our application of Western theory and practice to the solution of the many problems with which we have had to grapple in our relations with the Indian peoples ? Whether

in our attempts to weave into the tapestry of Indo-Anglian history, so to speak, the threads of Indian and British theory and practice in the science of government and the art of life, we have not made too large a use of the material of the West? This is a vital question, because it is concerned with things which are fundamental—the psychology of two peoples each the product of a profoundly different environment, each, consequently, inheriting widely-differing traditions, ideals, theories, and practices in the whole range of human activities, each the possessor of a very distinct racial individuality or, as Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal would say, thought-structure constituting its special and peculiar race genius.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago Mr. Pal, now an arresting figure in the Indian Legislative Assembly in that he has refused to surrender his independence of judgment or to submit himself to the tyranny of a political caucus, sounded a note of warning. With impressive emphasis and with unwavering insistence he asserted that to ignore the peculiar genius of a people in schemes of reform, whether of their political or of their social institutions, was 'to foredoom those schemes to failure, to court disappointment and to risk disaster.' And he added that reform on national lines involved 'the recognition of and due obedience to the supreme genius of the nation in devising means for its advancement.'[3]

Is the democratic Constitution of the West which we are striving so hard to establish on Indian soil in harmony with the genius of the Indian peoples?[4] Mr. C. R. Das thinks not. In his view 'a highly centralised form of parliamentary government is contrary to the economic, social and religious nature of India.' But beyond asserting that 'the organisation of village life and the practical autonomy of small local centres are more important than either provincial autonomy or central responsibility,' and that 'the ideal should be accepted once for all that the proper function of the central authority, whether in the provincial or in the Indian Government, is to advise, having a residuary power of control only in case of need, and to be exercised under proper safeguards,' he has so far said little in public from which one can form an idea of the sort of Constitution which he has in mind. The energies of the Swarajists, unfortunately, have so far been devoted too exclusively to the work of destruction to permit them to make any

[3] In a paper entitled 'Reform on National Lines,' published in December 1901.

[4] The question of 'Westernisation' obtrudes itself in all directions in India, notably, for example, in the matter of the system of education which we have established. But it would be impossible to discuss the whole question adequately in a single article, and I therefore restrict myself to a brief reference to it in one connection only—that of the form of government which we are engaged in setting up.

constructive contribution towards the solution of the problem of Indian government.

It so happens, however, that evidence on the point is forthcoming from an entirely different quarter. In the autumn of 1922 an announcement was made by order of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore of certain developments in the Constitution of the State upon which he had decided, and of the appointment of a committee to work out the details of the plan. The committee, under the chairmanship of an eminent scholar of Bengal, Dr. Brajendra Nath Seal, Vice-Chancellor of the Mysore University, issued its report in March 1923. Its recommendations were intended to provide a Constitution which, while taking cognisance of present-day tendencies throughout the world, yet seeks to base itself upon Indian rather than upon Western theory, and to give expression to Indian rather than to European ideals. There are, of course, considerable differences between an Indian native State such as Mysore, in which the position and prestige of a hereditary ruler are factors of paramount importance, and the provinces of British India ; and in one important respect the constitutional pitch in British India has, perhaps, been 'queered' by the use of the word 'responsible' in the famous declaration of Parliament of August 20, 1917. But there are features of the scheme which could be made applicable to territories where conditions differed widely from those prevailing in an Indian native State, and in any case it deserves careful study as the product of a committee wholly Indian in *personnel*.

The process of law-making is regarded as a threefold one. The first part of it consists of the submission of matters in respect of which legislation is desired. Such submission should come from the people themselves, and the organ to be set up to undertake teis part of the process is a representative assembly so constituted as to be an epitome of the people. Its members would, in the words of the committee, 'articulate the intuitive and unsophisticated views and wishes of the people.' The second part of the process is a technical one, namely, the scientific examination of legislative proposals before they are submitted to the Legislature, and the organ by which this task is to be undertaken consists of standing boards of experts so constituted as to be qualified to advise both the Executive and the Legislature. The final part of the process, namely, the actual discussion and amendment of draft Bills, is to be performed by a body much smaller than the Representative Assembly, made up of persons of knowledge and experience, a body which would be not so much 'an epitome of the people' as 'an assembly embodying the collective wisdom and virtue.'

The means by which it is sought to make the Representative

Assembly an epitome of the people deserve attention. Territorial constituencies provide a general basis on which to build up a system of popular representation; but there are other considerations in addition to the mere accident of an individual's residence in a particular locality which must be taken into account.

> Neighbourhood [argue the committee] is no doubt a vital bond . . . and territorial electorates are a necessary basis of representation . . . but the ties of common interests and common functions that bind men into groups and associations independently of the tie of neighbourhood acquire greater and greater importance with the more complex evolution of life and society. . . . A citizen of a State is a citizen not merely because he resides in a particular locality, but really by virtue of the functions he exercises and the interests he has at stake in the body politic.

The constituencies should, consequently, be vocational as well as territorial. There is here clearly a reaching back to the guilds and other corporations which were a feature of the social organisation of the Aryan settlements in the Ganges valley 2000 years and more ago; and, indeed, the committee claims the support of the ancient Sanskrit works on political science for its contention that representation of this kind is in strict accordance with the political genius of the Indian peoples.

The Ministers who constitute the Executive are the agents of the ruler of the State, with whom decisions regarding legislation and all other matters affecting the life of the State ultimately rest. They are, therefore, irremovable by the Legislature. This does not mean, however, that the system of government is an autocracy, for the ruler, according to the theory on which the scheme is based, whether he be the hereditary head of the people or an elected head of a non-monarchical State, rules by virtue of his representative character, and a referendum to the people (in the case of Mysore from the Maharaja to the Representative Assembly) is the means whereby the unity between the ruler and his people is made real and effective. The referendum, consequently, is regarded as fundamental in the Constitution, and it is by its operation that the primacy of the people is assured.

Is it a Constitution on some such lines as these that those who have rejected the present reforms desire? If so, why have they not said so? We should then know where we were and the first step towards a better understanding would have been taken.

RONALDSHAY.

THE PUBLIC MIND; AND ITS CORRUPTERS

There is a very necessary reforming society which concerns itself with those thoughtless and mentally deficient creatures who visit 'beauty spots' on Bank Holidays and during week-ends, and are so overcome with the various emotions that are usual (and even excusable) on such occasions that they leave behind them the newspapers which served as their table-cloths and the fragments of the newspapers which wrapped their sandwiches. When visited next morning by saner and more philosophical persons, there is no denying that the 'beauty spot' has the distressing qualities of a revered shrine desecrated by a barbarian horde. For the surface of the natural earth is as delicate as the beauty of a woman; and a few scraps of paper and broken bottles are as destructive of it as the ravages of small-pox may become on the smaller miniature of a face. There are few reforming institutions which have more completely proved their case and their claim for support than this one, which teaches that, whatever may be the liberty of the human individual, it does not include the right to litter the earth with the refuse he no longer needs.

But there are elements in this case which suggest that the matter must be carried further. The duty of man to his fellow-man does not cease with the burying of orange peel and the burning of newspaper scraps. That is only a simple instance of the very primitive rule that lies at the basis of all society—that it is the first duty of man to fit his individuality tactfully and considerately into the greater social whole of which he is only a part. This law has other, and even more serious, breaches than the littering of a forest glade with the refuse of a picnic party.

The Surrey hills and Epping Forest submerged in picnic refuse or Regent Street blocked by cast-away cigarette boxes would be social calamities and public disgraces. Yet we must get them in their proper proportion, for philosophy is the arrangement of life in its due order of importance. There is evidence that there are more radical factors of social disorder than the scatterings of beanfeasts; and it so happens that it is the very facts involved in this particular matter of the picnic remains that give the clue to the necessity for further and deeper research.

Put briefly, the object of this society for the repression of picnic rubbish is to educate the ordinary human being to grasp the idea that it is anti-social and improper to spoil the pleasure of one's fellows by committing the thoughtless acts of which the society complains. In other words, it is an attempt to mould the public mind into decent and social habits that will make life pleasanter and easier for all. It is an attempt to suppress social disorder which may range from mere thoughtlessness, like the above, to crime itself.

Now, when one is engaged in the investigation of crime, there is the authority of all the police departments, and the still more conclusive statements of all the detective story writers, that the most fruitful method is to pick up the very insignificant objects lying near the scene of the crime, and to subject them to the minutest scrutiny. There is, therefore, reason to hope that in investigating the petty disorder of picnic refuse we may discover some clue if we pick up and examine those scraps of newspaper which constitute a large part of the offence.

If we find a scrap large enough to contain a coherent paragraph, we may be startled to discover a most paradoxical state of affairs. If we pick up a whole paper table-cloth, as used by the culprits, our surprise may be changed to a conviction that this society for the prevention of the tearing of newspapers into scraps and the scattering of them over the surface of the earth, is working on entirely erroneous lines. Its object is to teach men to be more social and refined in their habits.

If, now, we examine the fragments of newspaper rubbish we have just collected, if we read the general nature of the information they convey to their readers, above all if we read a whole page of the offending picnic table-cloth, we shall arrive at an unexpected result. We shall be driven to the irresistible conclusion that if this society desires to teach decent social habits and to mould the public mind into the shape of a sane humanity, the best thing it can do is to advise everybody to tear a large part of the popular newspapers into small fragments, and scatter them over the surface of the earth in as conspicuous a manner as possible ; the object being, first, to prevent anybody reading them, and, secondly, to warn newspaper 'editors' of the fate that awaits them, just as it was once customary to hang other offenders in chains at conspicuous cross-roads.

For an examination of a large part of the picnic scraps will convince us that such literature is doing less harm lying about in disorder on the hills and commons than if it were in an orderly condition in our public libraries or on our domestic tables. A great many of our popular newspapers should on no account be used for reading purposes, and if used for beanfeasts should on no account be picked up and carried home.

We are living in an age which is peculiarly disregardful of social responsibilities. The fact that there is so much more talk of social reform than there has ever been before is proof of this statement. There are more books and societies for the propagation of radical social reform just because there never was a time within the last few centuries when there was so much radical social disorder. There is a society to pick up waste paper just because there was never so much paper scattered about.

There are those who will say that this statement is an exaggeration of the facts. They will say that we are a refined people compared with our ancestors. They will point, for example, to the prison horrors and the general drunkenness of the eighteenth century, and so on. But these are only particular instances; and we must remember the similar examples to-day. The argument in detail would require a history of the world to prove the point, and this is not the place. Even admit that there is an upward tendency in the evolution of the human race; that, on the whole, we are getting better. Yet that is quite compatible with the statement that for the moment we are in a phase of abnormal social disorder and travelling in the downward direction.

For example, take the case of the 'stunt' or sensational wing of the newspaper Press. The eighteenth century may have treated its criminals, when it seized them, with abominable cruelty in its prisons; but where in that century can we find a thoughtless newspaper Press with such an evil influence as the 'stunt' Press exercises to-day? Let us examine it in some detail. Of course, this has nothing to do with the many honourable newspapers in London and throughout the country whose motives and methods are good.

The most delicate and subtle thing that creation has produced is perhaps that vast mass of congregated life which we call the public mind. On its health and vigour depends the perfection of the State; and there is nothing in the world that is injured with such disastrous results. It is the foundation of society. The State cannot—by any mass production of wise men or despots—rise higher than the public mind; and it will pull the greatest State into the gutter with it if it sinks therein.

It has always been the object of all clever rulers of men to mould the public mind, for on that depends the success of their rule. At the present moment one of the most active moulders of the public mind—and therefore one of the governing powers—is the sensational Press. This is an influence which is exercised in the main unconsciously. Its proprietors and 'editors' scarcely know what they are doing—on which ignorance they are to be heartily congratulated. It may be their only stammering reply on the day of judgment.

Let us take a typical case of the methods of the sensational Press, its treatment of murder news. With a first-class alleged murderer in the courts the 'stunt' Press rises to the height of its activities. By a persistent use of street bills and displayed headings in its columns it endeavours to impress on the public that this is the supremely important matter of the moment. Street bill after bill hammers it into our minds every time we venture out of doors that this, above all others, is the question to which we should devote our thought. By every trick of the showman's art, by appeals to our morbidity, our materialism, an attempt is made to allure us to buy the papers which offer to satisfy our curiosity.

The newspaper advertises its wares by the same methods that the cinema proprietor adopts by means of the gaudy, sensational bills which he places at the doors of his picture palace The very ridiculous use of the word 'palace' is itself an indication of the deliberate hysteria of this method. A showman who imagines that he can persuade any intelligent person that a stucco and tinsel building is a palace is either a charlatan or a fool. The newspaper bill likewise attaches much importance to the word 'dramatic.' It is used to denote the hysterical nature of its wares also.

Of course, it seems preposterous to assert that such bills can make much impression on the normal healthy mind. Yet no psychologist would underrate their effect. By their persistent, never-ceasing suggestion they do unconsciously work their will on their readers. When they have walked down a mile of street, and have been told on a score of bills, and by every newsboy's voice at every corner, that this crime or that divorce is the most urgent matter of the day, by the end of their walk they are more than half ready to believe it. They may think that the fate of the Ruhr or the last production at the opera house is more important; but if they are brought back to that murder and adultery at every street corner there is not time to think of anything else.

In the eighteenth century the subject of sensational crime was by no means neglected, and there were people who made the procession to Tyburn gallows a public festival and a free theatre. But, after all, there was only one route to Tyburn, and only those who deliberately chose need go on it; one had then to travel for the satisfaction of one's lowest tastes. There was then an element of freewill in seeking damnation.

But to-day there is no escape. Whether the public desires to or not, it must follow on the newspaper bills each murder, from the first fatal blow to the last fatal drop of the gallows. Every street of the town is made, in a very real sense, a part of the

road to Tyburn; and the shadow of the gallows is wherever the newspaper proprietors have the power of distributing their wares.

This is no picture of the imagination. I have recollections of a case that happened within the last two years. I knew a man, a seasoned man of the world, who confessed that the 'stunt' Press display of a murder case had made the public streets an ordeal almost beyond endurance. By every advertising art within the scope of modern journalism the public was dragged through the trial to the day of execution. The scenes on the scaffold were triumphantly announced on the early morning bills of the fatal day. It surely seemed that the last drop of blood had been wrung from the crime. But no! Late in the afternoon a supreme effort was made, and another shrieking bill proudly proved that modern journalism had achieved a triumph beyond its dreams: 'Interview with woman present at execution.'

Once more the public mind had been soiled by the mental refuse spirted by the wheels of the newspaper carts as they dashed along in search of their prey Once more the public mind was taught that the sordid, the insane and the unbalanced were the relish and chief end of life.

What exactly is the effect on the public mind of this continual attack on its sanity? By a never-ending process of suggesting the trivial the public mind is becoming unable to distinguish the important from the insignificant. Indeed, the insignificant is gradually becoming alone important. Just as the craving for opium grows, so does the desire for the repeated stimulus of more of the debasing melodrama which is the modern 'stunt' newspaper's standard of 'news.' 'News' is something which you can tie down to the rails, as the heroine of the melodramatic stage is tied down before the coming of the midnight express.

No one denies that there are matters of importance even in a murder case. Indeed, the facts ought to be investigated and fully reported with the greatest care. But the proper place to print such evidence is in the scientific and medical treatises on insanity and physical disease.

There are few things which are not worthy of due consideration. It is all a matter of proportion. The art of life is in striking a balance, giving everything its true value; while the aim of modern 'stunt' journalism is apparently to stand life on its head and throw stones at the effigy.

It would be itself a want of balance to put too much emphasis on the Press in this matter of the sapping of the public intelligence by sensationalism. That is only a part cause; it is even only a part effect of a deeper cause to be discussed in a moment. The cinema is doing its full part in the disturbing of the balance of

life. Again, there is the motor car; and the visual shrieking of the new flashlight advertisement boards. The present callous contempt for the well-proportioned decencies of life is demonstrated in a dozen ways.

Take the case of motor traffic. Observe the utter want of ordinary courtesy in the use of the motor horn. People of apparent education will rush along a road, hooting on the slightest excuse without a particle of regard for anyone's ears. If questioned, they will reply that it is impossible to travel at the pace which is now customary unless the warning is given insistently and frequently. They are absolutely right; there is no flaw in their logic. What has never dawned on them is that there may be no natural primary right vested in the sane respectable citizen to travel at that rate at all. It may be that a public highway can only be used legitimately at a speed which does not render the user a public nuisance to everybody else.

It is the sense of proportion again. There is a limit to the speed compatible with the general comfort of the King's highway. The 'road hogs' have lost that sense of proportion. They are, therefore, another alarming manifestation of the present unbalance of the public mind. Every day the hooting cars increase in numbers and noise; and the public mind is imprinted with one more fatal lesson that courtesy and well-balanced consideration for the equal rights of others are no longer necessary factors in everyday life.

Take another example: the advertisement boards which have recently become the inevitable fringe to our high-roads and railways. Luckily, by a happy stroke of diplomacy and reasonable courtesy on both sides, the Scapa Society has come to an arrangement with the motor oil traders who were thoughtlessly disfiguring the countryside by their hoardings. At root these advertisement boards are one more lesson dinted into the public mind that it is permissible to any man to disfigure a beautiful scene if perchance it can be used to attract attention to his wares. There, again, is that same blunting of the fine edge of the human mind which makes all the difference between barbarism and culture.

The effect of all this tampering with the decency of the public mind is very substantial when added together. It is not merely another piece of sensationalism to say that it is destroying the national character. Take one small piece of evidence. The continual insistence by the police court reporters on the petty dramas of murder and divorce is even affecting their colleagues who report the stage drama. Not many educated people now pay much attention to the latest dramatic critics of the Press. Why should they? For we have now a new race of theatrical

reporters who mistake some performer for a great actress. Only minds steeped in the favourite suburban popular papers could make any such blunder.

But that is a comparatively trivial example. Recent letters by Dr. Bernard Hollander in *The Times* have called attention to a much more alarming symptom. He pointed out that public education authorities are now testing the minds of their pupils by mental problems in murder and robbery. He quoted from the authorised text-books two simple tests for children: one of a duchess who was robbed of her jewels, another of a murder that bore all the most attractive qualities of the cheapest cinema houses, and a third of a suicide's body found hanging from a tree in Epping Forest. The public mind must have got to the level of a cesspool before this sort of thing could happen. The newspaper proprietor has the excuse (however unsatisfactory) that his sensationalism may be the only way of beating his rivals in the trade. The schoolmasters, one can only infer, choose their subjects because they like them. Their taste is a more astonishing test of the public mind than of the mentality of their pupils.

If we search for a root cause for this present degeneration of public thought, of course the matter will be found very complex; it is a confused medley of causes and effects which it is very hard to sort out into their proper places. But there appears one root which reaches deeper than the rest. It is not a new phenomenon in history, and Plato picked it out as the danger in Athens. It is the desire to make a fortune faster than it can be made by respectable means. Since the industrial revolution made it possible to translate this desire into an accomplished fact the successful millionaire has made himself a nuisance to society.

It is probably the desire to make a fortune which is at the root of the present sensational newspaper evil. 'Genius' in search of fame and fortune—and particularly fortune—saw that by cunning and good advertisements a market for popular papers could be developed, just as markets for popular chocolates and cheap motor cycles were made. The men who start out to seek fortunes are not the sort that have scholastic or tidy minds. So they gave the public what they felt they would have liked themselves. They eliminated serious thinking, and whipped up the lighter forms of life as cooks whip cream. They got the last ounce out of racehorses and emaciated jockeys. The most trivial breach of promise case served their purpose. A railway accident or an earthquake or a sinking *Titanic* was welcomed as a gift from the gods; whether it came from on high or from below they gave no thought, for thoughtlessness was the whole essence of their policy.

There is nothing self-evidently immoral in making a fortune. It may even be a proof of splendid energy, although, as a matter of fact, it is rarely done by people of taste. It is not a crime to make a fortune out of a large newspaper circulation. But it is a social outrage when the public mind is soiled and degraded in the process, when no steps are too low if they will add a few thousands to the sale.

Whether the public mind is degraded of deliberate purpose, or from mere thoughtlessness, has often been discussed by historians when they have analysed the motives of rulers. The cleverer, unscrupulous governors have realised that they would be powerless unless they sapped intellect and morals, for intelligent people are not easily made the tools of ambitious men. It is more probable that the plutocrats and traders who pull the public mind through the mud on their way to a private fortune are acting thoughtlessly. They are somewhat parochial; they are not men of a sufficiently big world to follow the results of their actions, for it needs a well-educated mind to argue from cause to effect,

But whether done deliberately or thoughtlessly, the result is the same. The public mind is at present being warped by vulgarity and loose thinking, just as the Romans were once contaminated by the pauper food of bread and circuses. But note a remarkable difference between Rome and England. The ambitious leaders of Rome had to pay heavily out of their own purses for the bread and games with which they doped the proletarians of their city. Whereas to-day the very dope itself can be made to pay its 10 per cent. The sensational newspaper, the cinema palace, the manufacture of motor cars, all can be made profitable investments. The sensational novelist becomes a 'best seller' and makes a fortune. It is a sound business proposition to turn the public mind into a jelly and wash it down the sink.

As the marshes of the Campagna bred malaria, so do the mud flats of modern sensationalism in Press, cinema and novel, in vulgar flashing advertisements, rag-time music, and road hoggery, breed a mind that is incapable of serious thought. For these gross developments of hustling modern life turn man into a jumping jack, whereas he was intended to be a creature of dignity. We are breeding a race that does not possess the ripe common-sense which gives man stability, or that subtler quality, called culture, which gives him polish and charm.

If the British citizens cease to know how to think, it will be because the whirl of traffic has deafened them, the cinema has made them dazed, and the 'stunt' Press has sapped the last dregs of their intellect. And then the British Empire will come

to an inglorious end as the Roman Republic collapsed—because ambitious men determined to make themselves private fortunes, regardless of the public consequences. The fall of the old Roman State is not theory or prophecy; it is history. And if we go on as we are going now, the fall of the British Empire will not be a warning; it will be irretrievable fact.

In the whirl of disgusting sensationalism and controversy about every subject under the sun—art, science, literature, politics and the world at large—we may be deceived into the belief that this is an age of great intellectual effort, which can easily survive the ravings of a few irresponsible popular newspapers. In truth, half our modern 'civilisation' is little more than a journalist's delusions. Art?—the spluttering of a few freaks who have to invent a new 'ism' every year because last year's clown's trickery turns out to be such a paltry joke; an art which happens in, say, Bloomsbury, when once almost every craftsman in England was an artist and created beauty by instinct. We chatter of the Russian ballet, for which a few years ago the smart set almost deserted their bridge tables. Why, there was once a time when every village could move in its traditional dances set to its own folk tunes. Science?—a beneficent agent that turns fields into coal-yards and woods into slums for factory workers; the obedient handmaid of every manufacturer who wants to become a millionaire, the tool of every vulgar autocrat who wants to attack his neighbours. They tell us that it cures diseases. Nine-tenths of the ills it cures would never have arrived if science had not first 'civilised' us.

The glory of 'modern civilisation' is one of the most impudent 'stunts' the sensational Press has yet invented. No one would have heeded such childish chattering, if the public mind had not been doped by every conceivable trick invented by those who can only make their living out of people too dazed to think.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

HORSES AND LONDON TRAFFIC

WHILST it must be admitted by all that motor traction has revolutionised the world, and has proved a great benefit to civilisation and to the development of trade, it is beyond doubt that the horse is equally indispensable.

One of the solutions put forward to deal with the present congestion of traffic is to restrict, and even to prohibit, the use of horses in London. Leaderettes and anonymous correspondence in a portion of the London Press combine in an attack remarkable alike for its vehemence as well as for its ignorance and misapprehension of the subject. The closing of Waterloo Bridge—with the resultant congestion—has provided the opportunity for a renewal of the controversy, with a callous indifference to the injury and harm that may follow to the vast interests concerned.

This attack ignores the hard facts of the principal cause of the congestion and its more practical solution. This is obvious to any unbiased observer in any one of London's main arteries, such as Oxford Street, Piccadilly, the City, Bond Street, and, indeed, all our main thoroughfares, the congested condition of which is due, not to the presence of horses, but to the abnormal growth in the number of omnibuses and motor vehicles of all descriptions in these streets during the busy part of the day.

I can testify to the following from my own observation: I recently counted the traffic at midday between Conduit and Burlington Streets, quite a short distance, on two separate occasions, going in only one direction, and the results were fifty-three motors and two horses and fifty-four motors and one horse. In Bond Street, between Grafton Street and Piccadilly, going west, the figures were sixty-three motors and one horse.

Surely those who are endeavouring to create a hostile opinion against the horse cannot have taken sufficient trouble to assure verification, neither can they be aware of the enormous loss to small traders, contractors, and to many important businesses, which prohibition of the horse in the streets would entail, and, indeed, equally important is the injury to the great horse-breeding interests of this country.

As Chairman of the National Horse Association, I have endeavoured to counter this influence, both in the Press and on the platform

The horse should not be made a scapegoat while an unlimited number of motor omnibuses, tramcars, etc., are allowed to congest the streets.

The recent strike was, perhaps, not an unmixed blessing, as it showed the cause of the congestion, and was an example of how this might be in some way remedied.

The proposal to drive the horse off our streets is unthinkable owing to the disastrous consequences which would follow. One thing is certain: that any ban on horse traffic must be equally applied to motor traffic.

The present congestion would remain if every horse was banished from the streets to-morrow.

For the horse I claim:

Firstly.—He is the most economical factor in much of the transport work of our cities.

Secondly.—He is best adapted to moving heavy weights within a circumscribed area.

Thirdly.—He is essential to the small business man and contractor.

Fourthly.—He does not impose on the road the same wear and tear as the heavy motors now in use, and is, therefore, no burden on the ratepayer.

Fifthly.—His outlawry from the streets of the metropolis, and eventually from our provincial cities, would impose a grave injury on the horse-breeding interests of the country.

In support of my first claim I append some interesting data which were collated for my association by firms of London contractors employing transport of both kinds, equine and motor, together with a summary of replies as a result of inquiries addressed to railway companies, coal merchants, surveyors of metropolitan boroughs, etc.

The general consensus of opinion is that for short distances the horse is preferable to motor traction. As concrete examples of economy, the Ilford Borough Council were reinstating horses for dusting purposes, as working out at 5*s.* per ton cheaper than mechanical traction; and it is claimed by a leading London retail grocer that he saves 3000*l.* a year by returning to horse-driven vehicles. In another instance the profit shown on horse delivery was eaten up by the loss on motors. Their original cost, with licence, insurance, petrol, tyres and repairs, and, lastly, depreciation, compares most unfavourably with the outlay on a first-class horse and van, with the result that many firms have cut their loss of capital outlay on the motor, but are saving on the working

expenses of delivery of goods by horses. Another cogent point in favour of the horse is that he can be sold after five years' use at a sum not far below his original price.

Many of the Covent Garden dealers are using heavy horses instead of motors, while one inquiry elicited from one of the largest coal firms in London a most interesting point in favour of horse traction. They say that they have 400 heavy horses in London and the south to seven motors, proving that they consider that the heavy horse is the most suitable for their cartage work, and that motors can only compete in certain cases.

The main difficulty has been to obtain the comparative costs of operating horse and motor, as in several replies the users of both powers express themselves as unable to supply statistics and other data. In one case, however, the correspondent communicated the figures which he had been able to get from big users of motors, and which he verified as correct from his own experience. The table is based on a 2-ton petrol car compared with a pair-horse van and two extra horses for delivery work. These figures I have for inspection and verification, but do not want to weary my readers in detail.

Amongst the large amount of correspondence I have received on the subject during the last few days, the following is from one of the largest contractors in London :

> I have been engaged solely in transport work for over forty years, and have been managing director of the above firm for twenty-five years, and can claim to have a good all-round knowledge of transport work generally. I am a member of the Institute of Transport, and one of the two London representatives of the National Road Transport Employers' Federation.
>
> May I say that, although for certain work and for long journeys we are now employing a fleet of steamers and motor vehicles, we still also employ a stud of, at the moment, 153 horses, and although we study the cost of working as closely as it can be followed, we find that for all short journeys and for certain classes of work the horse economically beats mechanical methods, and if such an ill-advised proposal as to do away with horse traffic in London streets be carried through, the cost of London transport generally would be increased enormously.

I also have a letter from a horsekeeper to one of our largest collieries, although it does not affect the question of the streets. He writes me :

> Where would we be if it were not for our horses and ponies ? We could not get to work our coal. We have 200 ponies all looking well and magnificent.

As a business man and a lover of horses, I am not so blind as not to realise that to many businesses the use of the motor, where there are long journeys and return freight, is the more economic. The horse is specially suited for short journeys where heavy weights

have to be moved, and this particularly applies to coal merchants, brewers, and various other businesses, as being a cheaper method of transport.

I am firmly of opinion that the majority of the borough councils of London and elsewhere would find it more economic to carry on their work by horse traction than by motor, and if the figures could be ascertained it would be found that the ratepayers would be relieved, as most of the work consists of short journeys with constant stops. One can, of course, understand that as many of the boroughs have now adopted motor traction, and their horses have been scrapped, it would be costly to reinstate horses again. The National Horse Association has made inquiries of many of the borough councils of the country, and has received some interesting letters. It seems that many are going back to horse power again.

Beyond any question of controversy, to small owners and contractors whose business demands short journeys and many calls the horse is an essential detail. In the moving of heavy weights the heavy horse can still hold his own, and I am still waiting to hear of 2½-ton tractors moving off with a dead weight of 18½ tons, which at a test in February last two Shire geldings moved off with, and under unfavourable climatic conditions.

To prove that the heavy horse is still considered a necessity, this class of horse-breeding is slowly but distinctly improving. The depression was due primarily to natural causes, and secondly to inflated prices immediately following the Armistice.

If anyone has any doubt with regard to the horse being requisite for London trade, it is only necessary to visit the parade in Regent's Park on a Whit-Monday, where can be seen between eleven and twelve hundred of the most magnificent horses in the world, with their drivers, and this is an object lesson that should be taken to heart. I have just returned from one of the grandest sights as far as the horse world is concerned—a visit to Liverpool on May 24. There, again, was one of the finest exhibitions of horses that could possibly be witnessed, at their May parade, and the enormous enthusiasm shown, not only by the drivers in the care of their horses, but also by the general public, the corporation and the owners, was most impressive. I should like to know what Liverpool would say were the suggestion made to abolish horses from the streets there!

As to the question of economy appertaining to this matter, as I have already endeavoured to show, this depends entirely upon the class of business.

The proposals with regard to the horse appear to me to be thoroughly uncivilised. The following has been put to me by one of the most distinguished of gentlemen :

Supposing we were to abolish horses altogether and do everything by motors, including fox-hunting, should we really be richer, more progressive, more happy and more Christian than with horses ?

To this I answer emphatically : 'No ! '

There is, rightly, a sentiment associated with all affairs of our daily life, and I claim that there is a large and just sentiment attached to our friend the horse. When it is contended, as it has been in correspondence to the Press, that a person can have the same sentiment towards a motor as towards a horse, the idea appears impossible. I am of the opinion that the Englishman's love for his horse is proverbial, and is a great national asset. All the countries of the world are compelled to come to us for the breeding stock of their horses, ponies and cattle, and when an attack is made on such an important industry, all who have the welfare of their country at heart should do all in their power to defend it.

Let this agitation cease. I cannot but feel that those who impartially look upon the question must admit that we cannot live without our good friend the horse.

WALTER GILBEY.

ENGLISH PROSE

THE other day, through the death of a Wiltshire clergyman, there came under the hammer a study, as our forefathers called it, of several hundred magnificently bound volumes. This was one of those studious and retiring *curés de village*—fewer every year—whose occasional emergence from the *fallentis semita vitæ* and appearance in Sheldonian or Senate House to *non-placet* proposals to 'set the bounds of freedom wider yet'—the disestablishment of Greek, perhaps, or admission of women undergraduates—was angrily resented by academic Liberals as an incursion of illiterate country parsons. He was a sufficient, though not a profound, scholar, and his divinity, as Corbet wrote of Donne, not of the last edition, but the best. But the passion of this rural priest was the acquisition of glorious books, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He would surround himself only with the gracious beauty of the lords and ladies of great literature in their noblest dress. Splendid folios, adorned with rich and exquisite gold tooling and the blazonry of popes, kings, cardinals and ambassadors, stood side by side in blue, black, blood-red and citron morocco or russia. A number of volumes were from the famous collection of Thuanus (De Thou), and were stamped with his armorials. Others were from the Hamilton Library. Here were large quartos bound by Clovis Eve for Louis XIII., the field occupied by a *semée* of crowned 'L's' and fleurs-de-lys, and in the centre the shields of France and Navarre. Here was one blazoned with the arms of Pius VI. and dedicated to Henry IX, King—'*voluntate Dei, non desideriis populi*'—of Great Britain, France and Ireland. An Aristotle showed the arms of Mary Tudor, a book of portraits those of Pinto de Fonseca, Grand Master of Malta; a Priscian those of the Doge Foscarini. There were Aldines and Elzevirs, Basketts and Baskervilles, the whole a stately collection, acquired at no great expense.

The contrast between such an aristocracy of lordly volumes and the shelves of even a handsomely appointed modern library, wherein many of the books do not even 'go in leather aprons,' corresponds fairly enough with the great interval that divides

prose-writing of the present day from the 'grand style' of the Tudor, Stuart and early Hanoverian periods. There is nothing discreditable in the change that has passed upon style. Some may even prefer the clear, transparent and unaffected English of our day at its best to the rich embroidery and splendour of the past, just as they prefer a neat lounge-suit and trousers to silk and gold. Many writers of our time bestow great pains on the attainment of a good English manner, limpid, logical and bright. Simplicity without banality, indeed, is anything but easy of achievement. But, equally, many men bestow great pains on being tastefully dressed, achieving a well-bred quietness which is, above all things, unobtrusive. Yet it is none the less true that Vandyck or Titian or Reynolds would not have cared to paint this gentlemanly-looking man in top or bowler hat, or, at any rate, that an immense gulf divides modern unloveliness from antique splendour of attire, to which it is quite impossible to go back. A parallel transformation has taken place in our style of speech and prose-writing. It is *hardly fair to call it decay.* It simply indicates an entire change of thought and manners. Nor is it just a transition from colour to plainness. It is not like the contrast in externals between Cavalier and Puritan, between gallant and Quaker; it is not the substitution of homespun for brocade and samite, of artistic simplicity for artistic handsomeness. Rather it is like what has happened to male clothes—a gradual passage from richness and beauty to the, for the most part, merely characterless.

It may be objected that in other walks of art and letters there is no absolutely necessary differentiation between present and past. Clever architects and craftsmen can now supply discerning clients with really excellent replicas of old-world dwellings, furnished to match, which can be lived in without absurdity or discomfort. If the occupants are in mind, habits and externals incongruous with their surroundings, as they are bound to be, it does not much matter, now that we are resigned to the loss of life's unity. Nor need the modern painter always be ashamed of juxtaposition with the old artists. It is true that, when asked a lady why her thousand-guinea portrait found no place in the old manor-house which had become her home, she replied: 'It would look so vulgar here.' Yet in Trafalgar Square Turner hangs beside Claude, and the early nineteenth century water-colourists are unapproachable. And then what is to be said about poetry? If it be true that we live in an age of little bards and big financiers, at any rate the glorious galaxy of nineteenth century poets can hold its own with the Elizabethan and Stuart sweetness and splendour. Indeed, while it is difficult to find a weak half-dozen consecutive lines in Tennyson or Swinburne, one

may wade through pages of Herrick or Donne, to say nothing about greater names, before striking a vein of gold.

Prose, however, is different. Its immediate object is not exaltation and beauty. Though the theme may take wings and soar, the vehicle is chained to the everyday earth, cannot, at any rate, mount far above contemporary heads. Poetic versification, with or without the recurring kiss of rhyme, is avowedly artificial in form. No one really talks like that. Directly it comes down to the level of the ordinary—'a Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman'; 'Across the wires the electric message came, "He is no better: he is much the same"'—it ceases to be poetry. The only excuse for writing verses is the desire to get above the terrene and pedestrian:

> O primal Love, that gavest wings
> And voices to the woodland birds,
> Grant me the power of saying things
> Too simple and too sweet for words.

Prose-writing, on the other hand, can never get far away from the ordinary speech, thoughts and habits of contemporary men. It may occasionally employ an unusual and romantic word: Thackeray in *Esmond* speaks of the 'soft sylvester night.' It can be elevated, passionate, dulcet, eloquent. But, like dress, it is bound to harmonise with the time. And the time will not tolerate anything in the nature of 'fine writing.'

Yet fine and noble writing was the native vesture of sixteenth and seventeenth century authorship. Prose expression was not, like poetry, the inspiration of a few men of genius, but was as universal as beautiful building and beautiful clothing. We need not idealise the Elizabethan or Jacobean manor-houses, barns and cottages, for there they are delightfully before our eyes. And there is no need to idealise the way in which the dwellers in them spoke or wrote, for we have abundant record of it. It is usual to praise Cranmer for the lovely English of the Prayer Book, its loveliness brought out so painfully by the clumsy prayers issued by authority during the war and on other occasions. The flowing music of the Collects especially contrasts with the rather grim terseness of the original Latin. But dozens of other men at that date could have done it as well as Cranmer. Even more falsifying of the adage *traduttori traditori* is the Authorised Version of the Bible. This monument of standard English at its best period was the work of a scratch collection of clergymen (and one layman) who chanced to be Hebraists and Grecians, the deathless language of the Four Gospels having for its translator the morose and crabbed Abbott. But every State paper, every proclamation, every statute, of the Tudor and post-Tudor age, has the same stately, sonorous, musical diapason.

It is a far cry indeed from the picturesque ferocity of the Marprelate pamphleteers to the majestic serenity of Hooker. Here is a passage taken almost at random from the First Book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* :

> Even so let us think it fareth in the Natural course of the World. Since the time that God did first proclaim the Edicts of his Law upon it Heaven and Earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will : *He made a Law for the Rain ;* He gave his *Decree unto the Sea, that the Waters should not pass his Commandment.* Now, if Nature should intermit her course and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own Laws ; if those Principal and Mother Elements of the World, whereof all things in this lower World are made, should lose the qualities which now they have ; if the frame of that Heavenly Arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself ; if Celestial Spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves as it might happen ; if the Prince of the Lights of Heaven, which now as a Gyant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, by a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself ; if the Moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the Year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the Winds breathe out their last gasp, the Clouds yield no rain, the Earth be defeated of Heavenly influence, the Fruits of the Earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their Mother, no longer able to yield them relief : What would become of Man himself, whom these things now do all serve ? See we not plainly that obedience of Creatures unto the Law of Nature is the stay of the whole world ?

Or this, from the Fifth Book :

> The mind, while we are in this present life, whether it contemplate, meditate, deliberate, or howsoever exercise itself, worketh nothing without continual recourse unto Imagination, the only store-house of wit and peculiar chair of memory. On this Anvile it ceaseth not day and night to strike, by means whereof, as the Pulse declareth how the heart doth work, so the very thoughts and cogitations of man's mind, be they good or bad, do no where sooner bewray themselves than through the crevesses of that Wall wherewith Nature hath compassed the cells and closets of the palace of man's Fancy.

These are not purple patches, for the whole great work is sustained on this level, and it was the way men talked in uplifted moments.

Passing from the rich, brocaded stiffness of Hooker, through the gnomic wisdom of Bacon's Essays, we come to the freer elegance of the Jacobean and Caroline age. It is only recently that what Mr. Gosse calls the sonorous majesty of the organ-sentences of Donne (pronounced 'Dunne') has attracted many readers, though the macabre and passionate genius of this strange divine has always puzzled and fascinated. Behind his preaching were the sins and sorrows of his own life. His shrouded and cadaverous effigy, designed for him before his death, may still be seen in St. Paul's, a relic spared by the Great Fire. Perhaps the

most heart-shaking of his sermons is the one called 'Falling out of the Hands of God.' Here is an awful passage:

That God should let my soule fall out of his hand into a bottomlesse pit, and roll an unremovable stone upon it, and never have more to doe with it; that of that providence that studies the life of every weed and worme and spider and toad and viper there should never, never, any beame flow out upon me; that that God who looked for me when I was nothing, and called me when I was not out of the womb and depth of darknesse, will not looke upon me now when, though a miserable and a banished and damned creature, yet I am his creature still and contribute something to his glory, even in my damnation; that that God who hath so often looked upon me in my foulest uncleannesse, and when I had shut out the eye of the day and the eye of the night and the eyes of all the world with curtaines and windowes and doores did yet see me, and see me in mercy, should so turne himselfe from me to his glorious Saints and Angels as that none should ever pray him to looke towards me, never remember him that such a soule there is; that that God who hath so often said to my soule *Quare morieris?* Why wilt thou die? will not let me dye nor let me live, but dye an everlasting life and live an everlasting death; that that God who, when he could not get into me by standing and knocking, hath shaked the house, this body, with agues and palsies, and set this house on fire with fevers and calentures, and frighted the master of the house, my Soule, with horrors and heavy apprehensions; that this God at last should let this soule goe away, as a smoake, as a vapour, as a bubble, and that then this soule cannot be a smoake, a vapour nor a bubble, but must lie in darknesse, and never sparke of that light reach to my soule; What Tophet is not Paradise, what brimstone is not amber, what gnawing of the worme is not a tickling, what torment is not a marriage bed, to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally, eternally, from the sight of God?

Izaak Walton describes Donne as

weeping sometimes for his Auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himselfe, like an Angel from a cloud, though in none; carrying some, as S. Paul was, to Heaven in holy raptures, and inticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

What was Walton himself but a little linen-draper with a taste for idealising biography, not trained to literature, but living in the seventeenth century, and therefore possessed, without knowing it, of a delightful style? Fuller, a Dorset vicar, is another to whom the quaintness of picturesque conceit and imagery seems to come naturally. But what shall we say of the wonderful preciosities of the retiring Norwich physician? It is difficult to believe that Sir Thomas Browne was not a self-conscious stylist, or that his fantastic splendour of diction was not studied and intentional. And yet it would appear that he meant to write in Latin. Imagine the loss to English literature had he done so! Lamb, in his charming way, was a direct imitator of Browne's humorous

fantasy, though not of his mysterious magnificence. 'Browne, remarks Coleridge:

> seems like no other writer, and his vast and solitary abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, like the hieroglyphic characters of the East, carry the imagination back into the primæval ages of the world and forward into the depths of eternity.

The last chapter of *Urn Burial* has been described as

> a solemn homily on death and immortality unsurpassed in literature for sustained majesty of eloquence.

Johnson says of this fellow-collegian of his that

> he fell into an age in which our language began to lose the stability which it had obtained in the time of Elizabeth, and was considered by every writer as a subject on which he might try his plastick skill by moulding it according to his fancy.

As the century went on writers and speakers seem to have had trouble with the syntax of their sentences, in which clause became involved within clause, parenthesis within parenthesis, until the reader wonders uneasily whether the protracted sentence will stagger successfully to its close. This is very much so with Clarendon. And yet how noble, dignified and admirable the general effect.

With Jeremy Taylor the stately but embarrassed period has quite cleared itself into limpidity and lucid deliciousness. His preoccupation, observes Mr. Gosse, was with beauty in the most gorgeous gold and scarlet of fancy, and accompanied by flutes and hautboys of calculated cadence. Hallam speaks of his style as Asiatic, and it has always an aromatic and perfumed richness. Yet the lace-like embroidery is always delicate and refined, each sentence having, says Mr. Gosse, an enchanting fluidity and sweetness, the bright elastic phrase leaping into light, and the thoughts welling forth like a gush of melody. Taylor's *curiosa felicitas* is not a mere trick of art, for the words express a 'golden rapture' in this seraphic doctor's heart. '*Non ignarus mali*'—he had been rabbled, robbed, turned out of his parsonage, and several times in prison—he poured balms of consolation into the aching wounds of what he called 'God's afflicted handmaid, the Church of England.' Everyone knows the *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, but of the exquisite chaplet of sermons preached to a single noble family among the Welsh mountains, at Golden Grove, 'The Marriage Ring' is perhaps the only well-known one. They contain countless gems of jewelled thought, which, as Mr. Gosse remarks, come across our enchanted vision like a perfect marble campanile against the blue Southern sky.

An infinitely different writer of great prose, though he is not

always thought of as such, was the mighty, though anything but seraphic, Milton. It is usual to lament Milton's deplorable middle period of political pamphleteering, wherein, as Mark Pattison says, he lost all sense of decency and dignity and turned his gifted pen into a tomahawk. Certainly his Latin tractates, carrying scurrilous abuse to the point of savagery, are almost unreadable. But the ones written in English—especially, of course, the *Areopagitica*—how could we spare them ? Were there ever such nervous and noble, if sometimes cumbrous, rhythms ? The Royalist Aubrey said of *Paradise Lost* : ' If 'twere the divell himself that wrote it, I care not. 'Tis the ὕψος that I look after.' And others who detest Milton's arrogance and bullying violence may say of the prose works : ' 'Tis the lordly sublimity of style that I look after.' Everyone will recall the picture of puissant England as a giant roused from sleep and shaking invincible locks, an eagle mewing her mighty youth, kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, and purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain of heavenly radiance, a first restorer of buried truth, blowing an evangelic trumpet to the nations.

It will be said that we have been traversing the higher peaks of literature ; but it is almost impossible to open any book of that period without being conscious of a quality of sinewy eloquence and racy picturesqueness as different from the flat style of modern writers as the look of the old printed page from the commonplace type and setting of a modern newspaper. One does not, for example, think of Bishop Hackett, the biographer of Williams, as a light of seventeenth century literature. But he is full of pithy and piquant descriptions such as this, slightly condensed, of Bishop Andrewes :

> This is that *Andrews* the ointment of whose name is sweeter than of all spices. He was the most apostolical and primitive-like divine, in my opinion, that ever wore rochet, in his age ; of a most venerable gravity and yet most sweet in all commerce ; the most devout that ever I saw when he appeared before God ; of such a growth in all kinds of learning that very able clerks were of a low stature to him, *colossus inter icunculas* ; full of alms and charity of which none knew but his Father in secret, a certain patron to scholars of ability, and chiefly to those who never expected it. I am transported, even as in a rapture, to make this digression, for who could come near the shrine of such a saint and not offer a few grains of glory upon it ? Or how durst I omit it ? For he was the first that planted me in my tender studies and watered them continually with his bounty. This is but an ivy-leaf crept into the laurel of his immortal garland.

How many, again, have ever heard of Henry Isaacson, Andrewes' amanuensis, who wrote a short memoir of his master in 1650 ? I should have liked to quote his exquisite description of Andrewes' last hours. It begins thus :

Of his death he seemed to presage himself a year before he died, and therefore prepared his oyl that he might be admitted in due time into the bride-chamber.

But I fear to make of this article a string of elegant extracts. Otherwise how could one refrain from echoing the matchless music of Drummond of Hawthornden, which a friend to whom I introduced it described as an intoxicating draught of richest wine ?

With the Restoration came in modern tastes and a certain discarding of the exuberant imagery and pictorialness of the first half of the century. Having occasion once to consult Buckeridge's funeral oration over Lancelot Andrewes, I was puzzled for a moment by the statement that the bishop never preached a sermon till it had been thrice revised. I felt sure that this was not the sentence as I had read it before, and turning to the title-page, I found I was handling an edition of post-Restoration date. What Buckeridge really said in 1626 was that Andrewes never preached a sermon till it had been *thrice between the hammer and the anvil.* Forty years later such expressions were beginning to be thought not quite elegant. Style was becoming gentlemanly, perspicuous, unaffected. It reached its perfection of ease in Defoe, Addison, Steele, Swift, Sterne, Goldsmith, and scores of others. How wittily well-bred are the conversations in Congreve's plays—literature without apparent effort. At the same time, though the whimsical style of Fuller's *Worthies* or the pious quaintness of ' Manchester *al Mondo* ' was out of fashion, prose-writing for a century after the Restoration continued to be racy and extremely readable. Even metaphysics paid tribute to the Muses. Compare, for example, the graceful clearness of Bishop Berkeley with the thorny obscurity of a book like Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics.*

The object of these remarks is not to contrast the prose-writing of the moderns disparagingly with that of their predecessors, but to point out that it moves necessarily on a different level. Burke belonged to the eighteenth century, and in any case rotund and eloquent periods like his will never be heard again. Carlyle wrote Carlylese, not English, and that vein too has been worked out. Ruskin's magniloquence is often dangerously near ' fine writing ' —*e.g.*, when in the eighty-second *Fors* he declares the hills and vales to be ' the true temples of God, and their waves and clouds holier than the dew of the baptistery and the incense of the altar,' which is fustian. Thackeray is charming—how exquisite, for example, is his description of George III.'s last days in *The Four Georges*—and I decline to be one of those who throw stones at Macaulay's witty rhetoric, though it is what schoolboys, quite properly, are warned on no account to try to imitate. But it remains true that the good English prose of to-day, while it

has certain real excellencies, is no more comparable to the English prose of the Tudor and Stuart eras than, as already suggested, the contents of a modern tailor's shop are comparable to the dress of the past. An entire change has passed upon all 'habit,' especially habit of speech, to which contemporary prose must necessarily—though not quite in M. Jourdain's sense—conform. It cannot be helped, and no one is to blame.

The democratic spirit has gone far to abolish the subordination of the clauses of a sentence, breaking it up into staccato fragments, which owe no central allegiance. Even more detrimental to good style is the multitude of stale metaphors and hackneyed *clichés* which clog modern talk so stickily, and from which even an experienced writer with difficulty breaks away. Everyone knows how packed a schoolgirl's essay is sure to be with worn-out tags of speech and false ornament. Thousands of words also which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were a bright and significant coinage have now by vulgarised use lost their edge, and have to be carefully avoided by the writer. In Sir Thomas Browne an ovation means a minor triumph with sacrifice of a sheep. To palliate really meant to throw a cloak round. Now, however, language is littered with words and phrases which were once pictorial and allusive, but are now rubbed and worn down. Take these, for example: 'ostracise,' 'run the gauntlet,' 'cross the Rubicon,' 'keep the wolf from the door,' 'bookworm,' 'scapegoat,' 'skinflint,' 'turncoat,' 'earmark,' 'eavesdropping,' 'mare's-nest,' 'cheeseparing,' 'cat's-paw,' 'tiptoe of expectation,' 'a blot on the escutcheon,' 'nip in the bud,' 'feathered his nest,' 'milk of human kindness,' 'heap coals of fire,' 'beat about the bush,' 'box the compass,' 'saddled with responsibility,' 'his mantle fell on his successor,' 'retribution dogs his steps,' 'crying over spilt milk,' 'won't hold water,' 'the cap fits,' 'Naboth's vineyard,' 'bone of contention,' 'take time by the forelock,' 'count chickens before they are hatched,' 'finger in the pie,' 'burned his boats,' 'the spur of the moment,' 'dog in the manger,' 'throw up the sponge,' 'cart before the horse,' 'lion's share,' 'a new broom,' 'let cat out of the bag,' 'harps on the same string,' 'the eleventh hour.' All the tang and flavour has gone out of these and countless similar expressions, which originally called before the mind picturesque and vivid images. Then there are a multitude of words and phrases which belong to the jargon of to-day, such as 'psychology,' 'not quite normal,' 'up to date,' 'meticulous,' and the like, which literary prose carefully avoids. But as thought and speech become more and more sophisticated, and as an enormous reading population is formed by council school and cheap newspaper to the entire extinction of the old homely Doric of the countryside, it will need great cleverness to write

simply, but with force and grace. The danger is of a depressed level, in which men will be as content with a general mediocrity of commonplace expression, suitable to all readers, as they are content already, except a few, with dreary street architecture, dull clothes and dingy political and social institutions. The dyer's hand is subdued to that it works in.

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

MORE RAMBLES IN A LIBRARY

PERICLES in his famous Funeral Oration congratulated the citizens of Athens on all the resources of a refined civilisation that they possessed. Even the poorest among them had free access to the temples of the city and the Acropolis, the pictures of Polygnotos and the statues of Pheidias. But there was one thing lacking. There was nothing to correspond with this spacious and lofty free library of Fulham, replete with an immense assortment of books.

I have lately taken from the shelves two most fascinating volumes by Roger Ascham. If in Elizabeth's reign England exhibited an activity and fulness such as she had never before displayed, in which there burst forth before an astonished world a rich intellectual life, covering history, philosophy, poetry and the drama, where lay the source of inspiration for this brilliant efflorescence? Despite carping latter-day historians, it was Elizabeth herself. To her people the virgin Queen was the peerless ideal of womanhood, the object of the most chivalrous devotion. She was the star which they worshipped, the light that was their guide. Great as were her natural gifts and her inherited imperial instinct, she possessed, too, a variety of accomplishments and unique learning. To whom was she indebted for these advantages? It was a simple country gentleman, Roger Ascham, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, erudite scholar and sympathetic instructor, who had the privilege of educating the great Queen. In his book the *Scholemaster*, Ascham tells us how he led his royal pupil almost imperceptibly from the earliest beginnings to the deepest thoughts of Cicero and Aristotle. 'It is your shame,' he said, 'young gentlemen of England, that one maid should go beyond you all in excellency of learning, and perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French and Spanish.' 'By the way prescribed in this book,' says the gentle Roger, 'being straight, plain and easy, the scholar is always labouring with pleasure, and going forward with profit.' Ascham's other venture concerns the 'affaires and state of Germany and the Emperor Charles and his Court while the said Roger was there.' 'I will not,' he said, 'in my writing, set forward anything that is false, nor yet keep back

anything that is true.' He is 'a looker-on, neither Imperial nor French, but flat English.' 'Seeing that I shall live in such a country as England is (I thank God), I shall have neither need to flatter the one side for profit, nor cause to fear the other side for displeasure.' Both the books are brimful of interest. The ripe experience that Ascham gained in Continental countries must have enabled him to give the princess invaluable instruction in the art of ruling and the science of statecraft. When he died, in 1568, Elizabeth said that she would rather have cast ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost her Ascham.

As luck would have it, after reading about Elizabeth I take up Arber's *English Garner*, which gives a lively account of the doings of Francis Drake at Nombre de Dios, in Panama, 'the mouth of the treasure of the whole world,' in July 1572. The narrative was 'reviewed by Francis Drake himself; and much holpen and enlarged by divers notes, with his own hand, here and there inserted.' In 1568 Drake, along with Hawkins, had suffered a misadventure at S. Juan de Ulloa; and in each of the three following years he sailed out 'to get some amends for his loss.' Had he lived now, Drake would have said 'to get a bit of his own back.' The Spaniards looked upon Drake as nothing more or less than a pirate. That is as it may be. In those old days, and later, it was just as well to have a few Francis Drakes, James Cooks and Robert Clives. England was not squeamish then. Half the world was to be had for the asking, or, at all events, for the taking; and our pirates took a goodly share of it. Wherefore praise we famous men, and read about their doings. Just a brief extract to show the style:

> For our men with their pikes and short weapons, in short time took such order among these gallants, that partly by reason of our arrows, fine roving shafts made of purpose in England, which did us there notable service, partly by occasion of this strange and sudden closing with them in this manner unlooked for, and the rather for that at the very instant, the captain's brother, with the other company, with their fire-pikes, entered the Market Place by the eastern street; they casting down their weapons, fled all out of the town by the gate aforesaid.

I confess I like those dare-devil pirates of ours. A ponderous tome of *Bombay State Papers*, edited by Sir George W. Forrest (1888), gives a graphic description of a fight with the Portuguese near Surat in October 1630:

> But such was the undauntedness of our English, being stirred up to a great measure of fury by the hourly vexations and bravings of the enemy, as being now come within shot, with a general resolution rejoicing at the occasion, after a shot or two received first from the Portugals, pushed on in the very face and mouth of all their frigates, and advanced forwards plying their small arms with very good discipline, and the Portugals not less valiantly replying, but not able it seems to endure the obstinate rage of

our people, they began to give ground, and our men most fiercely following, entered pell mell amongst them, even into the water, within pistol shot of their frigates; and pursuing the victory with great slaughter both at shore and at sea, at length returned with twenty-seven Portugal prisoners taken alive. To that good God who led them by the hand be the glory.

God-fearing, deeply religious men were these pirates of ours. In 1663 they write from Surat to their employers in London:

We have separated a place apart for God's worship, and decently adorned it. Wherefore we entreat you, for further ornament, to send out a large Bible in a frame, gilded and handsomely adorned with Moses and Aaron holding the two tables containing the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, written in letters of gold

This wonderful collection of papers is excellent reading.

From pirates to a divine is a sudden transition; but I am not reading on any system. 'Where the bee sucks, there suck I.' A most remarkable book is the *Spirit of Prayer*, written by the Rev. William Law in the early eighteenth century. 'Which things are an allegory,' said the great apostle of the Gentiles when writing about certain historical events. A modern school of thought extends St. Paul's monograph to surprising lengths. It takes what to all appearances are meant to be plain statements of fact, and transmutes them into something very different. The concrete is converted into the abstract. The physical resurrection becomes a spiritual uplifting. Whether true or not, we thought that this method was certainly new; but we are brought back to the saying of the Hebrew preacher that there is no new thing under the sun. Law was a curious mystic, a master of English prose, and a close and convincing reasoner. His breadth of view is invigorating. This is how he deals with the difficulty that in the ordinary sense of the word Adam did not die on the day that he ate of the fruit of the forbidden tree:

Is it not the plain letter of Scripture that Adam died the day that he did eat of the earthly tree? Have we not the most solemn asseveration of God for the truth of this? Was not the change which Adam found in himself a demonstration of the truth of this fact? Instead of the image and likeness of God in which he was created, he was stript of all his glory, afraid of being seen; not knowing which way to look, or what to do in a world where he was dead to all he formerly felt, and alive only to a new and dreadful feeling of heat and cold, shame and fear, and a horrible remorse of mind at his sad entrance in a world whence paradise and God and his own glory were departed. Death enough surely! Death in its highest reality, much greater in its change than when an animal of earthly flesh and blood is only changed into a cold lifeless carcase.

Law develops his argument in the most captivating way.

Two great twin-brethren in literature, Fielding and Richardson, were pioneers in a new adventure. They grasped the fact that the ordinary affairs of life afforded material for stories of supreme

interest. Fielding's *Tom Jones*, with his Squire Western, and Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* initiated a new epoch. *Clarissa*, as Richardson named his romance, at once achieved success. People who only know the book by hearsay speak of it as coarse, vicious and improper. This is simply ridiculous. The tragedy of the ill-fated Clarissa is narrated in a series of letters which are in turn affecting, spirited and exciting. They tell us of Clarissa's elopement with the attractive libertine Lovelace, and her consequent adventures. She never forgives Lovelace for a deception which he plays on her at the very beginning ; she keeps him at arm's length ; and, marriage or no marriage, refuses to be his. He is madly in love with her, and entreats her to be his wife, but she is obdurate.

> She flung from me [writes Lovelace to his friend Belford]. 'My soul disdains to hold parley with thee,' were her violent words. I began to imprecate, to vow, to promise. But thus the passionate beauty, interrupting me, went on, 'I am sick of thee, MAN, and of one continued stream of vows and oaths. My heart rises against thee, base and ungrateful as thou art.'

In spite of reproaches and rebuffs, he idolises her. He would marry her a thousand times over would she but consent. Richardson claims our deepest sympathies with Clarissa. And yet towards the end of the story there is this unexpected commentary: 'Everybody blames Lovelace on this lady's account. But I see not for why. She was a *vixen* in her virtue. Would not our Bob have *married* this flinty-hearted lady ? ' After Clarissa's melancholy death Lovelace is killed in a duel, and with his last breath he invokes his divinity : 'Look down, blessed spirit, look down.' The book is inexpressibly sad ; but it is intensely realistic, vivid and thrilling.

This library is not lacking in surprises. 'I hope in God, and I verily believe, that you want no moral virtue. Your character in the world must be built upon that solid foundation.' What book is this that I have taken up, in which we find the author, as the 'advertisement' puts it, consistently strenuous in recommending the strictest morality and an indelible purity of character ? *Mirabile dictu*, these sentiments are scattered broadcast in that shocking, immoral publication, the letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son. It is generally supposed that these letters are so bad that they ought not to be allowed in any decent house. Certainly in seven or eight of these voluminous letters my lord postulates that an affair of gallantry is part of a young gentleman's education. He was merely clothing the ideas of the age in more delicate language than was usual. My lord evidently saw nothing immoral in an affair of the kind. We can leave it at that. The book is fascinating, absorbing. There can be few

men in England now so familiar as was Chesterfield with ancient and contemporary history, classical and modern literature, law and parliamentary procedure, economic problems and works of art. And my lord puts everything so clearly and gracefully. '*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*' We can see that, like many writers of his time, his opinion of human nature in general was far from favourable. 'Falsehood and dissimulations are certainly to be found at Courts; but where are they not to be found? Cottages have them, as well as Courts; only with worser manners.' Individually and collectively the statesmen of the day come under his lash.

It was absolutely necessary [he writes in 1751] to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter [adoption of the Gregorian Calendar]; and also to make them believe that they knew something about it themselves, which they do not.

He humbugged them admirably.

Chesterfield's advice to his son is mostly sound, sensible and practical. Philip Stanhope was intended to occupy a prominent position in the world, to play an honourable part in diplomacy abroad and Parliament at home 'Manners makyth man,' said William of Wykeham, and we have it from Lord Bacon that a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation.

The first principle of good breeding [writes my lord] is never to say anything that you think can be disagreeable to anybody in company. . . . Civility is particularly due to all women; and the greatest man in England would justly be reckoned a brute if he were not civil to the meanest woman. It is due to their sex Even a little flattery is allowable with women.

Philip should endeavour to be well bred with the easiness of a man of fashion, neither negligent nor stiff. He should engage the heart of every woman and the affections of almost every man he meets with. He is to ride and dance, and enjoy the pleasures of the table and of wine, 'but stop short of the pains inseparably annexed to an excess in either.' He is always to cultivate self-control, and respect the feelings of others. The *dénouement* was tragic. Philip never acquired an easy manner. His shyness made him a failure in Parliament. But his morals were above suspicion; and on his death in 1768, at the age of thirty-five, my lord was astonished to find that he had been married for a long time to a very ordinary woman.

If Chesterfield and his contemporaries took a morbid view of the moral character of mankind in general, Jonathan Swift absolutely revelled in dreadful, grim, bitter sarcasm on poor human nature. He tears to rags all high ideals and lofty sentiments. We sympathise with Hamlet in his address to the players: 'I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing. Termagant;

it out-herods Herod; pray you avoid it.' It is in *Gulliver's Travels* that this gloomy dean excels himself in lacerating and excoriating our souls. With the playful parts we need not quarrel, as when he depicts some worthy gentleman endeavouring to gull the public with an invention for making sunshine out of cucumbers, or when the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Laputa balances his Budget by taxes on a citizen's virtues as assessed by himself, and on his vices as assessed by his detractors. This device might yield a substantial revenue now. But in Gulliver's conversation with the King of Brobdingnag, 'a prince of excellent understanding,' Swift gives free rein to his pungent satire. Gulliver has been telling the king about the history of England for the last hundred years. 'I wished for the tongue of Demosthenes, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.' The king puts Gulliver through a severe cross-examination, and thus pronounces judgment:

My little friend Grildrig, you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator. . . . It doth not appear, from all you have said, how any one virtue is required towards the procurement of any one station among you. . . . By what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

'*Habet*,' said the Roman matron when, *pollice verso*, she signalled that the gladiator was to die. Now we know the worst!

Is there no antidote to this nauseous draught? America comes to the rescue as she did in the war; and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who visited England in 1823 and in 1837, leaves us very much better pleased with ourselves. He is serious, light-hearted, kindly, sensible, a minute observer of our character, manners, truthfulness and religion. He sees our defects; but we are weighed in the balance and not found wanting. Here are a few extracts from his entertaining book *English Traits*:

I happened to arrive in England at the moment of a commercial crisis. But it was evident that, let who will fall, England will not. These people have sat here for a thousand years, and here will continue to sit. They will not break up, or arrive at any desperate revolution, like their neighbours; for they have as much energy, as much continence of character, as they ever had.

The stability of England is the security of the modern world.

I see England not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour, and a pulse like a cannon. I see her in her old age, not decrepit but young, and still daring to believe in her powers of endurance and expansion.

Emerson must have been in mentality a direct ancestor of Owen Wister, who wrote that admirable book *A Straight Deal, or the Ancient Grudge*. May we not return Emerson's compliment, and say that the stability of the firm friendship between America and England is the security of the modern world ?

A most charming and delightful book is Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*. It is composed entirely of letters to friends. How fortunate for us that his friends had the good sense to preserve them. This style is simple, lucid, and altogether attractive. White, a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, took Holy Orders, but never entered upon any clerical work. He spent all his life at his native place, studying its natural history and antiquities. He gives us the most interesting accounts of the habits of birds and animals. He admits that some things puzzle him extremely ; and he instances the fieldfares :

> If they came to spend the whole winter with us, as some of their congeners do, and then left us, as they do, in spring, I should not be so much struck by the occurrence, since it would be similar to that of the other birds of passage. But when I see them for a fortnight at Michaelmas and again for about a week in the middle of April, I am seized with wonder, and long to be informed whence these travellers come, and whither they go, since they seem to use our hills merely as an inn or baiting place.

There is something deliciously *naive* about this last sentence. White evidently regards our feathered friends as people like ourselves, who travel about and look for good hotel accommodation.

White is peculiarly eloquent on the flight of birds. How unobservant most people are ! I blush to think of my own ignorance. Doesn't this fill us with joy ?

> Owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than the air ; they seem to want ballast. Ravens spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each other on the wing in a kind of playful skirmish. Rooks sometimes dive and tumble in a frolicsome manner ; crows and daws swagger in their walk ; magpies and jays flutter with powerless wings, and make no despatch ; herons seem encumbered with too much tail for their light bodies, but their vast hollow wings are necessary in carrying burdens such as large fishes and the like.

There is much more in this light, piquant style. The whole book is captivating.

All these people of olden days are very much alive to me. I can see Elizabeth taking notes in her elegant handwriting as the genial Ascham points out the beauties of Demosthenes, or later on writing orders to Francis Drake. I can see her pet pirate and his men routing the Spaniards at Nombre de Dios, and in India the English playing havoc with the 'Portugals.' I can listen to William Law as he delivers from the pulpit his inspired teaching. I can weep at Clarissa's heart-broken sobs in her

wretched lodgings and yet feel a vein of sympathy with Lovelace as he dies with his beloved's name on his lips. I can see young Philip Stanhope emit something between a groan and an oath as his post brings him another and yet another instalment of my lord's worldly wisdom. Swift, with a cynical smile on his wicked old face, tears to shreds with his ridicule everything that we English love to honour ; and the gallant and courtly Emerson comes to the rescue, and lets us know that we are not so bad after all. Here stands Gilbert White by the down of Selborne, regardless of weather, engrossed in watching the flight of his friends the birds. Do not all these characters from history and fiction form a goodly company ?

E. C. Cox.

WHAT IS MUSIC?

MODERNIST music seems to be written by composers who are, for all the world, like spoilt children, showing off any foolishness to parents deluded enough to believe that the world has never before produced such remarkable offspring, that everything they do must be clever, and that the more extraordinary it is the more it proves what geniuses they are.

I have recently sat through a series of concerts which I am told represent the best work of the modernist pioneers. I emerged utterly perplexed at the music, and, if it were possible, more perplexed at the audience, who, from their manner, seemed to consider the main function of music to be that of the comic or the startling, or a 'happy' combination of both; the novel 'harmonies' attempted were nothing more nor less than deliberate outrages on the auricular sensitiveness of a civilised audience.

One is led to question whether self-criticism functions at all with such composers. In all the arts the faculty of self-criticism is somewhat alien to the creative mind, and, indeed, to a certain extent necessarily so, for a too great critical faculty tends to sterility. At the same time, to spare the knife is to spoil the tree; and mere natural wanton exuberance has never yet resulted in work of enduring genius.

The dominant characteristics in the arts to-day are the rejection of precedent, aversion from the academic, and the claim to full liberty, or licence, for the development of individuality.

Now, irrefutable as this ideal is in theory, it is very seriously open to question whether it is more certainly realised by the artist of to-day than it was by the more disciplined artist of yesterday.

The theory underlying all academic training in every department of education is that centuries of civilisation have built up by the cumulative effort of past doers and thinkers a fabric of time-tested achievement which must be taken as the foundation for, or, *at the least*, reckoned as an element in, all further development. True genius is that exceptional quality in a man that enables him to transcend the bounds of the normal standards that the average man attains through such an academic training.

The cause of the modern revolt from this system is the view that, in its more violent form, represents all the ages preceding our own as misguided 'back numbers,' and holds that emancipation from the shackles of the past is the only means to progress in the present, and, in its milder form, considers that academic training leads to mediocrity and the destruction of originality.

But the dangers attending the attempt to develop individuality with no academic foundation are, to my mind, far more serious, and, indeed, are abundantly evidenced by the fantastic aberrations in artistic practice from which we are suffering at the present day.

True genius is not abnormal; it is the culmination, the consummation, of the normal. If you abhor standards, you create eccentricity, or ephemeral cleverness, which has no kinship with genius, and awakens no true response in the heart of mankind.

Again, if you abhor standards, the immature turn to idolatry, and follow individuals, blighting their own promise of originality in the servile imitation of their art-heroes; and whereas clever eccentricity (albeit a *cul-de-sac* in the development of art) may at first hand at least be interesting, at second hand it is the abomination of desolation to the senses.

Our fathers were not all fools, nor were our grandfathers and their fathers before them; to think so betokens the mentality of a petulant, unwise child, who chafes at the parental restraint for which in later life he thanks God. Most great men had the foundation of their greatness secured by the discipline and example of wise parents. And all great work of lasting appeal is the fruit of accumulated experience in the individual, which cannot be dissociated from the accumulated experience of mankind. And it is this cosmic experience, inwoven in human nature, that accounts for this seemingly wonderful fact: one great work of genius can, more certainly than a touch of kindness, make the whole world kin.

These statements, however, would be ridiculed by the moderns as hopelessly 'Victorian' and quite inapplicable to the present living age. That it is an age instinct with life even the most bigoted Victorian is bound to admit. And this is the woeful pity of it, that such vitality should be dissipated for lack of principle. For you can jettison past standards safely only if you establish new principles; and such 'new' principles must grow naturally out of the past. The absence of principles means chaos, and that is where a large proportion of modern artists are now floundering.

The chaos exhibited in music is not perhaps more evident than that exhibited in the other arts, but it is, I think, infinitely more serious and pernicious, because human nature is far more

susceptible to the influence of music than to that of other arts—both consciously and unconsciously. In truth, it is impossible to gauge or to define the reaction of music on the human mind and soul; one can only feel that it *is* a powerful influence, and that its potentialities may be turned to both good and evil.

In a previous article [1] I mentioned the importance attached to it by the ancient Greeks, and I should like to add here another quotation, from Aristotle, embodying a very striking and interesting conception that he held regarding the influence of music:

> Obviously there is nothing we want to learn and habituate ourselves to so much as judging aright and enjoying aright good characters and fine actions. Further, it is in rhythms and melodies that we find likenesses of anger and gentleness that approach most closely to the real things, and so with courage and temperance and qualities of character generally. Facts prove it, for we are altered in soul as we listen to them. Now to acquire the habit of feeling pain and joy at the likenesses is next door to acquiring the same habit with regard to the originals. For example, if a man feels joy at beholding someone's portrait for no other reason than the mere look of it, the actual view of the person whose portrait he contemplates must necessarily be pleasant to him too. Further, we find that in the objects of the other senses, such as touch and taste, there is no resemblance to characters, though in those of sight there is a faint one. There are forms which possess this character, but only to a slight degree, and all share in this sort of perception. Besides, the forms are not really *likenesses* of character; it is truer to say that the forms and colours which occur are *signs* of character, and these arise only in the body under the influence of feelings. . . . But it is in the actual melodies themselves that the imitations of characters are to be found.
>
> That this is so is evident. There is a fundamental distinction between the nature of scales, so that, when we hear them, we are put into a different frame of mind by each of them and into a different condition. Some make us feel more mournful and oppressed, like the so-called Mixolydian, others gentler in mind, like the 'relaxed' scales. Another scale again puts us into an intermediate, calm mood, and this is held to be the peculiar property of the Dorian scale, while the Phrygian makes us enthusiastic. . . . The same thing too holds good of rhythms: some have a stately character, while others have more motion, and the motions of the latter are in some cases more vulgar, in others more refined. All this proves that music has the power of modifying the character of the soul; and if it has this power, we must of course make use of it and educate the young by it.[2]

Interesting as this is as an abstract theory, it, even if true, would only very slightly modify the characteristic fact about music, which is the impossibility of relating it precisely to any phenomena in life and the consequent difficulty of establishing any criteria by which to test its quality, whether it is true or false, ugly or beautiful.

Another peculiarity of music—though shared to a certain extent by the other arts, but not affecting them to the same degree

[1] 'Noise,' *The Nineteenth Century and After*, September 1923.
[2] From Professor Burnet's translation of Aristotle.

—is the large part played by it as an adjunct to other enjoyments. Different people regard music in so many different ways, and music itself is so manifold and so adaptable that it can readily lend itself as an accessory to almost any form of entertainment.

Apart from its connexion with the dance, which may be reckoned one of its essential functions, it performs, or is forced to perform, an extraordinary variety of subsidiary purposes.

It is used to titillate the feelings pleasantly at public functions, where it is not meant to enforce silent appreciation, but merely to act as a gay accompaniment to the proceedings.

It acts as a lubricator, and releases the springs of thought, encouraging conversation (as Marianne found when she performed before Sir John and Lady Middleton). It may also render conversation impossible, and a restaurant dominated by a blatant band may serve as an invaluable refuge for the entertainment of a boring acquaintance or a difficult relative.

A vicar has been known to request his organist, at the close of the harvest thanksgiving service, to play a loud voluntary to drown the noise of the people's feet as they walk round the church. And the arch-quack Sequah discovered in music a most serviceable instrument for annihilating the effects of his 'painless' dentistry.

Music is also now, if we are to believe the newspapers, being employed to speed up work in factories, and even in business offices.

As a stimulus to frenzy and bellicosity its use is as old as war itself. And the Salvation Army has always relied largely on it as a popular means of arousing religious emotion.

In some of our cinema theatres an attempt has been made to employ music—after the manner of the Greek chorus—to prepare and attune the emotions of the audience to harmony with the course of the action of the play.

The experiment has also been tried of enlivening the atmosphere of our art galleries and museums by the presence of a band.

Finally, with the facilities provided by wireless, we seem to be rapidly approaching a time when our every occupation will be diluted with music.

In many of the illustrations here given the music is of a crude kind, and would often come rather under the category of noise. But where the higher manifestations of music are concerned, I cannot help feeling that a 'mixed grill' of art is indigestible, and that the simultaneous presence of several arts prevents the proper assimilation of any one of them.

In practice it would seem that the two aspects of music, the essential and the incidental, roughly correspond to the two sides of music, the harmonic and the melodic, so far as it is possible to separate them. That is to say that music depending mainly on

melody makes a simpler and easier appeal to the superficial emotions, while music in which melody is subordinate to harmony and treatment has a deeper meaning and interest that demand a more concentrated attention on the part of the listener. The intellectual and the emotional appeal of music cannot, of course, be clearly differentiated; indeed, with the average music-lover the whole of the intellectual side (and much of the emotional side where the two overlap and intermingle inextricably) affects his feelings in ways impossible to classify or analyse.

Some musical experts can read a score like a book, and they claim that they can often obtain a truer estimate of the qualities of a work by this method than by listening to its performance. In spite of the fact that it is maintained that this power of auscultatory perusal of music is not given to many, I should like to see the limitation of its possibilities thoroughly tested in some of our schools. It would be a great advantage and relief to music, in many cases, if the energies that are now consecrated to performance could be diverted to silent study. It might be found that, if education provided the training, the latent power of enjoying music by reading was far more generally possessed than is at present supposed. More publishers would then issue scores in portable book form, and such music volumes would become as common companions for a journey as the novel. And then, just as recitation is practised only by those who are possessed of special capacity for elocution, so the instrumental exponents of music among the people would become limited to the small number of those specially qualified. It may be a Utopian vision, but, at any rate, it would be an interesting experiment, and I think educational authorities would be justified in giving it a trial.

I have said that the appeal of music works largely through repetition, and in no other art (if we may exclude journalism) is the taste of the people so malleable.

Again, art—and particularly the art of music—unlike conventional morality, has not been built up on a system, dating from the Fall, which assumes an inherent propensity to evil in the heart of man and a natural preference for the bad over the good which has to be resisted; hence we have the happier condition in art that, as far as popular receptiveness is concerned, the bad has not this unfair advantage over the good, and the people are ready to respond to either on their merits when set before them. And, inasmuch as good music gives a far richer, fuller, and more substantial satisfaction to the mind than poor music, it has only insistently to be offered to them to secure its acceptance and enjoyment in preference to the weak and insipid diet of poor music.

Until the invasion of jazz—which is a species of corruption comparable to that of the wild and debauching barbarous rites

whose introduction Rome attempted to prohibit by law—the kind of music that secured an instant hold on the popular mind, and, aided by the street barrel-organ, spread with amazing rapidity, was music that depended entirely for its effect on melody, and had what would be termed a 'catchy air.' These popular tunes faded with almost the same suddenness as they had flowered; they were, in their nature, ephemeral; and new favourites followed each other in rapid succession.

At first the periods were more or less annual, the supply of new airs being concentrated in the Christmas pantomimes; then the music-halls added their quota, and the popular favourites had to shorten their lives to add to their number; and now, with our multiplicity of every kind of musical entertainment, there is an overcrowding of ever more short-lived favourites, which, but for the energy and enterprise of our gramophone record-makers, would fail to travel the length and breadth of England, and would, in fact, be born to blush unheard by the majority of the people.

Melody alone perishes by excess of its own virtue; that is to say, the more tuneful an air is, the quicker and easier its appeal, and likewise the more rapidly it surfeits, and comes to weary, its hearers.

The music of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, though melody is its mainspring, contains many other qualities (besides the rich memories linked up with their setting), and has deservedly retained its popularity, while much else, seemingly as popular in its time, has perished. The melody in these operas is far more than mere tunefulness: there is running through them an exquisitely developed character, and a sufficiently interesting harmonic treatment to enable them to retain their freshness of appeal and to affect one each time with a renewal of vitality, like the surpriseful delight each year at the return of spring.

The more character there is in a musical composition and the richer the fields of harmony explored therein, the slower the initial appeal and the fuller the enjoyment, the richer the satisfaction (or rather that higher quality of feeling that is never satisfied) the mind gains from every renewal of acquaintance with it.

And this by no means applies only to the elect few who 'understand' music. In fact, I am very much inclined to discredit the superior intelligence in art. To regard art as caviare to the million is to repudiate its essential function. Eclecticism to-day in most of the arts is doing its best to destroy them. In what really matters in art there is far greater truth and sanity of judgment to be got from the average man than from the specialist critic.

If there is one genius who more than any other embraces in

his work all the qualities of human feeling, and ranges over the whole gamut of human emotion, and whose work throughout is permeated with the richness and exquisite refinement of a temperament of the noblest musical sensibility, it is Beethoven.

If we could only have a boom in Beethoven (the term comes naturally in this stunt-ridden age), and if he could be heard again and again by the people, I am convinced that his music would win its way into their hearts and minds, and secure a permanent abode there, and in time would act like leaven, and would revive and raise musical taste from the depths into which it is sinking.

This is no mere vague and Utopian surmising. Some years ago I was present at a course of recitals at the Ancoats Brotherhood in Manchester, where Mr. Egon Petri gave a gratuitous series of performances covering every one of the sonatas of Beethoven; the hall was packed at every meeting, and it was the most wonderful education in cumulative development of one's power of appreciation I have ever experienced.

There is abroad at the present moment a most remarkable thirst for all the best that experience can offer. The people are 'out for' education; they want it; they claim as their right free access to the world's inheritance of all that is best in knowledge and in thought, and in the arts that, by the addition of feeling, give vitality to both.

When the people thus ask, a grave responsibility lies on the shoulders of those who have the power to give. Let them see to it that they do honour to their trust, and escape the condemnation voiced in Milton's words against the Church of his day:

> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

STANLEY ROWLAND.

THE ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE

For nothing liken me might more,
Than dwelling by the Roser aye,
And thence never to pass away.
GEOFFREY CHAUCER, *Romaunt of the Rose.*

A CERTAIN man, the story goes, was asked down for a day's shooting somewhere in the shires; and on his arrival he encountered a stranger with whom he found himself instantly in touch, so much so that they could not be separated from each other. All day long, engaged in earnest conversation, they trailed along together behind the rest of the party, through the lanes, across the fields, by copse and covert, and never let off a single shot. At evening, when the party eventually dispersed, the host, a trifle aggrieved, inquired of these two men how it was that they had paid so little heed to sport. The first replied that they had been engrossed in such interesting conversation that they forgot all about the birds. 'And what was the subject, may I ask, that you found so absorbing?' 'Why, roses,' says No. 2; 'what else, do you suppose? Roses, of course!'

. . . . .

'Roses, of course!' Well, is there any other subject open to general discussion which approaches this, I will not say in importance or in magnitude, but in charm, colour, appeal? All things lovely and of good report, all thoughts of sweetness and symmetry, are focused and concentrated around the rose; and when you have to consider its connotations, associations, symbolisms, and traditions, you discern continually new vistas opening out on all sides of you. The Romaunt of the Rose has neither end nor beginning. And in these days it may be said so almost literally. 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,' from May-time to Christmas, or even later. The rose is the most truly perpetual flower we possess; no other can touch it in this respect. And there is hardly any time of year when one's roses do not demand a certain measure of attention, of thought, and of forethought.

In practically all European languages the name of the rose is identical, sometimes pronounced *ross* or *rossa*. And until some hierophantic etymologist demonstrates irrefutable proof to the

contrary I shall believe that the word is associated with *rou*, the synonym for 'red,' which is found in so many Latin and Celtic tongues. When you think of a rose, unless distinctly enjoined to the contrary, you think of a red rose. Its haunt and habitat is all over the globe, except in the actual tropics. It might declare, with John Wesley, 'The world is my parish.' So adaptable is the rose to conditions of extreme variability that it is more widely dispersed, more generally encountered, than perhaps any other flower. Pliny classed it as one of the four vegetable products universally known whose origin was lost in the mists of immemorial antiquity; which he specified as wine, oil, myrtles, and roses. It is native in all parts of the Northern Hemisphere right up to Greenland, but not so common in the tropics, except at considerable altitudes. A man who had lived in Pernambuco, and ordered his roses from the great English firms, told me that after a while he learnt wisdom, and finding his most glorious reds become bleached by too much hot sunshine, ordered none but whites and yellows. And this declension in colour applies equally to those northerly roses which suffer from too little sunshine. *Rosa nitida*, with which the Eskimos adorn themselves, *R. rubiginosa*, the dweller in Iceland, *R. majalis*, *R. rubella*, which beautify the Lapland wastes, do not and cannot exhibit the radiancy of the flowers indigenous to warmer climes. But there is more than colour that goes to the making of a rose. Anybody will confirm this who is the adoring possessor of a sweet-scented white bloom. Was it not doubtful whether our own Albion was so named from her white chalk cliffs or from her amazing profusion of white roses?

Yet to most people, it is probable, the question of colour will override all others; and in this connection it is curious to remember that when George Herbert apostrophised that rose

> whose hues, angry and brave,
> Bid the rash gazer wipe his eye,

he was not (as might well be supposed) addressing something like *Paul's Scarlet Climber* or one of the Pernetianas, but some gentle rosy-pink Provence (or 'Cabbage') blossom. When Omar Khayyam considered the rose with which youth must perish scattering her silken petals on the air, he had in his mind, most likely again, some form of *R. centifolia*, perhaps only the little semi-double native rose of Persia. And the 'bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream' was, I should conjecture, built of the humble *R. indica*, the common Monthly Rose, which our forefathers termed the Bengal.

Yet English rose-gardening as a special culture—I may say as a special cult—is only just a hundred years old; this year may be considered its centenary. Always we have grown roses, but they

have occupied a seasonal place along with the other 'high midsummer pomps' which came and went. The roser, or rosery, in the Middle Ages, was an adjunct to the herb-bed. Its denizens were not merely planted for pleasure of sight and scent, but to supply material for a vast number of distillations, medications, and sweetmeats. The 'roser,' in fact, was just as indispensable to the kitchen-garden of yore as ours is kept well apart from it.

The history of the rose is indissolubly linked with the history of England. For hundreds and hundreds of years our national life has revolved around the rose more saliently than we ever stop to realise. It has commended itself alike to Church and State. The Church has, one may say, officially recognised it. How many great rose-windows of stately cathedrals have looked down upon the ceremonious reception of the Golden Rose, special mark of favour sent by some regnant Pope for Mid-Lent Sunday? How many pious orisons have been told on rosaries, so called because originally their beads were made of red rose petals, pulped and pressed and rounded into shape? How many parish parsons have passed about their duties with *de règle* roses in their hats?—a clerical custom still prevalent in the eighteenth century. How many bushels of roses (he had the right to twenty bushels a year) did the Bishop of Ely gather from his Holborn garden of Ely House, whose quit-rent was an annual red rose?

As for the State, not only has the rose been since 1461 the national emblem of England, but, oddly enough, it is intimately associated with Scotland in the white rose of the Jacobites—and with Ireland still more intimately. For *Roisin Dubh*, the 'little dark rose' of Aubrey de Vere's poem, the 'dark Rosaleen' of James Clarence Mangan's magnificent invocation, is synonymous with the 'Silk of the Kine,' and with 'Kathaleen ni Houlihan,' the poetical personifications of Eire. The white rose of York was assumed by Edward IV. on his accession as the royal emblem, surrounded by rays of the sun, and was known as the *rose en soleil*—it still figures in this guise, I believe, on the regimental colours of the Guards—and one reads of a chevalier in 1485 '*portant le nouvel collier du roy, la rose blanche et le soleil.*' Henry VIII. added a lion to the rose; Elizabeth, if I do not mistake, set the flower upon a rosier or bush. It was Queen Anne who devised the last royal rose badge, in which the cynosure of our eyes was blended with the thistle.

In wars and battles and heroic deeds the rose has borne a knightly part. *What* precisely the white and the red flowers of the Temple Gardens were, which lent their names to the Wars of the Roses, one cannot say; but they survive still as the badges of the Yorkshire and Lancashire regiments respectively, whilst eight other regiments bear the united red-and-white rose. The

Hampshires are allowed to sport their rose in actuality on Minden Day, as a memorial of how, going down the hill to achieve a miracle (it was little less), they gathered blossoms from the rose gardens as they went. But, indeed, I have read somewhere that the rude forefathers of the Hampshires were endowed with the wearing of the rose by Henry V. at Agincourt. Had this, one wonders, any connection with the five red roses of Loring (see *The White Company*), which would be inseparably associated with Hampshire men? Be that as it may, the rose was a favourite heraldic device; instances are so numerous that I only cite the 'rede roses of my maister's armes' in the *Paston Letters*. Battle and bloodshed seem desperately out of keeping with the lady of our praise; yet she has come through them unbroken, unblemished; even when she adorns the graves of our dead, we can 'smell the rose above the mould.' Always she has lent her loveliness to comfort those that mourn; in ballad after ballad you behold her growing out of hapless lovers' graves.

Of the Rose-noble and Rose-royal only patricians and wealthy merchants were aware; poor folk never handled such precious coinage. The flower seems now to be out of sight, out of mind, at the Mint, though still apparent as a water-mark on ten-shilling Treasury notes. Perhaps the arbiters of specie fail to recognise that the rose *is* England far more than the oak, and the rose will survive when all the oaks are gone. For with the Tudor Rose we touch that immeasurable company of wild roses on which the Tudor Rose is modelled. Wolley-Dod in 1920 gives 17 species and about 105 varieties with 55 forms, of *R. arvensis*, *R. canina*, and their cousins, inhabiting the British Isles. Multiply each of these a millionfold, and it is evident that we are more hedged about with roses than ever was the Sleeping Beauty. The Tudor Rose in its simple enchanting contours, its ubiquity, its multiplicity, is the incarnation of this thought. Possibly it attains its fullest expression in Henry VII.'s chapel. Wherever the eye turns, there is the Tudor Rose, looking down, as it were, from the balconies of heaven, companioned by angels and archangels, meet comrades for one so pure. Out of every celestial embrasure it appears, token and sign-manual of perfect beauty.

In Pliny's days there seem to have been twelve distinct known roses, but in Parkinson's time not so many. These latter would include the Provence, or Cabbage, Rose of a hundred leaves (*R. centifolia*), said to have been introduced into France, immemorially long ago, from the Caucasus. You will not find the venerable Cabbage now, except with the old-fashioned growers and in cottage gardens; it has been dethroned by glowing Hybrid Perpetuals and gorgeous Hybrid Teas. Its pure white form, *Unique*, dating from 1777 (when it was discovered in a Suffolk

garden) is obtainable from the big firms; so is the delicate *Maiden's Blush*, which was so dear to one in childhood. Those charming little ladies, *Spong* and *De Meaux*, are sports from the Provence; and so is the Moss Rose, which came from Holland in the Parkinson period. One does not often encounter Moss Roses now; I wonder why. Their quaint and delicious buds, their exquisite aromatic scent, are strongly individual. Whether pale pink, like *Common Moss*, or rosy pink like *Crested*, rich crimson like *Celina* or spotless as the celestial *White Bath*, they are redolent of all that makes a garden dear.

The Yellow Provence, or old double-yellow Cabbage (*R. sulphurea*), was 'first procured to be brought into England by Master Nicholas Lete, a worthy merchant of London, and a great lover of flowers, from Constantinople,' according to Parkinson, and was, I suppose, the first yellow rose to be seen in this country. Very few folks now living have ever set eyes on it. Dean Hole, fifty years ago, termed it almost extinct, adding that his only sight of it had been in the gardens of Burleigh House at Stamford. But at the time he wrote, and several years later, there was, I have been told, a cottage near Woking simply smothered in its golden blossoms.

There were also about 1597 the two recently introduced Austrian Briars, the copper and the yellow. Could but the prophetic eye of Gerard, their importer, have dipped into the future, and beheld all the wonder that should be! For the descendants of the Austrian Briars, the unparalleled Pernetianas, multiply yearly in their manifold magnificence, coral and apricot and sunset-red, shrimp-pink and coppery orange and Indian yellow. It is a far cry from Gerard and his Austrian Yellow to Pernet-Ducher and his *Madame Edouard Herriot*.

Then there was the Musk Rose (*R. moschata*) which has been described as 'perhaps more widely spread than any other rose over the face of the earth.' 'Of later times,' says Hakluyt, 'the Musk Rose was procured out of Italy.' Bacon mentions the Musk Rose as July-flowering; but it was on a Midsummer night that Titania proposed to adorn her beloved ass's head with the Musk Rose; and Keats associates it with his nightingale, as 'mid-May's eldest child.' I fear these poets are rather offhand and inaccurate. The authentic Musk Rose, bearing single white blooms in large bunches, is rarely seen, except in very old-world gardens. Among some of the best present hybrids are *Himalayica*, *Rivers' Musk*, *Pax*, *Trier*, and *Princesse de Nassau*.

To continue, about 1597 there was the very important *R. gallica*, the Apothecaries' Rose, the Rose de Provins (not to be confounded with the Provence) largely cultivated near Provins, the old capital of La Brie, where, on the way from Paris to Chalons,

was a vast region devoted to *R. gallica*. The petals were used, and still are, for scents and simples and conserves. Sixty years ago this rose was extensively grown in English ground for purposes of distillation; one grower near London is said to have had 2000 different sorts. And there was also the Damask Rose (*R. damascena*) around which dwelt a vague tradition that it had been brought from Damascus by the Crusaders. There are beautiful modern specimens, such as the single *Crimson Damask* and *Lady Curzon*, also the old *Red Damask*, *Rosa Mundi* or *Village Maid*, and *York and Lancaster*, the last two being striped. These are not what you would call popular favourites; only they exhale the very essence of romance.

Then there must at that date, I conjecture, have been *R. cinnamomea*, the Cinnamon or Whitsuntide Rose, with its large pink flowers, brown-yellow wood, and delicious spiciness. And what else? I know of nothing else. Until the arrival of the first Monthly Rose from India in 1789 there seems to have been a hiatus. Several new species, indeed, are said to have been introduced during the eighteenth century, but I am unable to verify their list, which includes *R. alpina*, *R. blanda* (variously known as Meadow Rose, Labrador Rose, Hudson's Bay Rose), *R. lævigata* (Cherokee Rose), *R. setigera* (Prairie Rose)—nearly all, you perceive, from overseas—and *Rugosa alba*. The great impetus to rose-gardening was that given by the Empress Josephine, who worked wonders at Malmaison, insomuch that early in the nineteenth century thousands of species and varieties were known here where before there were hardly scores. In short, not only the great French growers, but we ourselves, owe an imperishable debt of gratitude to Josephine, who was so keen a gardener that by an English Admiralty paper still on record it is ordained that if any captured French ship be found to contain seeds or plants *en route* for her, those seeds and plants shall be forwarded to their destination.

With the first three decades of the nineteenth century the dead-low-ebb has turned; the tide is rising rapidly. 'Rosy is the West, Rosy is the South,' with Chinas, Bourbons, Boursaults, Banksias, Noisettes, Tea Roses, Polyanthas, until the first Hybrid Perpetual, *Gloire des Rosamènes*, is produced (1823), and the first 'Yellow China or Tea Rose' introduced, and the glorious crescendo rises in the 'thirties to *Harrisonii* and *Persian Yellow*. During the last twenty years, in Schiller's words,

> Never, believe me, appear the Immortals,
> Never alone—never alone!

Unless you attend every Royal Horticultural Society and every National Rose Society show it is impossible to keep pace with their names and numbers. Each year new splendours are poured from

the hands of the hybridists. How amazing to recollect that, whereas now every cottage garden is drpaed in *Dorothy Perkins*, that typical and cheerful rambler only dates from 1901; that the first Hybrid Tea, *La France*, was born in 1867; and that the dear old familiar *Gloire de Dijon* did not exist before 1853. This last is the flower that Dean Hole said he would select, if condemned to one rose only for the rest of his life. But, much as one respects it for memory's sake, I think it is the worst possible rose for cutting, being top-heavy and ungraceful. The exquisite configuration of the modern Hybrid Tea would be a revelation to the worthy Dean.

Who is Rosa, what is she, that all our swains commend her? She is neither a herb nor a tree, botanically speaking, but a shrub provided with straight or curving thorns by which the shrub is enabled to hold her own among other and bulkier plants, and to climb to sun and air. Sometimes these thorns attain a really preposterous amount of prickliness, as in the case of the Hedgehog or Rugosa Roses, the Ramanas Roses of Japan. Sometimes the guardian spears are disbanded so thoroughly that you get a thornless rose, like the late Lord Fisher's favourite, the Bourbon *Zephyrine Drouhin*. Sometimes, as with most Hybrid Teas, they are few in number and claw-like in shape. I suppose that, in years to come, thorns will disappear altogether. In gardens they merely exist as survivals, exercising neither defence nor defiance against the enemies of the rose, whose name is legion.

The flowers of the rose, whether single or double, do not secrete honey, but insects are attracted to them by their colour, perfume, and plentiful pollen, and so hybridisation, unaided by man, occasionally occurs. Perfume, however, must always play a most important part in the attraction of insects, and perfume is an evanescent, elusive, and precarious possession. One looked of yore upon the rose's fragrance as an integral part of itself; if it was not sweet, you could scarcely consider it a rose at all. Yet from how many of our most glorious modern Hybrid Teas has that sweetness evaporated. It may be that the conditions of life nowadays are antagonistic to rich odour. Nobody can solve the problem as to the vanished scent of the musk plant, which once exhaled delicious breath in every humble window. Nobody knows why *Baroness Rothschild* is bereft of scent, while *Hugh Dickson*, introduced thirty-seven years later, retains it. And as for *Frau Karl Druschki*—well named *Snow Queen*—was ever anybody so 'icily regular, splendidly null,' in her cold white asceticism? You can almost hear her saying: 'I will *not* attract bees, nor butterflies, nor any wandering lover.' Deep on her convent roof the snows are sparkling to the moon. The little bell is ringing in the chapel, as in Schubert's *Junge Nonne;* but not one faintest

waft of incense is perceptible. Nevertheless our great rose firms are feeling their way back to fragrance. Scent is becoming less subordinated to shape and colour these last three or four years; the exquisite petals are regaining their foregone aroma, and 'of their sweet death are sweetest odours made.'

The hip, or hep, the fruit of the rose, has been described as a strawberry turned outside in. Nor is there anything very *outré* in such a description, seeing that nearly all our native edible fruit-bearing trees and shrubs take their name from, and share their nature with, this lyric love of ours. The apple—supposed by Darwin to be derived from some wild Caucasian 'crab'—has been in culture here from prehistoric times, and is authentic ruler of all the *Rosaceæ*. Around and below him behold the pear, quince, medlar, cherry, plums of every sort; from overseas, peach, apricot, nectarine, almond: the strawberry,—the ramifications of the *Rubus* tribe, blackberries, raspberries, cloudberries, dewberries, and their modern hybrids (even currants and gooseberries are, I believe, distantly related), hawthorn berries, service berries, rowan berries, all of the great rose family. Was ever so noble, so beneficent, a race? Not content with exterior qualities of form and scent and colour, they yield themselves at every juncture to the furnishing of human foods and drinks. And of this goodly kindred are herbs of healing: agrimony, avens, cinquefoil (Grant Allen claimed that the original founder of the family must have been a little single yellow rosaceous flower like the cinquefoil) burnet, lady's-mantle, meadowsweet, I know not how many more.

And yet there is an unconscionable amount of negligence and ignorance as concerns this royal flower. Dean Hole complained in his day that 'there is not a garden nowadays of any pretensions which has not its collection of roses, and yet there is not one garden in twenty where the flower is realised in its beauty.' He might very justly reiterate those words now. People come in and stare about at one's roses, burbling and babbling. 'How *do* you remember the names of them all?' As if one could forget the names of one's own children! And, in a sense, a rose-tree is very like a child: lovely, but helpless; liable to infantile diseases; open to attack from evil-doers; needing constant attention. You have to keep it clean and dainty, spick and span, well groomed with scissors and other implements; you must keep its head cool in summer and its feet warm in winter; sometimes it will require extra clothing of straw and fern in winter, and a little tonic of basic slag in late autumn. You must train up your child in the way it should go, and that is never so easy in practice as in theory: children have wills of their own. Above all, you must supply it with food and drink. An experienced family

doctor once observed: 'I do not believe it is possible to overfeed a growing girl or boy. A child may overeat itself on occasion; but as a general rule it needs all it can get.' This remark is singularly applicable to your rose child.

But every true gardener is aware that in rose-growing love is the real root of the matter; it is a case of reflex action. This is a secret confined to those 'in the know,' because some folks would not understand it, others would not believe it, and a third unhappy section have no love to give. All the most recent scientific discoveries tend to confirm Huxley's *dictum* that a plant is 'a spirit shut up in a wooden case.' And not only that: it is more closely related to ourselves than most of us guess. The protozoa in the heart of an oak-tree are identical with the protozoa in the body of a human being. 'We be of one blood, I and thou,' as Mowgli said to his friend. When a plant dies, it is now ascertainable, its muscular contractions and relaxations are parallel with those of a human being *in articulo mortis*; and at the moment of its death a definite, perceptible release of energy takes place. While yet it lives it is covered with eyes, thousands and thousands of retinæ to the square inch. Photographs can be taken of these, and, enormously enlarged, show you what that plant was looking at. We know that it breathes through its leaves; but the latest investigations reveal a distinct heart-beat in the pulsation of the sap. As for the manner in which it conducts its 'vapid vegetable loves,' inquiry into the matter will astonish you. At every fresh step one becomes more firmly, more forcibly, convinced that 'we be of one blood, I and thou.' And so, since discovery is endless, and since the life-story of even 'the meanest flower that blows' will be found eternally akin to our own ephemeral experience, the Romaunt of the Rose will go on for ever.

MAY BYRON.

LIFE IN LONDON SUBURBS TO-DAY

SMALL houses, small rooms, small furniture, small families, small motor cars—everything seems to be shrinking to fit post-war conditions. The art of living seems now to be recognised as the art of reducing everything to the smallest possible scale.

'Two rooms and a two-seater' is the ideal of the newly married. It is correct in these days to be as homeless as possible. The smallest possible flat and the smallest possible car with the smallest possible engine—what more need one have? You can see these new idealists any week-end on the Portsmouth road, motoring through the Surrey pine-woods and looking very gay and very happy. In the middle of the day you may find them sitting by the side of the road satisfying a small appetite with the contents of a small luncheon basket. From their smart little car they look with a kind of amazed pity at the occasional passing of a Ford overloaded with children on the pre-war scale.

All round London there is springing up a new suburbia designed for the people who have revolted against the old unmanageable bigness of things. The new suburban house—detached, with two or three bedrooms and a garage instead of a nursery—is a symbol of the times. Go to any of the building estates round London, and you will find the ideals of to-day written in bricks and mortar more plainly than in any book or newspaper.

'Leave us alone!' That seems to be the slogan of the new suburbia. The communal garden-city phase has passed. Communism killed the communal spirit. The new ideal, expressed everywhere in bricks and mortar, is to be as detached as possible from one's fellows. It is not enough to be semi-detached. One must be separated altogether. The old suburbia emphasised the dull sameness of things. The new suburbia is a lively assertion of individuality.

Some years ago, I remember, when the war was still going on, a number of men discussed in a French billet what they would do when they got home. No discussion was more popular in those days. On this particular evening a man of thirty said decisively: 'I shall want nothing better than to be left alone.' At once this was recognised by the others as the most desirable of all ideals.

Sick of being drilled, lined up in neat and regular rows, ordered about, and sent like cattle to the slaughter, they felt that peace could offer them nothing better than isolation and the power to order their own lives. The war caused men to look with a new suspicion on their fellows.

I remember walking back to my own billet with the man who had said that he wanted only to be left alone, and I asked him in what sort of place he would like to live. 'Give me a piece of ground,' he said, 'with a small house in the middle of it, a few trees, and a high fence all round.'

Now, it seems, he has got exactly what he wanted. When I looked him up the other day I found him and his wife in a house with one sitting-room, two bedrooms, and a garage. Round the garden ran a solid wooden fence, 6 feet high, and there were shrubs and trees screening the house from the road. On each side were scores of similar little houses, all detached, and separated from each other by big gardens, trees, and fences. Each one stood aloof from its fellows.

Apparently the sergeant-major has at last been dismissed from housing. In a pre-war suburban road one always expected to hear him calling the drilled and disciplined lines of houses to attention or ordering them to form fours. Even in the pre-war garden suburbs there are still traces of his influence. The houses are drilled in separate little squads. To live there is still, on the whole, to live on a parade ground. It needed a big war finally to dismiss the sergeant-major from our streets.

In the new suburbia each house stands at ease. Each house, too, is different from its neighbours. There is no trace of the uniformity of the old days. You have, indeed, only to walk round one of the new estates to realise the extent of the revolt against the discipline of the war years and the disciplined thinking that led to them. The new suburbia may be poor, but it would rather have a small detached house than a larger one that is merely a number in a battalion. Doubtful of crowds—an attitude developed by experience of the disastrous crowds of war—it seeks to emphasise individuality above all things. There may not be much scope, within the limits of an overdraft, to express individuality through the medium of bricks and mortar, but it is done. The needed protest can be made if only by the position of a chimney, the design of a porch, or the outline of a roof. There are 200 little houses on one new estate within forty minutes of London. Each one is a protest against the parade ground aspect of things. Differences may be slight, but they are there.

The same protest may be traced in the refusal to solve the servant problem by any communal kitchen or dining-room. That idea has definitely failed. In spite of the fantastic difficulty of

getting domestic help of any kind, women prefer to do the work themselves rather than fall back on the communal outlet. Hence the new simplicity in furnishing, the elimination of everything unnecessary or merely ornamental, and the ruthless scrapping of anything that makes for work. The monk in his cell is now recognised as the best housekeeper. Carpets, linoleum, knick-knacks, ornaments—all are scrapped to lighten labour. Floors stained with creosote and then polished, stained staircases bare of carpet, built-in cupboards instead of wardrobes, bathrooms instead of washing-stands fitted with that Victorian absurdity, a jug, distemper instead of wallpaper, small but highly efficient anthracite ranges that cook and heat the water and never go out, electric kettles, irons, and fires—all these things are found in the little houses of the new suburbia. No trace is left of the over-crowded work-making rooms of pre-war days. All the things beloved of the Victorians have been swept away. Gone are the mantelpieces littered with ornaments, the silver-framed family portraits scattered about the room, the polished brass, the soft carpets, the elaborate curtains, the suites of bedroom furniture, the massive sideboards, and the plague of little mats. All have been scrapped by this ruthless generation of women who have come to realise that the best home is the home that demands the least work. Years ago men who had to do their own housework evolved the labour-saving austerity of the monastery. Women have at last accepted the same ideal and produced the delightful bareness of the new suburbia. The aim of the modern bride is not to furnish a home, but to unfurnish it. Nearly all the furniture that is needed in one of the new little houses may be carried in a taxi.

Among other pre-war institutions that have been sacrificed are the spare bedroom and the week-end guest. There is no space in the new houses for an idle room or an idle bed. The occasional guest must go back to town by the last train. Hence the threatened disappearance of the expert week-ender—the bachelor who made a science in the old days of spending every Saturday and Sunday away from his own rooms. There is no longer the demand for him that there used to be in the days when every house had a spare room and there were servants that looked on a guest as a promising source of income. The week-ender has given place to the last-train guest.

But the people who live in the aloof, barely furnished houses that are giving a new character to the outskirts of London are by no means cut off from the outside world. It comes automatically to them in the convenient form of wireless. In the newest houses wireless is 'laid on' as a matter of course, like water or gas or electric light. Every room is wired for it before building is completed, so that the loud speaker or headphone may be carried

from room to room and plugged in as easily, say, as a reading lamp. Unsightly wires are no longer to be seen. The earth connection is neatly made when the house is still in skeleton form. What was a disfigurement in the old houses has become a standard unobtrusive fitting in the new ones.

This easy contact with the outside world may, perhaps, account partly for there being nothing 'suburban' about the new suburbia. The old sneer, which was probably never justified, has lost any meaning it ever had. Wireless, a better railway service, and cheaper motoring have destroyed that narrowness of outlook which used to be associated, quite unfairly on the whole, with suburbia. Probably the only 'suburban' people left are those who live in self-contained little communities in such places as Chelsea, St. John's Wood and Kensington.

For although the essence of the new suburbia is individuality, it is not an individuality that is narrow or contemptuous or self-contained. It wants to be left alone in the sense that it prefers the social atmosphere of a block of London flats to the system of formal calls, card-leaving, and communal activities. Strongly individual, it respects nothing so much as individuality in others. What it seeks to avoid at all costs is the spirit of the crowd—the spirit that accepts monotonous rows of villas, each with the same curtains, the same aspidistras, the same furniture, and the same people. It asks to be left alone in the sense that a soldier, forced into the enervating communism of war, asks to be left alone. Having seen something of the devastating possibilities of mankind in the mass, the new suburbia, peopled chiefly with those who served in the war, is suspicious of any crowd. Hence the aloof individual little houses. Hence the summary dismissal of the architectural sergeant-major.

E. CLEPHAN PALMER.

THE SAFEGUARDING OF INDUSTRIES ACT

THERE are certain features connected with the history and operation of the Safeguarding of Industries Act which are not generally known, or, if known, so often forgotten, that a short statement of the origin, methods, and effects (so far as can be ascertained) of the Act may be useful in view of the discussion now arising about it.

In June 1916 the Economic Conference of the Allies held in Paris passed, amongst others, the following resolution, Mr. Runciman being, it is understood, largely the author of the wording :

> The Allies decide to take the necessary steps without delay to render themselves independent of the enemy countries in so far as regards the raw materials and manufactured articles essential to the normal development of their economic activities.

Following this, the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, appointed in that year the Committee on Commercial and Industrial Policy after the War, with the following terms of reference :

> To consider the commercial and industrial policy to be adopted after the war, with special reference to the conclusions reached at the Economic Conference of the Allies and to the following questions (*inter alia*) :
>
> (*a*) What industries are essential to the future safety of the nation and what steps should be taken to maintain or establish them.
>
> . . . .
>
> (*d*) To what extent and by what means the sources of supply within the Empire can be prevented from falling under foreign control.

The reference clearly raised, it will be seen, the question of the so-called 'pivotal industries.' The Committee made an interim Report on November 10, 1916. Its final Report was issued on December 3, 1917, and in it they said :

> In our Report, dated March 16, 1917, we dealt in part with the question contained under sub-head (*a*) of our Terms of Reference, viz. :
>
> What industries are essential to the future safety of the nation, and what steps should be taken to maintain or establish them.
>
> We pointed out that it is, of course, obvious that the great staple trades, such as coal-mining, the iron and steel industry, engineering, shipbuilding, the electrical trades, and the textile and chemical industries, are of vital

importance to the economic life of the nation both in peace and in war. We stated that there are, however, certain special commodities which, whilst branches of industry engaged therein are not of such magnitude, are essential to national safety, as being absolutely indispensable to important British industries, and were supplied before the war entirely or mainly from the present enemy sources or from sources under present enemy control. We were informed that, in drafting the first of the Permanent Resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference, the representatives of His Majesty's Government had especially in mind industries which have come to be known as 'key' or 'pivotal' industries concerned with the production of commodities of the kind.

Again, in par. 145 (29):

Up to this point we have dealt with several typical industries which, on account of their peculiar importance, appear to us to require special treatment in future. From the consideration of these industries certain principles emerge which call for notice. We now proceed to state these principles and to make the general recommendations which in our opinion follow from them.

In the first place a particular commodity or branch of production which is of national importance at a given time may not continue to be so, and on the other hand new essential industries may emerge in the future.

Secondly, the causes which have rendered British trade dependent upon the present enemy countries for the supply of particular commodities are by no means uniform, and the measures required to promote the various branches of industry involved may vary with each individual commodity. The problem will also be affected as new economic and political conditions arise and changes occur in the international situation.

. . . .

Consequently it is impossible to lay down permanent and uniform lines of State action in this connection; nor are we in a position to frame an exhaustive list of such industries as may from time to time call for exceptional treatment, or to elaborate in detail the precise measures which may be needed in each case. The special recommendations which we have made in the previous paragraphs may themselves require modification to meet the conditions which may actually exist after the war.

145 (31). The maintenance of efficient and adequate production at reasonable prices must be a condition of the continued receipt by an industry of special State assistance in any form. In addition to the framing of schemes, it should be the duty of the Board, the establishment of which we recommend, to watch over the fulfilment of this condition, and for this purpose it should make such arrangements as to inspection as may be necessary. Where financial assistance is given it should be a condition that the firms or companies in receipt of grants should be entirely British, and the grants should be issued only upon a certificate from the Board that this condition, and any other conditions which may have been imposed, continue to be satisfied, and the repayment of the whole or at least part of any grants should be kept in view. Similarly, where import restrictions are imposed for the purposes indicated in this Report, the grant of licences should be regulated on the advice of the Board. In any cases in which special protection may have been given against foreign competition by way of tariff or prohibition, it should be a function of the Board to consider complaints that such protection has been improperly used or has for any reason ceased to be in the public interest; and in all cases in which special

assistance of the kinds suggested in this Report is given the Board should have the power to consider complaints as to the conditions and terms of employment in such industries, and to require any changes to be made therein which it may deem proper. . . .

Failing efficient and adequate output, the Government should itself undertake the manufacture of such articles as may be essential for national safety.

When the war closed the country was provided with a mass of emergency legislation under the Defence of the Realm Acts, and, by reason of the interpretation placed upon it, with machinery under the Customs Consolidation Act, 1876, for the restriction of imports into this country.

But in December 1919 the legality of these restrictions was tested. Mr. Justice Sankey decided (as most lawyers confidently anticipated) that the restrictions were illegal, except in the case of such goods as firearms, ammunition, and explosives. That decision was based upon the wording of the Customs Act, 1876, in section 43, which enacted that the importation of arms, ammunition, gunpowder, or any other goods might be prohibited by Proclamation or Order in Council.

The door was thrown open to all kinds of foreign import again, and vast masses of dye-stuffs were immediately rushed into this country, adding to the large quantities which came in as reparations payments.

It is estimated that as much as 7,535,000*l.* value of dye-stuffs were imported in 1920, whereas the total value of our import of such commodities in 1913 was 1,892,000*l.*

At the opening of the war the provision of these dye-stuffs had become vital. The great textile industries, it was discovered, were dependent upon foreign sources of supply, and an attempt had to be made to develop a dye-stuffs industry. The results of the efforts made may be shortly stated. In 1913 at least 90 per cent. of the dye-stuffs used here were obtained from foreign sources of supply, and of the remaining 10 per cent. of British origin many were merely foreign dye-stuffs mixed in British works.

In 1922 about 80 per cent. of British requirements were obtained from British sources and only 20 per cent. were required to be imported.

The British range of colours was of the narrowest : to-day it includes every class of dye for every purpose.

The Dye-stuffs Act, 1920, was passed, and operates for ten years from January 15, 1921. It expires on January 15, 1931.

The method of restrictions adopted is by excluding foreign dyes unless a licence for import is previously obtained under certain fairly stringent conditions. It is alleged by some opponents of the Act that it has killed our dye *entrepôt* trade, while on the

other hand dye manufacturers allege it has helped vitally our industries by creating a live dye manufacturing industry here.

Returning now to the final Report of the Committee on Commercial and Industrial Policy after the War, to which reference has already been made.

Fiscal Policy

212. In the decade immediately preceding the outbreak of the present war the question of the maintenance or modification of the general fiscal policy pursued by the United Kingdom throughout the nineteenth century was a matter of acute party controversy, and we cannot conceal from ourselves that in formulating any proposals on the subject we are running the risk of a revival of controversy on the old lines. Such a revival would be a very real disaster if it caused any cleavage in the nation and thereby tended to accentuate the difficulties of reconstruction after the war. Those difficulties will in any case be very real, and the last thing we desire is to suggest any course which might run the risk of increasing them in any way. A reconsideration of the whole problem is, however, made inevitable by the fact that, whilst the economic strength of the country has so far borne with remarkable success the strain upon our material and financial resources resulting from an unparalleled war, certain defects in and dangers to the great fabric of British trade and industry have been revealed ; and by the further fact that in our opinion these defects and dangers can be removed, and their recurrence guarded against, only by a fresh examination of what has hitherto been our national fiscal policy.

We endeavoured in our consideration of this very difficult subject to avoid so far as possible any renewal of pre-war discussions on general principles, to have regard only to the best interests of the nation, and to base our conclusions upon unprejudiced examinations of the actual facts of the situation in the light of the experience of the past three years, with a view to the framing of a practical policy which will be likely to obtain the support of at least the great majority of the people of this country.

213. The following proposition as to the bases of future British economic policy in this respect will, we believe, meet with general acceptance :

Some Government action should be taken to promote and safeguard the development in the United Kingdom of industries of a special or 'pivotal' character (*i.e.*, the industries on which other and larger branches of industrial production of substantial national importance are dependent), or which, whilst essential for munitions purposes, are not of sufficient commercial importance to ensure their development without such State assistance. . . .

Conclusions

254. In view of the considerations which we have thus set out in detail, we have come to the following conclusions : . . .

(2) Those industries which we have already described as 'key' or 'pivotal' should be maintained in this country at all hazards and at any expense. No ordinary economic rules may apply to the situation of these minor but important industries. They must be kept alive either by loans, by subsidy, by tariff, by Government contracts, or in the last event by Government manufacture. They will necessarily be subject to Government supervision.

(3) As regards other industries, protection by means of Customs duties or Government assistance in other forms should be afforded only to carefully selected branches of production which must be maintained either for reasons of national safety or on the general ground that it is undesirable that any industry of real importance to our economic strength and well-being should be allowed to be weakened by foreign competition or brought to any serious extent in this or other ways under alien domination or control.

Lord Moulton, who was a convinced Free Trader, of which he was a distinguished protagonist, in one of his last speeches in 1921 described his experience during the war in charge of the chemical industries :

You must remember that during the whole four years of the war I had to endure practically the terror of what those industries enabled our enemies to do. I was always urging the Treasury to allow me to buy ahead nitrate of soda from Chili. Our enemies were making it in unlimited quantities at home, and I am afraid to think what would have been the result if Germany had concentrated its submarine attacks on the narrow line going through the Panama Canal, and through which we got our supplies of nitrate. I am an old Free Trader. . . . But my definition of a Free Trader to-day would be a little more elaborate than that which used to satisfy me. I used to say with confidence, and with some accuracy, that the most rapid way to obtain national wealth was to buy in the cheapest market. The last few years have taught me that the definition ought to be a little enlarged, and to-day it stands like this :

That if your main object is the rapid acquisition of wealth and its enjoyment, and you are sure of continuous peace, then the best way is to buy in the cheapest market.

It does not sound a very great change, but the last four years have shown us that we could not calculate on continuous peace. Still less can we calculate on it in the future. And it has taught us one great thing that our main object should not be solely the rapid acquisition of wealth and its enjoyment, but that it should include the most perfect development of our greatest asset, for the greatest asset of a country is its own people. . . .

As to the question of drugs, fine chemicals, and many other key industries, such as optical glass, we have to make the Government feel that it called into existence infant industries to supply its essential needs during the war and left them still in a condition of infancy at its close. However efficient they may be to-day, to imagine that, having accomplished their work for the war, and having performed all the service called for during its continuance, in the state in which they were left, they were in a position to stand the competition of the enemy who for years had been working at the same problems, who had built up enormous manufactures and had developed research, and to say to them that they must at a moment's notice withstand the competition of the enemy in a free and unrestricted market, was simply folly.

Statements like this, and the findings of the Committee above quoted, exerted much influence in the development of public opinion.

There was also another topic which had attracted attention, and

which ultimately was dealt with in the Safeguarding of Industries Act, namely, 'dumping.'

The essence of 'dumping' consists, it is alleged, in the existence of two prices for the same article at the same time. There is the price at which the article is sold in the home market of the producing country, and there is a lower price at which it is sold in the foreign markets, such as England. The home price is kept up in either or both of two ways: (1) The manufacturers combine in a *kartel*, or trust, to prevent competition amongst themselves; (2) they persuade their own Government to protect them against foreign competition in their home market by means of an import duty on the goods they themselves produce. Having made their profit out of the helpless home consumer, and having manufactured on a large scale to secure economy of production, they then 'dump' the surplus abroad at a ridiculously cheap rate.

In 1916 the Economic Conference of the Allies at Paris had come to this conclusion (*inter alia*):

In order to defend their commerce, their industry, their agriculture, and their navigation against economic aggression resulting from 'dumping' or any other mode of unfair competition, the Allies decide to fix by agreement a period of time during which the commerce of the enemy Powers shall be submitted to special treatment and goods originating in their countries shall be subjected either to prohibitions or to a special *régime* of an effective character.

The Committee on Commercial and Industrial Policy after the War were not unanimous on the question of 'dumping.' In par. 217, however, of their Report they say:

THE PREVENTION OF 'DUMPING'

217. There is a general consensus of opinion among the Departmental Committees appointed by the Board of Trade in favour of some measures to prevent 'dumping,' by which we understand the sale of goods in a particular market at prices lower than those at which the goods are currently offered in the country of manufacture. The view is strongly held that the frequent 'dumping' of any particular class of foreign goods produces a feeling of insecurity in the corresponding industry of this country which diminishes the incentive to development, and that in certain cases the 'dumping' by foreign combinations has been the expression of a persistent policy aiming at the depression of some British industries and the prevention of the establishment of others. It is of course impossible in every case to prove the truth of this latter suggestion; but we see no reason to doubt that there is at least a *primâ facie* ground in support of it.

Turning now to the attitude of political parties to the topic of 'pivotal industries' in this country.

At the National Liberal Federation held at Manchester, September 26 and 27, 1918, the following resolution was passed:

The Committee affirms that where measures may have to be taken to safeguard and maintain production at home, in special cases where the

national security is endangered by dependence on foreign supplies the resulting profits should go to the State and not to private individuals.

This was a pronouncement in favour of Government manufacture. In a statement published by the Liberal Publication Department in view of the 1918 election the following statement appears :

EXCEPTIONAL MEASURES FOR NATIONAL SECURITY

It cannot be denied that the principle of national security rises superior to that of free imports. If it can be demonstrated that in particular cases a rigid adherence to free imports would jeopardise national security, the advocates of Free Trade are quite ready to countenance exceptional measures for safeguarding the nation. Thus if steps have been taken to exert economic pressure upon Germany at the close of the war, or if certain key or pivotal industries can be shown to need subsidies in order that we may not be dependent upon foreign supplies, the Liberal Party will acquiesce in such exceptional measures as being based upon the vital principle of national security.

The next step was the joint manifesto of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law in 1918 on the eve of the election of that date.

One of the lessons which has been most clearly taught us by the war is the danger to the nation of being dependent upon other countries for vital supplies on which the life of the nation may depend. It is the intention, therefore, of the Government to preserve and sustain where necessary these key industries in the way which experience and examination may prove to be the best adapted for the purpose.

As to ' dumping ' this manifesto said :

If production is to be maintained at the highest limit at home, security must be given against unfair competition to which our industries may be subjected by the dumping of goods produced abroad and sold on our markets below the actual cost of production.

The next pronouncement was a statement of Government policy on August 22, 1919, which indicated the principles on which these considerations would be applied in legislation to key industries. Industries, it stated, which fulfilled the following tests would alone be regarded as ' unstable or key industries.'

A. (1) That the product is essential for war ; (2) or for the maintenance of the country during war ; but

B. That the industry had been so neglected before the war that there was an inadequate supply of the product ;

C. That the industry was one for the fostering of which the Government found it necessary to take special steps during the war ;

D. That if special Government support were withdrawn the industry could not maintain itself on the level of production essential to the national life.

In British fiscal legislation it has several times occurred that Free Trade principles have not been regarded as sacrosanct in cases where humanitarianism or other motives rather than commercial considerations are at stake. For instance:

(1) The Importation of Plumage (Prohibition) Act, 1921, in the interests of humane sentiment forbids the import of certain kinds of plumage into this country.

(2) The Whale Fisheries (Scotland) Act, 1922, authorises in regard to Scotland the abolition of whale fishing in the Shetlands by empowering the Secretary for Scotland to withhold the necessary licences.

(3) 'Embargo' on cattle import exists in the interests of breeders of pedigree cattle, and of the prevention of cattle disease generally among our herds.

The means open for 'protecting' 'pivotal industries' are the following:

(1) Licences for import. Of this method the Dye-stuffs Act, 1920, is an example.

(2) By subsidy—*i.e.*, by grants of public money to particular industries. Against this public opinion has at various times declared itself very strongly.

(3) Loans to firms or industries.

(4) Tariffs.

(5) Manufacture of the commodities in question in Government factories.

(6) Government contracts.

(7) Embargo—in other words, the total exclusion of foreign imports.

'Tariffs' were of all the methods just mentioned adjudged by Parliament the most expedient to adopt in solving the problem of the 'pivotal industries.' Accordingly a Bill, called the Imports and Exports Regulation Bill, was introduced in November 1919 by Sir A. Geddes, who was then at the Board of Trade. It was backed also by Sir A. Mond and Sir Hamar Greenwood. It had very comprehensive objects, shown by its title: 'A Bill to constitute a Trade Regulation Committee, to regulate the importation of goods with a view to prevent dumping, safeguarding key industries and industries affected by the depreciation of a foreign currency and assisting the revival of hop growing, to regulate temporarily the exportation of certain goods and to authorise the granting of credits and undertaking of insurances for the purpose of re-establishing overseas trade, etc.'

The Bill was thought too drastic, and, being hotly opposed, was eventually dropped. In it, however, may be seen the germs of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, 1921, and also of the Overseas Credit Facilities Act.

This Bill, the Safeguarding of Industries Act, was, after much bitter discussion, introduced and passed. It was a much simpler measure than the previous Bill, its provisions being quite short. It is called 'An Act to impose duties of Customs on certain goods with a view to the safeguarding of special industries and the safeguarding of employment in industries in the United Kingdom against the effects of the depreciation of foreign currencies and the disposal of imported goods at prices below the cost of production.'

The Act consists of three Parts:

I. Safeguarding of key or pivotal industries.

II. Prevention of dumping.

III. General clauses defining 'value of goods' and enacting other matters.

The scheme of Part I. of the measure is to enumerate in a schedule certain commodities essential in war, on which an import duty of 33 per cent. of their value is imposed—unless such goods are grown, produced, and manufactured in the British Empire, in which case they are to be admitted free. The Board of Trade is authorised to issue lists defining the articles which are to be taken as falling under any of the general descriptions comprised in the schedule.

Any complaint that an article has been improperly included or excluded from the list can be referred to an arbitrator, who must not be an official of any Government Department.

Under section 16 of the Act, Part I. commenced to operate on October 21, 1921, and is to continue in force until five years from the passing of the Act. Part I., therefore, will, unless extended, expire on August 19, 1926, the Act having been passed on August 19, 1921—in other words, about two and a half years from the present time, giving four years at least from the passing of the Act and eight years from the ending of the war for the pivotal industries to get on their legs, to prove themselves able to exist, and to face competition without protection.

The Schedule to the Act comprises the following commodities:

(1) Optical glass, chemical glassware.

(2) Galvanometers and scientific instruments, wireless valves, vacuum tubes, magnetos.

(3) Arc lamp carbons.

(4) Hosiery latch needles.

(5) Metallic tungsten and manufactured products of it, compounds of thorium and cerium, and all synthetic organic chemicals and fine chemicals (except sulphate of quinine of vegetable origin).

This list is, however, not exhaustive, as it does not in detail enumerate, for instance, what fine chemicals individually come under it. Section 1 (5) of the Act authorises the Board of Trade

to issue lists defining the articles which fall under any of the general descriptions.

Many of the articles and substances included are only used in comparatively small quantities or numbers. Experience has shown that the schedule comprises a vast number of articles useful in science, domestic life, or industry, and essential in some industry or other.

Fine chemicals, which come under the Act, are legion, and their nomenclature is appalling. Such names appear as oxyiodo-methylanilide, nitro-acetylamino-anthraquinone, ethoxy-ana-mono-benzoylamido-quinoline, brenzcatechinmethylbenzylether.

There have been a good many arbitration cases as to the meaning of 'synthetic organic chemicals' and 'fine chemicals,' which have cleared up the matter to a considerable extent.

It has been decided that calcium carbide is not an organic chemical, and is not subjected to duty.

Santonin, an extract made in South Russia from certain flowers, is not a fine chemical, and is therefore not taxable.

Gas mantles are taxable in so far as they contain thorium and cerium.

Cream of tartar is not a fine chemical; sulphur dioxide is not one either.

As to glassware. Reagent bottles, hydrometer jars, museum jars, specimen jars, surgical jars, conical measures, and cylindrical measures are taxable.

With regard to Part II. of the Act. This Part was the most controversial portion of the Act whilst passing through the House of Commons. Many Liberals were willing enough to support Part I. on the grounds of public security and defence, but were not convinced that Part II.—'prevention of dumping,' as it is termed—was needed.

The difficulty of defining it was the first obstacle; and even if defined, could 'dumping' be proved to exist? Even then, would it be advantageous, or the reverse, to stop it; and how could it best be stopped if it were decided to attempt to do so? However, after much criticism from the Liberal wing of the Coalition, Part II. was passed in the form in which it now appears.

Shortly the effect of Part II. is as follows: A Customs duty of 33⅓ per cent. is imposed (section 3) on all goods (other than articles of food or drink), as to which an order applying Part II. is made in the prescribed manner. The following conditions, however, have to be fulfilled before an order can be imposed:

(1) It must be proved that the goods are goods manufactured in a country outside the United Kingdom. This would cover the Dominions and Colonies.

(2) That the goods are being sold or offered for sale in the United Kingdom—

(*a*) At prices below the cost of production as defined in the Act (section 8); or

(*b*) At prices which, by reason of depreciation in the value in relation to sterling of the currency of the country in which the goods are manufactured (not being a country within the Dominions), are below the prices at which the similar goods can be profitably manufactured in the United Kingdom; or

(*c*) That by reason thereof employment in any industry in the United Kingdom is being, or likely to be, seriously affected.

The Board of Trade may then refer the matter for inquiry to a Committee (section 7) of five persons selected by the President of the Board from a panel of persons of commercial and industrial experience.

By section 9 an order on the ground of depreciation of currency cannot be made or continue in force after the expiration of three years from the passing of the Act. That period expires on August 19 of this year.

Hence all powers under Part II. of the Act on the ground of currency depreciation drop then and there, and the only power remaining is to issue orders based on sale below the cost of production.

But the safeguards against improper orders do not stop with the conditions already enumerated.

The Board, if it decides to refer a claim for an order to the Committee, directs it to report also on the effect which the imposition of the duty on the goods of any particular class would exert on employment in any industry in this country using goods of that class as material.

The Committee then reports: (1) Whether the conditions in section 2 (1) are fulfilled, and, having reported under sub-section (2), the report goes back to the Board. It may then issue an order imposing a tax.

The proposed order must then be laid in draft before the House of Commons, as it is effective for a month, and no longer, unless a resolution is passed by the House approving of the draft with or without modification.

There are various subsidiary provisions of the Act for carrying out the general principles above indicated. In section 8, for instance, is to be found a definition of 'cost of production' of a complicated and intricate nature.

By section 9 orders made and approved by Parliament

are to continue in force for three years, but can be renewed by an order made in a similar way and subject to the like conditions.

It will be observed, then, that Part I. of the Act terminates altogether on August 19, 1926.

Part II., as regards orders made on the ground of depreciation of currency, terminates on August 19, 1924 (this year).

The rest of Part II. continues indefinitely, and is the only permanent part of the Act after August 19, 1926.

After that date only orders based on the sale here of articles at less than the cost of production in the country of manufacture can be issued.

It may be interesting to enumerate a few of the cases in which applications have been made under Part II. of the Act. They relate to: (1) fabric gloves; (2) glove fabrics; (3) certain classes of domestic and illuminating glass-ware; (4) domestic hollow-ware—(*a*) of aluminium, and (*b*) of steel or wrought iron, enamelled; and (5) gas mantles.

As to fabric gloves. This was the first order made under the Act. It was the subject of much contention in Parliament. The cotton trade, which produces yarn, objected strongly to the order on the ground that yarn was exported to Germany, where it formed the new material for fabric gloves, and alleged that if imported gloves were taxed less yarn would be exported.

The Committee reported that, in view of the strictly limited duration of the proposed order, there was no reasonable ground for believing that the application of Part II. would reduce employment in the fine spinning industry.

The order actually made and passed is based on the fact that German goods were being sold at prices which by reason of depreciation of currency were below the prices at which similar goods could be profitably manufactured here, and that industries manufacturing those goods were, or were likely to be, seriously affected, and that manufacture was being carried on here with reasonable efficiency and economy.

As to other articles on which attempts were made to impose a duty, there are some interesting reports of the Committee.

With regard to toys, the Committee reports: (1) Many people who went into this business had no adaptability for it. (2) Unemployment was not caused by depreciation in currency. (3) The firms established since the war failed to produce a satisfactory class of toy.

As to plain and enamelled cast iron baths and light castings, the Committee reports: (1) The unemployment in the bath industry was not due to German competition. (2) There was inefficiency in the light castings production.

As to glass bottles, the evidence entirely failed to establish the allegation that Dutch or German bottles below the cost of production were being imported.

In goldbeating it was shown that our climate is too moist for very fine goldbeating, though heavy gold leaf can be produced here successfully.

In another case, flint glass, the employees joined in asking for protection as well as the employers. This is interesting, showing that trade unionists may become Protectionists when their interests seem affected.

Gold and aluminium bronze powders. The Committee reported there was German competition, but not so much as to cause serious unemployment here.

Snap fasteners. No case was found for a duty.

If Part II. of the Act be not repealed, Great Britain will retain a power hedged round by severe restrictions enabling it to prevent what is called 'dumping.' Such a power is possessed by Canada, and by others of our Colonies.

In the United States a very powerful weapon exists in the power of the President, within certain limits, to raise duties by executive decree. As will have been seen, no such drastic power is vested here in the Board of Trade and Parliament.

To sum up:

(1) The framers and supporters of the Act (and of the Dyestuffs Act) were actuated by the consideration that the preservation of certain pivotal industries must in the interests of national security be retained and encouraged.

(2) There was no question of conforming to Free Trade principles: these were deemed irrelevant from the point of view of preserving key industries.

(3) Tariffs and licences were chosen as the best means to compass the desired end, in preference to the other ways of doing it.

(4) If a rigid adherence to Free Trade principles is deemed at all hazards better and necessary, then the basis for the Act goes.

(5) Will not a dangerous situation again arise if we again have a great war?

J. W. Greig.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSING PROBLEM

THE housing problem becomes more and more involved, and appears almost incapable of solution.

The Labour Government is trying its 'prentice' hand, and all parties wish it success in its efforts to deal with housing conditions. It has not yet been able to indicate how and when it is to be in a position to deliver the goods. We were told it had a plan. The Prime Minister, in his opening speech in the House of Commons, formulated a definite scheme for providing 500*l.* houses to be let for 9*s.* per week, including rates and taxes. But later on we were informed by the Minister of Health that this was only a pious opinion, and that the Prime Minister had only expressed a wish as to what ought to be done.

The Labour Government came in with a great flourish of trumpets as to their housing policy: they alone could solve the housing problem. Their boastings were loud but indefinable. Now they are in a more chastened mood, having been brought face to face with the difficulties and grim realities of the situation; their unfailing specifics have not produced the results so confidently anticipated. Pious opinions and good intentions will not build houses. We read with expectant interest the various speeches of Ministers. They deal in mere generalities and declamations against the intolerable housing conditions, which violate all standards of common decency.

What is the Government plan for providing more and decent dwellings for the people? No doubt there have been meetings with the building trades, and so there were under the Lloyd George Ministry, when employers and workmen were called together to discuss the reasons for the slow progress in house building. They were whole-heartedly for co-operation with the State, and with each other, till they came to discuss details. We understand that a Cabinet Committee at that time formulated proposals to provide against wet time and so secure continuous employment for the building trades. Conferences with the employers were afterwards held at 10, Downing Street, but nothing happened. The houses were not built to the number

required, and the ex-service man was left unhoused and unemployed.

The Labour Government, instead of having discovered a new line of advance, is merely treading wearily along the same old road traversed by its predecessors. If we are to make a serious effort to avoid the mistakes of the past and profit by the experience of the last four years, we must enlarge our vision. Two things must be kept in view. Housing progress, like an army on the march, moves at the rate of the slowest arm. A shortage of men in one particular craft of the building industry slackens the rate of progress for all other crafts engaged. It is therefore essential to have a full supply of labour, otherwise prices will soar as before. Secondly, the finance of the scheme must be such as to ensure an interest in the economical working out of the scheme by all engaged in its execution. These were the two rocks on which what is wrongly described as the Addison scheme came to grief.

The Housing Acts of 1919 and 1923 have failed to provide a remedy for the housing shortage. If progress is now to be made, we must learn from the administration of these Acts what are the reasons for the disappointing results which have followed their operation. We must bring to the discussion of any new housing proposals the acid test of experience.

The Housing Acts of 1919

There were two Housing Acts passed in 1919: one authorised local authorities to carry out municipal housing schemes; the other provided for a lump sum by way of subsidy to private builders of so much per house, paid wholly by the State on the following scale: 230*l.* for a three-roomed house, 240*l.* for a four-roomed house, and 260*l.* for a five- or six-roomed house.

A subsidy to private individuals is repugnant to the canons of sound finance. It must, however, be frankly admitted that the provision of a subsidy to the private builder stimulated the production of houses, and was not only rapid and successful in its operation, but the cost to the State was very much less house for house than under the local authority schemes.

The original Act of 1919, giving power to local authorities to build, broke down on finance. It could hardly have been otherwise. The principle on which it was based was indefensible.

The original scheme as formulated by the Government of the day placed a fair share of the burden on the local authorities. It had to be modified on account of the strenuous opposition of the local authorities. The financial proposals which were ultimately accepted by the Government, very much in a fit of desperation

and at the point of local authority bayonets, carried within them the seeds of inevitable failure. By that arrangement the financial liability of the local authority became merely nominal.

Regulations imposed by the Treasury with the object of safeguarding the interests of the taxpayer led to much friction and delay. The Government blamed the local authorities for delaying progress. The local authorities blamed the Government. Meanwhile prices soared upwards till the cost of house building trebled and quadrupled. So serious became the financial obligations involved that the Government had perforce to call a halt in 1921. At once prices began to fall. The cost of building, still high compared with pre-war prices, has been reduced to less than one half of that of 1921.

The Act of 1919 provided that the total loss on the housing schemes minus the equivalent of the produce of a penny rate contributed by the local authority should be met by the State. Neither the municipalities nor the employers nor the workmen had any inducement to exercise economy. The manufacturers of building materials came gaily along to share in the spoil.

Notwithstanding tremendous difficulties and discouragements, the Acts of 1919 produced in England 174,000 houses built by local authorities and public utility societies, and about 39,200 under the Additional Powers Act for private subsidy schemes—in all some 214,000 houses for England and Wales.

In Scotland considerable progress was being made, when strikes of operatives, combined with ransom prices for all classes of building materials, shortage in the supply of bricks, high railway rates on supplies brought from England, produced an *impasse* which influenced the Government in their decision to stop further building.

The Royal Commission on Housing in Scotland had reported that 235,990 additional houses were needed to bring housing conditions up to a decent standard of comfort, and that the minimum number of houses required to deal effectively with pre-war uninhabitable and overcrowded houses was 121,430.

The local authorities of Scotland estimated the shortage in 1919 at 131,101 houses, which corresponds fairly closely with the minimum stated in the Report of the Royal Commission.

When the cut came in 1921, local authorities had authorised the building of 25,550 houses, and 3326 were arranged for under the private builders subsidy scheme. Owing to the higher cost of building in Scotland the private builders subsidy was not nearly so effective in producing houses as in England. Only 2324 were completed to earn the grant.

In all, under the 1919 Acts, 27,874 houseshave been erected or are nearing completion in Scotland. If these figures are added to

those for England it gives a total of 241,000 houses completed under the Acts of 1919.

The Act of 1923

The housing shortage, however, still persisted. Housing conditions were becoming more and more a grave scandal, and the Government of the day had to face the problem. This they did in the Act of 1923, which is based on a thoroughly sound principle. It provides for a grant from the State of a definite amount per house, leaving the responsibility of financing and carrying out the scheme on the local authority concerned. This is the principle which ought to determine our housing policy so long as State assistance is necessary.

The financial arrangements agreed on with the local authorities was based on a grant to them of 6*l.* per house per annum for twenty years. The local authorities could either build themselves, taking the risk of any further loss, or they could capitalise the annual grant per house and pay it over to a private builder who would carry out the scheme at his own risk.

The difficulty of legislating in one Act for two countries so diverse in habit and conditions as are England and Scotland is clearly exemplified in the progress of building under this Act.

The Act has been a comparative failure in Scotland owing to the higher cost of building in that country: 10,000 houses have been authorised by the Scottish Board of Health, but only eighty-nine houses have been completed, and there were only 2809 under construction as at May 1924.

In England progress has been more rapid: 133,556 houses have been authorised by the Ministry of Health—45,647 to be erected by local authorities and 87,909 by private enterprise. Of that number 10,519 have been completed, and 36,000 were under construction as at May 1924.

These efforts only touch the fringe of the difficulty. And now a Labour Government, who recklessly gave hostages to fortune in this matter, has been brought to the test of producing a more practical and effective remedy for the housing shortage.

The Labour Government's proposed Solution

The forecast of the Minister of Health's scheme is not encouraging. So far as disclosed, it does not ensure against high prices; nor does it provide effective checks for economical working as a protection against extravagant demands.

We understand the Minister of Health has come to an arrangement with the local authorities whereby the present subsidy under

the 1923 Act is to be increased from 6*l.* to 9*l.* per house on condition that an additional 4*l.* 10*s.* per house will be provided by the local authorities. It is also proposed to give an increased subsidy of 12*l.* 10*s.* per house instead of the 6*l.* as at present obtains for the building of cottages in rural areas. Unfortunately, under present conditions, an enlarged subsidy will not provide more houses, on account of the shortage of labour and the dimensions of the programme already sanctioned.

I am not now discussing the onerous financial obligations such a proposal involves. As a means of providing additional houses it will not be effective unless the necessary labour is available.

It looks as if the Government were going to adopt the scheme of the National House Building Committee which they appointed to report on the matter. What is the proposal? It certainly looks imposing on paper: A programme to build 2,500,000 houses spread over fifteen years so as to guarantee steady work for the building trades during that period.

Is the State going to receive in return for this guarantee a corresponding guarantee from the building trades that we shall have (1) a sufficient and abundant supply of building materials at a reasonable cost; (2) a sufficient supply of labour to carry out the programme with reasonable expedition; (3) that the necessary labour will be forthcoming at a rate of wages, generous in amount, but with an obligation not to exploit any labour shortage by strikes?

There is apparently no guarantee that the head of labour will be anything like sufficient to undertake any considerable scheme. The proposed increase in the number of apprentices and the raising of the age to twenty years, although all to the good, will no more provide the necessary labour for housing needs than the turning on of a water tap will raise the level of the Thames.

The shortage of labour in the building trades and the high cost of building materials brought disaster to the schemes under the Acts of 1919. The law of supply and demand is still inexorable. Under the old scheme manufacturers of house-building materials raised prices to an almost incredible extent; the operatives naturally asked for increased wages—demands which perforce had to be conceded. On account of this dispute building was stopped in Scotland during the best building weather of the 1921 season.

The compromise at that time agreed on raised the price of the smallest type of cottage by 40*l.* per house. The brickmakers exploited the situation without remorse or consideration for the thousands of ex-service men and others who could find no accommodation for themselves and families.

Some feather-headed genius conceived the brilliant idea that as we must have bricks to build houses the right thing to do was to make one-sided contracts for their supply. The State came under obligation to take so many millions of bricks at a stated price. So far so good. But there was no obligation on the part of the manufacturers to supply.

A period of great industrial activity ensued. Extensions of industrial premises were pushed on with great rapidity. Brickmakers had no difficulty in finding a better market for the greater part of their output, for industrial needs, at largely enhanced prices, the State getting any residue left over.

The price of bricks before the war was roughly 25*s.* per thousand; the price fixed on behalf of the Government by the Department of Building Material Supply was 90*s.* Prices, however, soared upwards till local authorities were paying as much as 145*s.* per thousand. Need we wonder that many firms had no bricks to supply for Government housing schemes at 90*s.* per thousand when there was no compulsitor to supply?

The cost of house building went up by leaps and bounds. A three-roomed cottage which could have been built before the war for 250*l.* rose to 1050*l.*, and in some cases even higher. If we are not careful we shall repeat the process on a scale of much greater magnitude involving far more serious commitments.

There is no reason to doubt the sincere desire expressed by both employers and employed in the building trade to help in the solution of the housing problem. But all the goodwill in the world will not alter economic facts. A period of great industrial activity combined with a shortage of labour will inevitably again bring about a serious house building crisis. The shortage of labour must be boldly faced. This indeed is the crux of the housing problem.

If we take the highest building production before the war in any one year of the type of houses in which the greatest shortage obtains we find that 90,000 were erected in England and 13,000 in Scotland—in all a total of 103,000 houses. These were the years when material was moderate in price, money cheap, and the supply of labour plentiful. Yet a mere fraction of the building trade was employed in house building.

The total number of men employed in the building trade to-day as compared with 1913 has largely decreased. In Scotland to-day there are only some 65,000 men employed as compared with 120,000 in 1913. In the Report of the House Building Committee the shortage of craftsmen as compared with 1913 is stated as 62,000 for England. But this does not disclose the real position in the building trade, as the figures given on which that shortage is based include 'a considerable number of workmen of building trade occupations employed in connection with other trades.'

If these other trades participate in reviving industrial prosperity the shortage of labour for house building will be still further accentuated. There can be no question that the ranks of the building trades must be largely increased if a serious effort is to be made to deal with the housing shortage. Something more is needed than the rather tentative statement by the House Building Committee that 'special consideration shall, however, be given to applicants who have had previous experience of the trade, *e.g.*, building trade labourers.' A comprehensive scheme of training is absolutely necessary.

It is most reasonable that in return for an increased supply of labour the trade should have security in the form of a programme of construction extending over a period of years—this in return for reasonable guarantees Parliament would be willing to give.

Everybody who has seriously studied the housing question must admit that meantime private enterprise cannot cope with the housing shortage in the smaller type of dwelling. This, however, is a passing phase, and the door ought to be kept open for private enterprise to function wherever possible. But the scheme of the Government is directed to making house building a permanent national industry. This is Socialism by side-wind. If the nation is to retain its industrial sanity this must be strenuously opposed. Subsidies may be necessary, but under present conditions increased subsidies means increased cost of building without increased production of houses.

If the building trade will not agree to what is bluntly termed 'dilution,' then probably some new form of construction will be evolved. It may well be that non-co-operation of the building trade in a reasonable arrangement for guarantees of labour and materials will result in a big change in the methods of house construction.

This nation has ever been famed for its adaptability and resource in meeting new conditions, for its courage and vision in facing new problems. Housing will prove no exception. The building trade may be left stranded while the nation goes forward to solve on scientific lines the problem of a constant and full supply of houses for the people.

GEORGE MCCRAE.

GERMAN REPARATIONS

It is to be hoped that in a few weeks' time we shall enter upon a new and decisive phase of the hitherto unsolved problem of reparations and debts. It may, therefore, be opportune to recall in outline the negotiations which have proceeded since the Peace Conference at Paris.

First, then, a word as to the definition of the damage for which Germany was to be made liable. In the pre-Armistice agreement the President of the United States, feeling that 'no doubt ought to be allowed to exist,' stated that 'compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air.' The Armistice agreement, 'with the reservation that any future claims and demands of the Allies and the United States of America remain unaffected,' declared 'the following financial conditions are imposed: *Reparation for damage done.*'

Article 232 of the Treaty repeated the words of the pre-Armistice agreement as to 'aggression by land, by sea, and from the air,' but added the vital words 'and, in general, all damage *as defined in Annex I. hereto.*' In Annex I we find 'pensions and separation allowances' accordingly brought into the bill.

Of the numerous conferences held in 1920 and 1921 it is not possible to speak in detail. It must suffice to describe the results of the two most important, that of Spa (July 1920) and that of London (May 1921).

At Spa it was decided that German payments, after the satisfaction of military costs, were to be divided as follows:

France	52 per cent.
British Empire	22 ,,
Italy	10 ,,
Belgium	8 ,,
Japan	0·75 ,,
Portugal	0·75 ,,
Greece, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, and other countries not represented	6·5 ,,
	100·0 ,,

After a conference of experts at Brussels (December 1920) and two abortive meetings at Paris and London (January and March

1921), the Reparation Commission announced (April 1921) that, under Article 233 of the Treaty, they had assessed the damage for which reparation was due at 6,600,000,000*l*., not including the Belgian War Debt nor the 1,000,000,000*l*. which was to have been paid by May 1, 1921, and of which it was declared only 400,000,000*l*. had been met.

Then followed the London meeting of April-May 1921, at which the famous Schedule of Payments was promulgated. The Schedule made the following demands:

An annuity of 100,000,000*l*.
26 per cent. of the value of exports.
50,000,000*l*. forthwith.

The 50,000,000*l*. was paid, and its division was the subject of special agreements. The annuity was met for a few months, but on December 14, 1921, the German Government notified the Reparation Commission of its inability to meet the instalments falling due on January 15, 1922, in respect of the 100,000,000*l*. per annum, and on February 15, 1922, in respect of the 26 per cent. on exports. As a result of this demand for a moratorium, an inter-Allied conference was summoned to meet at Cannes, Mr. Lloyd George representing Great Britain and M. Briand France. A German delegation, led by Herr Rathenau, was also present.

As a result a provisional delay was granted in the payments due on January 15 and February 15 on the following terms:

(*a*) During the period of provisional delay the German Government shall pay in approved foreign securities the sum of 1,550,000*l*. every ten days, the first payment to be made on January 18, 1922.

(*b*) The German Government shall within fifteen days submit to the Commission a scheme with appropriate guarantees for the reform of its Budget and fiduciary circulation, and also a complete programme for the payments in specie and deliveries in kind for the year 1922.

(*c*) The period of provisional delay will come to an end as soon as the Reparation Commission or the Allied Governments shall have arrived at a decision upon the project and programme mentioned in paragraph (*b*).

(It may be stated that the required payments were effected by Germany to the end of March.)

In the course of the conference M. Briand fell from power, and M. Poincaré became Prime Minister.

On March 24, 1922, there was published an official statement of the Reparation Commission setting out the terms on which

they could consent to a deferment of payments by Germany. (The provisional ten-day payments thus came to an end.)

Article I. may be set out in full:

Germany will pay in 1922—

(*a*) In currency, 720,000,000 gold marks (36,000,000*l.*) which sum will include payments already made, amounting to 281,948,920 gold marks (14,000,000*l.*), the balance to be paid in instalments as follows:

On March 15, 1922	18,051,079 gold marks.
On May 15, June 15, July 15, August 15, September 15, October 15 .	50,000,000	,,
On November 15 and December 15 .	60,000,000	,,

(*b*) In kind, the equivalent in goods of 1,450,000,000 gold marks (72,500,000*l.*): 950,000,000 for France and 500,000,000 for the Allies.

Equivalent payments in specie will be required of Germany at the end of 1922 in place of deliveries in kind that she has failed to make.

The remainder of the Commission's Note dealt with financial reform: the Budget of the Empire, control, reduction of expenditure, loans and levies on capital, the export of capital, the autonomy of the Reichsbank, and other outstanding questions.

The scheme of financial reform was to be made effective by May 30, and on May 31 the Commission would decide, according to what had then been done by Germany, as to the continuation or the annulment of the suspension of payments. Failure to fulfil the conditions would mean the revival of the Schedule of May 1921.

On May 31 the Reparation Commission addressed a letter to the German Government confirming the provisional postponement granted in March.

In June 1922 a Bankers' Committee was invited by the Reparation Commission to report (regard being had to the Schedule of May 1921) on the conditions on which the German Government could raise foreign loans. The bankers asked whether they must treat the payments prescribed by the Schedule as an unalterable obligation, and, as they did not receive a satisfactory reply to this inquiry, declared that 'under present conditions they cannot advise that an external loan is feasible.'

On July 12, 1922, the German Government informed the Reparation Commission that, especially in view of the depreciation of the mark, they were unable to continue to meet the cash payments required under the March arrangement.

This new crisis gave rise to a conference of Allied Premiers in London (August 1922).

A few days before this meeting took place Lord Balfour despatched to the French Ambassador and the diplomatic representatives of Italy, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania, Portugal, and Greece his famous Note.

He pointed out that the war debts due to Great Britain, excluding interest, were as follows: Germany, 1,450,000,000*l.*;

Russia, 650,000,000*l.*; the Allies, 1,300,000,000*l.*—making an aggregate of 3,400,000,000*l.* Having referred to the fact that America had required us to pay the accrued interest on her debt (850,000,000*l.* at par of exchange), he summed up British aims as follows:

> The policy favoured by His Majesty's Government is . . . that of surrendering their share of German reparation, and writing off, through one great transaction, the whole body of inter-Allied indebtedness. But if this be found impossible of accomplishment, we wish it to be understood that we do not in any event desire to make a profit out of any less satisfactory arrangement. In no circumstances do we propose to ask more from our debtors than is necessary to pay to our creditors.

In face of this declaration the meeting of the Allied Premiers in London was fruitless. No Blue Book has been issued describing what took place, but from statements issued to the Press it appears that the British proposals were: (1) to adjourn the conference until the latter part of the year; (2) to leave the question of whether there should be a moratorium or not to be decided by the Reparation Commission; (3) to agree that the guarantees already demanded by the Committee of Guarantees and accepted by the German Government should be applied immediately; (4) Great Britain would undertake to make no claim of interest or capital on the Allied debtors pending the meeting at the end of the year.

M. Poincaré, stating the position of France, said he could not consent to a moratorium without *fresh gages and guarantees.* Mr. Lloyd George added that he could not agree to an adjournment without a moratorium, as that would be equivalent to an instruction to the Reparation Commission to grant no moratorium. The Premiers thus agreed to disagree and the conference came to an end. Whatever wider plans the British Government may have had as to inter-Allied debts were not officially disclosed.

The ball was thus thrown back to M. Dubois and his colleagues, who, after hearing representatives of the Kriegslasten Kommission, replied to the German application of July 12. The sum of their note was that they were prepared to accept in settlement of the cash instalments of August 15 and September 15, and if necessary of the further payments falling due in the year, Government six months' Treasury Bills, with a guarantee satisfactory to the Belgian Government, to which the payments had been assigned.

These instalments were paid, and with the transaction disappear two of the leading figures, Herr Wirth and Mr. Lloyd George, who were succeeded in their respective countries by Herr Cuno and Mr. Bonar Law.

. . . . .

The winter of 1922-23 saw a decisive change in the situation.

Early in December a conference was called in London, and the Germans laid proposals before it. Again the cognate question of inter-Allied debts was discussed, but on the plea that sufficient time was not available to deal with the issues involved an adjournment was arranged for a further meeting to take place in Paris in the new year.

On December 27, 1922, the Reparation Commission declared Germany to be in wilful default in respect of deliveries of timber, and the way was opened for the infliction of these 'economic and financial prohibitions and reprisals, and in general such other measures as the respective Governments may determine,' described in Annex II., Part 8, of the Treaty.

It may be well to set out here very briefly the arguments used in reference to the two questions :

(*a*) Are individual Governments entitled to inflict sanctions, or must action be taken in common by the Allies ?

(*b*) Are the words 'such other measures' applicable to military action, or must they be *ejusdem generis* as the 'economic and financial' reprisals with which they are connected in the Treaty ?

The case of the French as to (*b*) would presumably be that the sanctions they imposed, to which reference will be made in a moment, were only incidentally of a military kind.

This view finds support from German sources in the defence put forward by the counsel for German prisoners—for instance, the Burgomaster of Oberhausen (February 1923) and Herr Krupp von Bohlen (August 1923). The point urged was that, as there was no state of war, martial law could not exist. It is round (*a*) that the greater controversy rages. To support the view that 'common accord' was required for such measures there was M. Barthou's report on the Treaty—'the Powers may take in common accord,' etc.—and the obvious impossibility of separate and individual action as summed up by M. Clemenceau in his letter to Roumania, who attempted the forcible seizure of Hungarian assets in 1919.

> It is obvious that if the collection of reparations were to be allowed to degenerate into individual and competitive action by the several Allied and Associated Powers, injustice would be done and cupidity aroused, and in the confusion of unco-ordinated action the enemy would either evade or be incapacitated from making the maximum of reparation.

It may be added that the British law officers expressed their view (April 11, 1923) that the occupation of the Ruhr by France and Belgium was contrary to the Treaty.

On the other side, M. Poincaré reminds us that on several occasions between June 1920 and the London conference of

May 1921 threats have been made to occupy further German territory, and if it is replied that such occupation was to be undertaken by the Allies in common, he relies upon a statement made by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in October 1920, when in respect to the release of certain German property in this country he claimed that the 'respective Governments' could decide such a question for themselves.

Here we must leave the legal question to return to the general narrative. Almost immediately after the Commission's decision that Germany was in wilful default came Mr. Secretary Hughes' speech at Newhaven. He intimated that should the European statesmen see fit to invite men of the highest authority to consider the question of reparations, he had no doubt that distinguished Americans would be willing to serve on such a Commission, and if this were done the avenues of American helpfulness would 'open hopefully.' About this time the German Government, with a view to meeting the French demand for security, made, through America, a proposal for a '*plébiscite* before war.' As the proposal was ignored by the French, nothing came of it.

The adjourned conference of Allied Premiers, which met in Paris in the first days of January 1923, concluded, unfortunately without success, Mr. Bonar Law's one independent effort to settle the problem. A full account of these conversations will be found in Command Paper 1812 of 1923. M. Poincaré again pressed his plan for productive pledges which were estimated to yield 50,000,000*l*. Stabilisation of the currency and control of the German Budget were part of the plan.

The British proposal was that in respect of all classes of Treaty obligations Germany should issue two series of bonds: the first for 2,500,000,000*l*.; the second for 865,000,000*l*., the second series of bonds representing deferred interest, as a moratorium for four years was to be granted.

Annuities from 100,000,000*l*. to a possible 166,000,000*l*. were to meet the service of these bonds. There was no term of years, but the bonds could be redeemed at extremely favourable terms in the early years, the purpose being to induce Germany to substitute private investors for the Allied creditors.

The distribution of the first series of bonds was on the Spa percentage, and of the second series on the basis of debt to America. With certain concessions from France and Italy, the British share came to about 850,000,000*l*. The French and Italian debts to Great Britain were to be cancelled and productive guarantees against Germany were to be abandoned.

The conference failed, and M. Poincaré, in a concluding speech, declared that the British proposals would involve, together with a considerable reduction of the debt owing to France, the over-

throw of the Treaty of Versailles. The truth is he was set on carrying out the Ruhr scheme, which had so often been threatened by the Allies in common.

How thoroughly the plans had been prepared was shown in a secret report made by M. Dariac, and published in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* on November 3, 1922. This document threw a light ahead by which the subsequent French plans of occupation, taxation, and separation or Rhenish independence could be accurately forecasted and, when executed, more fully understood.

On January 10 the French troops entered the Ruhr Valley, gradually extending the area seized. The Reparation Commission in the meantime had declared Germany again in default, and in view of the German Government's declaration on January 11 that they were no longer able to continue to make deliveries of any kind to the invaders, the Commission on January 26 formally revived the 1921 Schedule of Payments.

It is impossible here to describe in detail the story of the occupation of the Ruhr. Official passive resistance lasted from the Note of January 11, referred to above, to the Proclamation of September 26, when it was abandoned. M. Clemenceau had declared he was opposed to the scheme on the political ground that it would alienate British and American opinion. He also doubted its productivity (*Petit Parisien*, December 14, 1922). Events justified his forecast. The military operations necessitated supplementary grants. The seizure of marks was a failure, because their value sank headlong. Transport of the booty was at first impossible and always most difficult. It was necessary to deport thousands of German railwaymen and replace them with Frenchmen. A special *régie* of the railways was established (which, however, did not extend to the lines in the British occupied zone). Civil disorder was widespread. The Separatist movement, engineered by the French and led by men whose private character was not exemplary, failed completely. Its last and most promising *putsch* in the Palatinate was investigated by a British Commissioner, Mr. Clive, who declared curtly:

1. Overwhelming mass of population are opposed to autonomous government.

2. This Government could never have come into existence without French support, and would immediately be driven out if French support were withdrawn (*Hansard*, January 21, 1924).

It only remains to consider M. Poincaré's effort (*The Times*, April 3, 1924) to prove that the adventure had proved financially successful. He declared that the excess of receipts to December 31, 1923 (which included, of course, three months of the post-esistance period), was 651,000,000 francs, say 6,000,000*l*.

To the French figures of 1923 profit must be added the value of deliveries in kind made to the Allies during the year, given by Mr. Snowden (*The Times*, March 5, 1924) as 14,900,000*l.*, and the product of the Treasury bills issued in favour of Belgium.

We must deduct the heavy losses suffered by French industry which was dependent on Ruhr products, to say nothing of the damage inflicted on France by the fall in the value of the franc.

Against this we may set the fact that deliveries in kind alone amounted for the preceding year to 695,606,800 gold marks, say, 35,000,000*l.* (*The Times*, April 25, 1923), to which must be added the cash payments of the year.

It can hardly be argued, therefore, that the occupation of the Ruhr has been more profitable than other methods of extracting payment.

M. Poincaré's estimate of a yield of 3,000,000,000 francs for 1924 is, of course, merely conjectural.

. . . . .

No more need be said of the story of the Ruhr. Let us return to the general negotiations. Mr. Baldwin visited America in the spring of 1923, and the hope of a general inter-Allied debt settlement was diminished by the funding agreement made with the United States.

A new German Note was delivered on May 2 in response to encouragement given by Lord Curzon in a speech on April 20. The Note offered to accept a total reparation obligation of 1,500,000,000*l.*, or, if this figure was not considered satisfactory, it was proposed that the whole problem should be submitted to an impartial Commission.

The Ruhr was to be evacuated, and material guarantees were offered. This offer the French, Belgian and Italian Governments rejected. The British reply declared the amount offered to be inadequate, pointed out that the material guarantees were not specific, and invited the Germans to reconsider and expand their proposals. It was at this stage that Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister.

On June 7 a new Note was sent from Berlin. It intimated that Germany, having assessed her own capacity to pay, was not willing for the sake of obtaining a temporary alleviation of her political difficulties to promise more, but she would consent to the decision of the matter by an impartial tribunal, to which all information would be disclosed. As to the guarantees referred to in the earlier Note, a definite offer was now made, firstly, of the railway system; secondly, of industry, banking, trade, traffic, and agriculture; and thirdly, of Customs and Excise. In conclusion a conference was requested.

This Note was followed not by a reply to Germany, but by a lengthy correspondence between the Allies, the whole of which will be found in C.D. 1943 of 1923. Great Britain inquired of France and Belgium what they meant by the cessation of passive resistance. Further, the question of the French debt was raised, France declaring that for her the May 1921 Schedule was irrevocably fixed, and that she would meet her obligations to us in the 'C' bonds, which formed the final and really irrecoverable instalments of the 6,600,000,000*l.*

Having received these replies, Mr. Baldwin announced on July 12 that Great Britain intended to take a lead. The lead consisted of two documents—a draft reply to the German Note of June 7 and a covering letter to the great Powers submitting the draft to them.

The suggested reply favoured inquiry by impartial experts; as to guarantees, it was remarked that their economic value depended on the stabilisation of the mark and the balancing of the Budget. In conclusion, the German Government was advised to withdraw the ordinances and decrees which had organised and fomented the policy of passive resistance, and the belief was expressed (which France and Belgium were to confirm by consenting to the Note) that such action as was recommended would involve a reconsideration by the occupying Powers of the conditions of their occupation and a gradual return to the normal features of industrial life in the Ruhr.

So far from providing the 'lead' which Mr. Baldwin had promised on July 12, this Budget, while it was well received by Italy and Japan, provoked an acrimonious correspondence with France, and found no favourable echo in Belgium.

The French reaffirmed that they would only abandon their pledge progressively and in proportion as they were paid. They declared that they had always known that the exploitation would not produce the necessary sums (a surprising assertion in view of the statements made in January and the calculations of the Dariac Report), and that they had succeeded in their real objective, that of producing the 'will to pay.' As to impartial experts, how could they make estimates more trustworthy than those of May 1921?

This document led to the famous despatch of August 11, which summed up the British view at the end of four years of negotiation. Its conclusions were as follows:

(*a*) Germany's maximum capacity must be determined by impartial experts.

(*b*) Payment was only possible by a stabilisation of the currency and the production of a Budget surplus.

(*c*) This surplus had then to be converted into a form in which it could be used for external payments.

(*d*) Forcible interference in the economic life of Germany could not assist the necessary restoration.

(*e*) The British demand would be limited to what was required to meet the British war debt to the United States.

A Memorandum on the question of inter-Allied debts was subjoined, which adhered to the January suggestions of Mr. Bonar Law, though recognising that intervening events had rendered the scheme less attractive to the British Government.

In this and the German Notes of May and June we have a forecast of some of the chief conclusions of the Dawes Report.

After further replies on August 22 from France and from Belgium on August 28, a deadlock appeared to have been reached, which was not effectively relieved by the Baldwin-Poincaré meeting of September, when it was somewhat strangely discovered that there was 'a common agreement of views.'

. . . . .

Two new events now occurred which produced the present and more favourable development. As stated above, passive resistance came to an end on September 26, and on October 9 President Coolidge revived the Hughes suggestion of December 29, 1922, for an impartial inquiry. By an adroit manœuvre, M. Poincaré appeared to seize the lead, with the result that the McKenna and Dawes Committees were appointed. Their conclusions were :

THE DAWES COMMITTEE FINDINGS

1. No complete moratorium.

2. Graduated payments for four years after which a *minimum* total annual sum of 125,000,000*l.*

3. An immediate external loan of 40,000,000*l.*

4. Creation of new Bank of Issue or reorganisation of Reichsbank. General Board of Foreign Control to sit alongside the German Managing Board.

5. No other foreign control. General control only in case of failure.

6. Payments to be made by Germany from railway bonds, industrial debentures and specially assigned taxes as well as from normal Budget taxes.

7. The Schedule of Payments to run only as from the date when Germany regains *full economic and fiscal sovereignty over her territory.*

THE MCKENNA COMMITTEE FINDINGS

The amount of capital of all kinds held abroad by Germany is 337,500,000*l.*, contrasting with 1,400,000,000 in 1914. No special legislation can be of much avail in bringing exported capital back to Germany. Restoration of stability and normal conditions needed.

The problem is not solved, but these findings hold the field. The first task is to secure their acceptance as an undivided whole.

The British Government is willing. The German Government before the elections intimated agreement, and put in hand the necessary consequential arrangements. (Whether the new Reichstag will provide the requisite majorities is not so clear.) Whereas M. Poincaré intimated only a tentative approval, the French elections have materially improved the position. Assuming, however, a general concord, the Allies have still the hardest nut of all to crack, namely, to decide how to take their money. They must recognise in the words of the Dawes Report :

> The distinction between the taxpayers' 'capacity to pay' in Germany, and Germany's capacity to pay the Allies.

WEDGWOOD BENN.

THE TSAR'S MURDER: AND THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT'S GUILT

ALTHOUGH exactly six years have elapsed since the ex-Tsar Nicholas II. and his family were massacred in a Siberian cellar, it is only now that the world has at last come into possession of the complete facts. The murder took place in July 1918; a few days later the White troops entered Ekaterinburg, the scene of the crime, and Admiral Kolchak, their commander, immediately ordered an inquiry. After various changes of *personnel* the investigation was completed so far as Siberia was concerned, but Admiral Kolchak had gone the way of his Emperor, and his armies were destroyed. M. Nicholas Sokoloff, a judge of the Omsk courts, who had taken charge of the inquiry, succeeded in carrying his materials to Europe, where he finished his investigation by examining certain refugees—officials of the Kerensky period and others; and now he has published the final text of his discoveries. The book, including the depositions, lists, copies of letters, telegrams, etc., bearing on the murder, extends to some 120,000 words, and is illustrated by photographs showing various parts of the evidence. M. Sokoloff's publication contains everything of importance about the killing of the Tsar; it is an open secret that all who have hitherto written on this subject have based their accounts in part upon the evidence collected by M. Sokoloff, and made known to them by him. He has had to publish in French, since there is no longer any responsible non-Bolshevist Russian authority in a position to produce his work in the original tongue. And although the Bolshevists in 1919 professed to have executed the murderer of the Tsar—after having approved the act a year before—it is too much to expect them to wish to publish a collection of documents that shows now for the first time conclusively that their own leaders were responsible for the murder.

Readers of *The Nineteenth Century and After* will recall the very remarkable article that appeared in its issue of September 1920, under the heading of 'Yurovsky and the Murder of the Tsar,' in which Captain Francis McCullagh set out the results of his own first-hand inquiries into the crime in Ekaterin-

burg. This article, which contained a most vivid and detailed account of the murder and the principal personages in it, was not only the first important description of it in English, but has remained the best. The present lines must, therefore, be regarded rather as a postscript to Captain McCullagh's article than an attempt at a new rendering of the same events. The reason for their appearance is that M. Sokoloff's book shows that Captain McCullagh's information was incomplete in one very important respect—the question of responsibility—and in one or two quite minor matters; this was only to be expected from an investigation undertaken in such dangerous and difficult circumstances, and Captain McCullagh himself, as I have the best reasons for knowing, is the first to admit that in some things he may have fallen into error. When I mention that the question of responsibility hinges very largely upon a piece of evidence that was not disclosed until September 1920, the very month in which Captain McCullagh's article appeared, it will be clear that he could not be expected to solve it.

For the convenience of those who are unable to refer to Captain McCullagh's article, I venture to set out most briefly the main incidents of the Tsar's martyrdom.

He abdicated in March 1917, and was confined at Tsarskoye Selo, near Petrograd, until August of that year, when, with the Empress, the Tsarevich, and the four Grand Duchesses, his daughters, he was removed to Tobolsk, in Siberia. There they were lodged in the house that had been occupied by the Governor, and enjoyed a certain minimum of comfort and consideration from their guards. It is probable that during this winter attempts were made by Russian sympathisers to get into touch with the Imperial prisoners, with a view to effecting their escape; nothing came of these attempts, and it is likely that they were frustrated principally by a certain Soloviov, Rasputin's son-in-law, of whom I shall have something to say later. In April 1918 the supposedly Bolshevist commissary, Yakovlev, arrived at Tobolsk and at once set out westwards with the Tsar, the Tsaritsa and their daughter Marie; it is a matter of history that the Bolshevists stopped them before they passed Ekaterinburg, that Yakovlev was removed from his position, and the three captives imprisoned in the fatal house of M. Ipatiev in Ekaterinburg, where they were soon joined by the rest of the family, left behind at Tobolsk. Life at the Ipatiev house grew more and more uncomfortable: the new guards were drunkards and ruffians; the prisoners were restricted in their movements and in their diet to such an extent that it is a marvel they did not suffer more seriously from illness. At the beginning of July 1918 things took a change for the worse still. Yurovsky, one of the heads of the local 'Cheka' ('Extra-

ordinary Commission,' *i.e.*, Inquisition), was placed in charge of them. The Czech troops were advancing on the city, and the Bolshevists prepared to evacuate it. At midnight on the 16th Yurovsky entered the prisoners' rooms and ordered them to descend to the ground floor, lest stray bullets from outside harm them. An hour later the Imperial pair, the five children, the doctor and the three servants descended the stairs, and were slaughtered in cold blood by Yurovsky and his assistants, their corpses being then removed to a neighbouring forest, burnt with acid and fire, and thrown down a disused pit.

Whatever the errors and follies of his reign, the Tsar displayed through all the humiliations of his captivity a degree of fortitude, dignity and longsuffering that few in the days of his prosperity had imagined him to possess; his gentle courage enheartened his family also to bear their sorrows with resignation.

I come now to the matter of responsibility. Captain McCullagh states in the course of his admirable article that Yurovsky and his fellow-chiefs of the 'Cheka' were primarily responsible for the murders. 'No record,' he says, 'has been found to show that the Bolshevik Government ordered the murder, which was probably due to Yurovsky's fear that the Tsar might be rescued by the Czecho-Slovaks.' With the new evidence provided by M. Sokoloff, it is now possible to assert that the opposite is the case, and that the Bolshevist Government at Moscow was directly responsible for the murder.

When the Kolchak inquiry began, one of the first steps taken was to seize copies of all telegrams and conversations on the direct wire that seemed to bear on the murder. M. Sokoloff observed that only one telegram was sent to Moscow by the 'Cheka' on July 17, the day after the crime. He naturally decided that, could this message (which was in a numerical code) be deciphered, it would be likely to throw important light on the subject. For two years the telegram—and others in the same code—resisted all attempts to unravel its meaning; but at last, when M. Sokoloff was already in Europe, he found an expert cryptographer, who succeeded where the others had failed. It was then discovered that the telegram read as follows:

> Tell Sverdlov that the whole family has met the same fate as its head. Officially the family will perish during the evacuation.

It was addressed to the Secretary of the Council of People's Commissaries, of which Sverdlov was a leading member, and was signed by Bieloborodof, who, with Yurovsky and a certain Golostchekin, was the chief of the Ekaterinburg 'Cheka.'

On the following day, the 18th, Sverdlov, evidently on receipt of this cable, announced to the Bolshevist Central Executive

Committee that the Tsar had been shot and his family removed to a place of safety. Here is Sverdlov's own account, reprinted from a conversation on the direct wire with someone at Ekaterinburg two days later. Who this someone was we shall see in a moment ; to elucidate the matter it is necessary to point out that the parties to the conversation use both 'you' in the plural and the familiar 'thou' of old friends.

Sverdlov asks : 'What is the news with you ?'

The man at Ekaterinburg replies : 'The situation at the front is a little better than yesterday. The enemy has concentrated all his forces on Ekaterinburg, weakening his other fronts for this purpose. It is hard to say how long we can hold the town. We are taking all measures to hold it. Everything unnecessary has been evacuated. A courier left yesterday with the documents that interest you. Wilt thou communicate the decision of the Executive Committee, and may we bring to the knowledge of the population the text known by you ?'

To this Sverdlov replies : 'At the meeting of the Presidium of the Executive Committee on the 18th it was resolved to approve the decision of the regional Soviet of the Urals. You may publish your text. Yesterday we had a similar communication published in the papers. I am sending for the exact text, and will transmit it to thee. Meanwhile I give thee the following instructions. . . .' Sverdlov tells his friend to try to hold Ekaterinburg at all costs ; a few minutes later the text of the proclamation arrives, and he proceeds to transmit it to him.

That evening, the 20th (not the 19th, as Captain McCullagh was informed) there took place a meeting of the regional Soviet of the Urals, and for the first time in Ekaterinburg Golostchekin announced publicly the murder of the Tsar. He added, just as Sverdlov had done two days before at Moscow, that the rest of the Imperial family had been removed to a place of safety. Next day placards were distributed through Ekaterinburg which announced, in almost identical terms with the statement published at Moscow on the 19th, that the execution of the Tsar had been designed to counteract a plot to rescue him, and that, once more, the other members of his family had been saved.

We see, then, two very curious facts. In the first place, Sverdlov immediately understood, without any explanation, the cryptic message that 'the whole family has met the same fate as its head.' He at once announced the Tsar's death to his colleagues ! It is thus clear that Sverdlov knew beforehand of the fate intended for the Tsar.

Secondly, as M. Sokoloff points out, it is very odd that the regional Soviet of the Urals dared to order the Tsar's execution (according to the official statement issued at Moscow), but yet,

as we have seen, feared to publish the news at Ekaterinburg until Moscow's permission had been obtained. The regional Soviet, of course, knew nothing whatever about it; so far as Ekaterinburg was concerned, only Yurovsky, Golostchekin and Bieloborodof, the heads of the 'Cheka,' were in the plot.

It may be objected that, although it seems pretty clear that Moscow—or Sverdlov, at least—knew of the crime before it took place, no telegrams or other documents show how the instructions were transmitted from Moscow to Ekaterinburg. But there is no need to try to find such papers. For there is ample proof that Golostchekin, one of the three chief men in Ekaterinburg, had himself been in Moscow during the previous weeks, and had just returned to Ekaterinburg at the time when the preparations for the murder were made.

This evidence is contained in the following telegram, which announces the change of guards for the prisoners at the beginning of July:

> Moscow. Sverdlov for Golostchekin.
> . . . Yurovsky replaces Avdieef. The indoor guard has been entirely changed.—Bieloborodof.

Clearly, then, Golostchekin was in Moscow and in close touch with Sverdlov at the time when Yurovsky was placed in charge of the Tsar, a fortnight or so before the murder. M. Sokoloff declares that Golostchekin reached Ekaterinburg on July 14, which is the exact moment when Yurovsky began to make the preparations for the assassination. Golostchekin himself was seen returning with Yurovsky from the grisly scene of the destruction of the bodies.

It is evident also that Golostchekin is the man who had the conversation with Sverdlov on the direct wire. He was an old friend and fellow-exile of his co-religionist Sverdlov; they are known to have addressed each other in the second person singular.

Here, then, is the chain of evidence: Golostchekin is in Moscow at the beginning of July, and returns to Ekaterinburg a few days before the murder. On the night of the 16th the massacre takes place, under the direction of the three 'Chekists' and without the regional Soviet's being aware of it. On the following day Bieloborodof sends the code telegram to Sverdlov, and the latter immediately announces the Tsar's execution 'by decision of the regional Soviet of the Urals,' and states, moreover—a thing that is not even hinted at in the code telegram—that important papers, disclosing a counter-revolutionary plot to rescue the Tsar, are on their way to Moscow. Two days later Sverdlov and Golostchekin converse on the direct wire, and the latter is given permission to announce the murder to the very people who are supposed to

have authorised it; in his statement to them Golostchekin faithfully follows the line laid down by Moscow, and pretends that the Tsaritsa and the children are in safety. Yurovsky (the 'courier') has already left Ekaterinburg for Moscow with the diaries and other papers of the victims.

If this were not enough to demonstrate Moscow's part in the tragedy—for what Sverdlov did he could hardly have done without the consent of his colleagues in the Central Executive at Moscow (*cf.* the 'you' in the plural in the messages to him on the direct wire)—it may be pointed out that within twenty-four hours of the murder of the Imperial prisoners at Ekaterinburg a similar massacre took place near Perm of another party of captives, including the Grand Duke Serge Mihailovich, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, and several princes. They were thrown alive down a mine. The official Bolshevist story of their death is that they were carried off by a band of unknowns after a fight with the guards, both sides suffering casualties. An alternative tale spread by the local Bolshevist officers among their troops (who, having taken part in no fight of any kind, could hardly be expected to 'swallow' the official explanation), was that White officers had swooped down in aeroplanes and carried off the prisoners. Their corpses were discovered by the Kolchak commission of inquiry at the foot of the mine-shaft.

A very short time before the murder of the Tsar his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, was assassinated at Perm. He was taken out of his prison by some unknown men, presumably of the 'Cheka,' was not allowed to take with him some medicines without which he could not live a day, and was never seen again. The Bolshevist official story is that he 'escaped.' The idea is nonsensical, and his name too must be added to the list of Imperial victims in the months of June and July 1918.

It is obvious that the Bolshevists, fearful of what might happen to them in the autumn of 1918, when their prospects seemed very dark, determined to slam the door on the old Russia by the destruction of all the members of the Imperial family whose existence might be dangerous for them, and who were in their hands.

There is one other point about which I should like to say a few words. It is the share of Soloviov, Rasputin's son-in-law, in the misery and misfortunes of the prisoners.

The part that Rasputin played in the downfall of the Romanovs cannot be exaggerated. His influence was fated to harm them even after his death. In the summer of 1917 his daughter, Matrona, whom I remember once to have seen in his apartment in Petrograd, married a revolutionary officer named Boris Nicolaievich

Soloviov. The amazing thing is that this man, like his dead father-in-law, was a hypnotist. If one may believe his diary—for both he and Matrona kept diaries, which fell into M. Sokoloff's hands—she did not attract him physically or mentally. It would seem, therefore, that he married her for the 'goodwill' of Rasputin's reputation and for the money he left her. In any case, this individual became stationed at Tiumen, and, using his wife's influence with the Tsaritsa, became the channel through which the various Monarchist organisations in European Russia endeavoured to communicate with the prisoners. It is now known that not only did he do nothing to assist the people who trusted him, but that he definitely betrayed their agents to the Bolshevists.

Soloviov is not a figure to deal with at length, but his part in the Imperial misfortunes forms a fitting postscript to the shameful story of Rasputin and the Russian Court, to which so much that has happened since has been a logical ending.

C. E. Bechhofer Roberts.
(C. E. Bechhofer.)

AUSTRALIA'S TERRITORIES

IN the course of a brief career as a Commonwealth, Australia has already assumed what may be termed colonial responsibilities of her own. At different times and by virtue of different transactions she has acquired both on the continent and in the Pacific extensive territory whose relationship to her is substantially that of a Crown Colony to Britain. She also holds under mandate the former German possessions in New Guinea, and, with Great Britain and New Zealand, exercises the mandate over Nauru. In her capacity of mandatory Australia must render an annual account of her stewardship to the League of Nations. Some of these territories are of no great importance, and their administration presents no difficulties. Others are potentially rich, but undeveloped. Their progress has been retarded by their isolation, the smallness of the white population, and the absence of an adequate supply of labour. In others, again, there is a native population whose welfare must be the paramount consideration. That principle has governed Australian policy in Papua. It has also been asserted in the mandate over German New Guinea, where the *rôle* of trustee has been explicitly assigned to the mandatory by the Covenant of the League. These accessions have brought in their train many perplexing problems which the Commonwealth, inexperienced as she is in colonial administration, has as yet hardly begun to solve. The British have traditionally a genius for colonisation. It remains to be seen whether Australians have inherited it. Meanwhile a description of this *imperium in imperio,* these territories subject to Commonwealth control, may serve to indicate the nature of the task which Australia has undertaken and the manner in which she is fulfilling it.

THE FEDERAL CAPITAL TERRITORY

Little need be said of the territory in which the embryonic Federal capital is situated. The question of the seat of government is always an important one in a federation. It agitated the Pan-Arcadian League 2300 years ago. It was the rock upon which the Federal movement in Australia at one time threatened

to split. Acute intercolonial rivalries, in particular the mutual jealousy of Melbourne and Sydney, were a bar to the acceptance of an existing capital as the seat of the Federal Government. New South Wales, indeed, practically made the possession of the capital a condition of joining the Federation. The United States furnished a precedent for the establishment of a capital in neutral territory, and eventually it was provided by the Constitution that the seat of government should be in New South Wales, at a distance of not less than 100 miles from Sydney.

The next thing was to choose a site. Numerous localities discovered that they had ideal qualifications, and, after their respective merits had been heatedly canvassed, what is known as the Canberra site was selected and transferred to the Commonwealth. This is a stretch of pleasant open country, some 200 miles south-west of Sydney. It has a general elevation of 2000 feet, and in shape and extent is not dissimilar to the county of Nottingham. It is less than 100 miles as the crow flies from the fine natural harbour of Jervis Bay (the home of the Royal Australian Naval College), which will one day serve as its port. The Canberra site has been criticised on the ground that the water supply will be insufficient for the needs of a great city. But even if these apprehensions are well founded it will be long before any difficulty is experienced. For at present Canberra exists only on paper. Competitive designs for the capital were invited, and the plan of Mr. W. B. Griffin, an American, was adopted with modifications. In 1913, amidst great pomp and ceremony, the foundation stone—the first of several—was laid by Lord Denman, the then Governor-General. And that is all, or nearly all.

The delay in going ahead with the building of the capital is, no doubt, largely due to the war and the post-war financial stringency. But it is also, in no small measure, attributable to the hostility to the project which is displayed outside New South Wales and Queensland. Ever since federation Melbourne has been the *de facto* seat of government, and Melbourne naturally considers that an arrangement expressly intended to be provisional is the best possible one. Melbourne interests have strenuously opposed a transfer, and a similar antagonism is exhibited in the Federal Parliament. Money for constructional purposes is grudgingly bestowed. Many of our legislators quite frankly dislike the prospect of having to go farther afield and to exchange the amenities of Melbourne for the austerities of what the Melbourne Press calls the 'bush capital.' New South Wales alleges that its original fears have been realised, and that Federal administration is, in fact, coloured by Melbourne interests. Periodically in New South Wales there are more or less vigorous

agitators on the subject. In response to one of them the Federal Government voted an amount which would go some way towards the erection of a temporary Parliament House and a hostel for members, and these have now actually been begun. There are even optimists who entertain the hope, if not the expectation, that in three or four years the Federal Parliament will sit in Canberra. But most Australians are sceptical on the point. They will believe in that consummation when they actually witness it. It is probable that the 'cloud-capp'd towers,' the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, of the plain of Canberra are destined to remain the baseless fabric of a vision for a long time to come.

Norfolk Island

The interest attaching to Norfolk Island, a little spot of land in the Pacific, about 930 miles north-east of Sydney, is chiefly historical. This island, which was originally annexed to Tasmania, and later to New South Wales, was taken over by the Commonwealth in 1914. In the old days of transportation it was a convict station, where incorrigibles were sent and subjected to a discipline of brutal severity. That *régime*, in all its horror, has been described by the late Marcus Clarke in *For the Term of his Natural Life*, and forms a black chapter in the annals of penal administration. Gradually reports of the abuses prevalent reached the outer world. A public outcry followed which led to the abandonment of the island as a penal settlement and the removal of the convicts in 1855. Their place was taken by the Pitcairn Islanders—the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers. The story of that mutiny itself is worth recalling.

In 1788 Lieutenant Bligh was sent with H.M.S. *Bounty* to Tahiti to collect bread-fruit trees for transplantation in the West Indies. Bligh was a martinet; his travel-worn crew were ensnared by the delights of these lotus islands. They seized the ship, and put Bligh and the loyalists in a scantily provisioned open boat, which, by a remarkable feat of seamanship, he navigated to Timor, 3600 miles away. Some of the mutineers elected to stay in Tahiti—unwisely, as it proved, for when Bligh returned to England with the news the authorities despatched a vessel to get them. They were brought home in irons, and several of them were hung. Meanwhile nine of the mutineers, with their Tahitian consorts, had gone to Pitcairn Island, where they soon fell out among themselves. A few years later the survivors were joined by three sailors from passing ships. In 1856 their descendants numbered almost 200 souls, a population which so small an island could ill support. For some time past they had been appealing to the British Government for assistance, and on the

departure of the convicts they were transferred *en masse* to Norfolk Island. There they have continued to multiply. Surely in no other community in the world are there so few surnames. Apart from the officials and the *employés* of the cable station, if an inhabitant is not called Quintal, he is probably a Buffets,* a Christian or a Nobbs. The islanders lead an Arcadian existence under the benevolent despotism of an administrator, a former commandant of the Royal Military College, Duntroon. There is one policeman, a sinecurist. The industries of the island are unimportant; the most lucrative is the tourist traffic. With better equipment and more up-to-date methods there are great possibilities in whaling. A certain amount of fruit and fish is exported, but an infrequent steamer service prevents the development of the trade in these. However, it allows more time for cricket.

The Northern Territory

The history of the Northern Territory from the first settlement, 100 years ago, till to-day, is one of disappointment and wasted effort. This Territory, which stretches from the northern boundary of South Australia, and comprises about a sixth of the continent, consists roughly of three zones. There is the coastal belt, with a humid climate and rather poor soil. South of this is an extensive tract of first-class pastoral country, and still further south an area which, if not exactly the 'desert' that the explorers styled it, will be capable, even in the most favourable circumstances, of supporting only a sparse population. In 1863 the Territory was annexed to South Australia. Gold was discovered not long afterwards, and quite a rush followed. At no time since has there been so much activity in the Territory. But it was short-lived. The conditions of life were rough in the extreme. Distance and difficulties of transport made the gold enormously expensive to win. Before long the boom subsided.

The South Australian Government addressed itself with vigour to its new responsibilities. By 1872 the transcontinental telegraph line was completed, and Australia was at last brought into cable communication with the outer world. A narrow-gauge railway was built to Oodnadatta, some 680 miles north of Adelaide, and from Darwin, 120 miles south, to Pine Creek. These were notable achievements for a community numerically small. However, the development of the Territory was a task beyond South Australia's powers. The years passed, but no appreciable progress was made, and eventually, in 1911, the Commonwealth assumed control. The agreement provided that it should construct a railway from Pine Creek southward to a point on the Oodnadatta line.

It was hoped that the transfer marked the dawn of a new era for the Territory. Surely, with such largely increased resources behind it, it was bound to go ahead. Mr. Fisher's Government embarked upon a somewhat grandiose development policy. A hierarchy of officials was installed in Darwin. Subsidies were promised—and paid—to various industries. But the hopes of those days have not been fulfilled. Notwithstanding the lavish expenditure of public money by every party when in office, all has been to no purpose. Since the Commonwealth took over the Territory the latter has actually gone back. The population now (apart from aboriginals) is less than half of what it was in 1911, and is decreasing yearly. Despite generous grants, the mining and agricultural industries from which so much was expected are practically dead. Production in the Territory is dwindling. Business in Darwin, the one town that the Territory boasts, is stagnant, and there is serious unemployment. Many residents have recently availed themselves of free passages to the south offered by the authorities. Many more are in receipt of Government rations. The remainder, apparently taking a leaf from the book of the ingenious Barbadoans, eke out a livelihood by handling the goods intended for each other's consumption. But for the officials and the staff of the cable station it is difficult to see how Darwin would continue to exist. The one industry which has hitherto had any success is cattle-raising, for which the country is pre-eminently suited. But it is severely handicapped by the lack of markets. 'Overlanding' the cattle to the Eastern States is at best a precarious business. Sometimes the prices they have fetched have not paid for the droving charges, and in dry seasons they cannot get through at all. A few years ago, to the great relief of the pastoral industry, the well-known firm of Veshey Bros., Ltd., established large meat-works just outside Darwin. But for various reasons, among which were labour troubles and the inadequacy of wharfage and shipping facilities, they were unable to carry on, and had to close down. This year they made proposals to the Federal Government with a view to reopening upon a guarantee. But the Government did not see its way to grant this, and the works remain idle.

Reference has been made to the labour troubles for which Darwin is, or rather was, notorious. A small isolated community is often unresponsive to the restraints of a stable public opinion. The population of Darwin, moreover, contained a foreign element, consisting principally of Greeks and Russians, which yielded readily to the incitements of agitators. Strikes, particularly on the water front, were frequent. Indeed, on account of the endless disputes and delays, several steamship lines plying between Australia and the East dropped Darwin from their itinerary, thus

accentuating its isolation. But, in any case, its volume of trade was so scanty that it cannot have been a very profitable port of call. The most notable event in Darwin's recent career is the 'revolution' of 1919. On that occasion a company of industrial stalwarts repaired to Government House and 'requested' the three chief officials of the Territory to depart for the south on a boat which happened to be in harbour at the time. The three complied with the request in order to avoid bloodshed, and for a space there was no constituted Government in the Territory at all.

The people have two main grievances. They had a third, which has lately been remedied. It was that, although they had to pay taxes, they were not represented in Parliament. However, a member for the Territory now sits in the House of Representatives, where, on the analogy of Territory representation in the United States, he has the right to speak, but not to vote. The first election was held at the end of 1922, and over 92 per cent. of those eligible to vote voted. The figure is the more remarkable when it is remembered that many of them are stockmen, drovers, prospectors and the like, who must have travelled long distances to reach the nearest polling booth or post-office. Of the other complaints the first is that, although the Administration has certain powers, these are unduly circumscribed. The Territory is governed from far-away Melbourne, which is imperfectly acquainted with its problems and conditions. The second grievance (which South Australia shares) lies in the failure of the Commonwealth to build the North-South Transcontinental Railway. Without this line, it is said, the Territory can never make progress. The obligation under the Act of 1910 is not denied by the Commonwealth. But it is argued that there are other national works the need for which is more imperative, and there seems to be some doubt about the precise nature of the obligation. South Australia insists that what is known as the direct route must be followed. But this route, for a considerable part of the distance, passes through much country of poor quality, and it is contended that the Commonwealth's undertaking would be fulfilled by the construction of a railway much further to the east. This would open up better country (including the famous Barkly Tableland, to the south-west of the Gulf of Carpentaria), and would enable the transcontinental line to be linked up with the railway systems of Queensland and New South Wales. Lately a Federal Parliamentary Committee conducted an exhaustive inquiry into the subject and issued a rather non-committal report. It gave estimates of the cost of construction along various routes—the smallest amounted to a very formidable sum—but expressed no opinion on their merits.

Meanwhile the turbulence in the industrial atmosphere of

Darwin has perceptibly abated. This, no doubt, is due in part to the grant of representation. Perhaps, too, adversity has had a chastening effect. Where there is little or no employment there is small scope for the strike. The administrator reports that the influence of the extremists is waning and that of the moderates increasing. But the Territory still languishes, and there are no signs of a recovery. What is to become of it ? What is Australia going to make of it ? Those are questions which the average Australian would not care to have to answer. We are fond of boasting about its wonderful 'potentialities,' a term which, in the vocabulary of a new and undeveloped country, is as blessed a word as 'Mesopotamia.' However, the precise nature and extent of these are still problematical. That the country is well fitted for cattle-raising has been proved. But apart from this its resources are an unknown quantity. Hitherto agriculture has not flourished, although there is some reason to believe that cotton might be successfully grown. It is the custom to talk about the 'undiscovered mineral wealth that awaits exploitation,' but the point is that it remains undiscovered. There has been no geological survey of the Territory, which, of course, may harbour a second Kalgoorlie. But the minerals will have to be rich indeed to pay for the cost of winning them. Such 'shows' as have been found are, in general, exhausted, or cannot be worked profitably. Mining, as has been said, is moribund. It is suggested that there may be oil. In the Kimberley district, in Western Australia, there are promising indications, and the area which is supposed to be oil-bearing may extend further east. But here again the wish may be father to the thought. 'Oil' is a word to conjure with nowadays, and when a place seems good for nothing else, there is a tendency to jump to the conclusion that it must contain oil.

The average Australian must admit that there is some inconsistency between his professions and his practice with regard to the Northern Territory. He paints a most glowing picture of its resources and its prospects. He expatiates on the opportunities it offers for the enterprising. He asserts that it is quite capable of settlement by whites. The climate is not ideal, but the person who orders his life judiciously has little to fear from it. Not long ago an Australasian medical conference passed a resolution to the effect that it could find nothing pointing to the existence of inherent and insuperable obstacles in the way of the permanent occupation of Tropical Australia by a healthy indigenous white race. But the Australian does not act on this pronouncement. That he leaves to the other fellow, and the latter stays away with equal determination. Of the rare exceptions who have tried their luck in this Eldorado many have returned as soon as opportunity allowed. All efforts to promote the development of the Northern Territory

have proved unavailing. What then is to happen? Not long ago Sir Henry Barwell suggested that the only solution was to be found in the introduction of Oriental labour under indenture. His remarks aroused a storm of protest. There is no doubt that to the vast majority of Australians a 'White Australia' is an article of faith, and any departure from it would be unthinkable. But the corollary of this policy is that we must people Australia and exploit her resources ourselves. The time is passing when huge tracts of country capable of supporting population can be left idle and unoccupied. As things are our attitude, though we may justify it in our own eyes, may seem unaccountable to outsiders. Here is a land which we declare to be of great potential wealth. We neither make use of it ourselves nor permit others to do so. And close at hand are the teeming millions of the overcrowded East. In the circumstances can we wonder that the question should be asked: 'If the place is as good as you Australians say it is, why do you not do something with it'? The Australian would be hard put to it to find a reply which would carry much conviction to his interlocutor.

Papua

New Guinea, the largest island in the world save Greenland, in shape roughly resembles a huge dragon facing westward and guarding the approach to the east coast of Australia. The western half, including the head and shoulders, is Dutch. Of the remainder the back was formerly German, while the belly and tail are the Australian territory of Papua. Holland annexed the western portion almost 100 years ago, but the other Powers were much slower to acquire interests in the island. In 1883 it was rumoured that Germany intended to occupy the vacant territory. The Australian colonies at once took alarm. Australian prospectors had discovered gold in certain districts. Australians, moreover, did not wish to have a foreign nation for so close a neighbour, and in 1883, to anticipate the possibility, the Queensland Government, on its own initiative, hoisted the British flag at Port Moresby. Its action was promptly repudiated by Mr. Gladstone's Government, which scouted the suggestion that Germany cherished any designs on New Guinea. However, before long it became clear that Australian apprehensions were well founded. Towards the end of 1884 Germany annexed the northern part of the No-man's-land, while Britain, in deference to public opinion in Australia, which had been thoroughly aroused, declared a protectorate over the remainder. The territory in question was formally constituted a colony upon the cost of administration being guaranteed by the Australian colonies, and in 1906 was transferred to the Commonwealth.

Papua has an area of about 90,000 square miles, and is well watered by rivers which are navigable by small craft for a considerable distance from the sea. The coastal region is in general flat, but inland there is a great central chain of mountains, which rise in places to a height of 13,000 feet. The soil is suitable for most kinds of tropical agriculture. The chief products are copra, rubber and hemp. The mineral resources are thought to be extensive, and include gold, copper and osmiridium. Gold-mining, indeed, is the oldest industry in Papua, and although the alluvial deposits seem, as far as can be judged, to be exhausted, Judge Murray, the Lieutenant-Governor, has expressed the opinion that 'the future of Papuan development may, like its beginning, be mineral rather than agricultural.' Oil has been found, and now, in pursuance of an arrangement between the Imperial and the Australian Governments, testing and boring operations are being carried out upon a more elaborate scale than was formerly possible. Hitherto progress has been slow on account of the unhealthy climate and the difficulties presented by the physical configuration of the country.

Australia has some reason to be proud of her record in Papua. She has inherited the British tradition that a colony should be governed in the interests of its indigenous inhabitants, a tradition which, in the case of Papua, the late Sir William Macgregor firmly established, and which the Australian Administration has jealously sought to maintain. The task was not an easy one. 'Never before,' wrote Sir William Macgregor, 'has any systematic attempt been made to bring into the paths of civilisation and industry a race covering so large an area and so far behind other aboriginal races in civilisation and political organisation.' When British New Guinea was transferred to the Commonwealth some doubt was felt as to the ability of the latter to continue upon the lines laid down under the British *régime*. It was argued that the Australian attitude towards coloured peoples, as witness the immigration laws, was arbitrary and unsympathetic. Again, was a democracy of the Australian type fitted to discharge colonial responsibilities ? Would there not be too much interference with men who were doing the job ? The questions have now been answered. Dr. A. C. Haddon, who speaks with peculiar authority upon such matters, has declared that the native policy and administration of three dependencies of the Empire deserve special commendation, and that one of them is Papua.

The Government conceives itself to be charged with a twofold duty. It must encourage the development of the Territory in every possible way, and at the same time it must ensure that the native is not prejudiced thereby. The Papuan belongs to the Stone Age ; he is, or till recently was, 'half devil and half child.'

Before the coming of the white man he was given to incessant tribal warfare, head-hunting and cannibalism, and these practices still prevail in the districts, no longer very extensive, to which the Government's influence has not penetrated. The pacification has been accomplished with remarkable swiftness, and almost without bloodshed. The officials have gained the confidence of the natives and have, incidentally, done invaluable work in opening up the territory. There has been little organised exploration ; it is part of the day's job. The 'outside man,' as the district officer is called, sets out into unknown country with a handful of native police and carriers.

The impact of civilisation has inevitably caused a considerable disturbance in the native's habits. He must not indulge in head-hunting or kindred diversions. In the old days he had laboriously to fashion his canoe or till his plot with primitive implements. Now he has the white man's tools, which do the thing in a tithe of the time. *Many of his traditional occupations, in fact, are gone* ; and there is a real danger that, unless something is found to take their place, he will suffer that decrease in vitality, that unconscious loss of interest in life, which is now recognised to be a potent factor in the depopulation of the Pacific islands. The vacuum would partially, at any rate, be filled if the native could be induced to acquire habits of industry. If he did, two problems would be solved, the one relating to his own existence, the other to the labour supply, the inadequacy of which is seriously retarding the progress of Papua. Naturally he does not yet see the matter in that light.

The Papuan is backward, but he is by no means unintelligent. He makes an excellent policeman and a capital sailor. He can be taught to manage quite intricate machinery. But what incentive has he to work for the white man ? He is passionately devoted to his home, and is reluctant to leave it, a reluctance which is encouraged by the women. If he has sisters or a wife—and he usually has—they will support him. Since his simple needs are so easily satisfied, why should he go and toil on a plantation or in a mine ? In many of the islands in the Pacific the refusal of the natives to work has led to the introduction of Oriental labour, principally from China, India and Japan. But from Papua the Oriental is excluded, on the ground that his presence is not in the best interests of the native. Moreover, the Government will not countenance forced labour, even in that indirect form which consists of the imposition of a tax. Unlike the natives of many other colonies, the Papuan does not escape taxation by going to work. The system obtaining is voluntary labour under indenture. The natives are engaged for a maximum term of three years ; their employment is subject to very strict regula-

tions in regard to recruiting, conditions of labour, and so forth. The accepted policy in this matter has many critics among the non-official members of the white community. They do not object so much to the stringency of the ordinances relating to the native, although the Government is sometimes accused of pampering him unduly ; they are aware that even in the absence of any regulations they would have to treat their boys reasonably well, for a harsh employer would be promptly boycotted in the labour market. Their grievance is that while the Government allows them, nay, invites them by implication, to sink their capital in a business, a plantation, or a mine, it blocks them from obtaining the hands necessary to work it.

Although the settlers and the Administration may not see eye to eye on the native question, there is one point on which there is complete unanimity between them. All agree that the Territory is treated with grave injustice by the Commonwealth Government. The complaint is that for some purposes it is regarded as a part of Australia, and for others as a foreign country. As far as trade and commerce are concerned, Papua is deemed ' foreign.' Papuan products have to be sent to Australia because there is no shipping service to anywhere else. But on entry to Australia they must pay the high duties imposed by the Commonwealth Customs tariff. As a result, the promising coffee and tobacco industries have been killed, and the sisal-hemp industry has been crippled. For the purposes of the Navigation Act, on the other hand, Papua is part of Australia. This measure, which was passed some years ago, provides that ships trading on the Australian coast must conform to certain conditions with regard to manning, accommodation, labour and the like. In consequence oversea lines (aside from special exemptions) no longer carry passengers or cargo between Australian ports, and the running costs of Australian shipping are very high. It actually costs more to send goods to Fremantle from Sydney or Melbourne than from London. High freights prejudice the Papuan planter who has to ship his stuff to Sydney, at the best one of the most expensive ports in the world, and when, as in 1920 and 1921, there is a slump in the price of copra, he is hit hard indeed. The grievance is a real one. The people of Papua argue that either the Territory is part of Australia or it is not. If it is not, the Customs duties stand, but there would be relief in the matter of freights. If it is, freights would remain high, but Papuan products would have free entry to Australia. The Commonwealth cannot—or should not —have it both ways. The present arrangement is manifestly unfair, and Judge Murray has repeatedly urged the Government to exclude Papua from the terms of the Navigation Act. But the Government, heedless of its inconsistency, has refused.

The Mandated Territory of New Guinea

Although Rabaul is actually the capital of the former German colony, the name is colloquially applied to the colony itself, which consists of the north-eastern quarter of New Guinea, the Bismarck Archipelago and the adjacent islands. Germany annexed the colony in 1884, and eventually the capital was shifted from the mainland to the island of New Britain. The Germans followed their customary practice of concentrating on the towns and their enormous areas before attempting to develop the interior. The British policy, of course, is just the opposite. Hence, while Port Moresby is hardly a 'show-place,' Rabaul is a well-planned, well-built and attractive town. In Papua, on the other hand, the back country has been systematically opened up, whereas in the German colony comparatively little has been done in the way of exploration. The character and products of the German territory are similar to those of Papua, but prospecting for gold was discouraged for fear—it is said—lest there should be an influx of Australian diggers from over the border. The German coconut plantations were excellently managed.

In September 1914 an Australian force occupied the colony after encountering some resistance, in which the first Australian casualties in the war were sustained. During the war Rabaul was governed by a military Administration which has since been succeeded by a civil Administration, although, in fact, almost all of its members are ex-soldiers. By the Treaty of Versailles Australia was invested with a mandate over the Territory, and was charged with a grave and unfamiliar responsibility. In Papua she had governed in the interest of the natives; in Rabaul this duty was expressly imposed on her, and she was required, moreover, to answer for its performance to the League of Nations. Australia had other territories clamouring for development. She had little experience in tropical administration, and not even the nucleus of a trained staff. Was she justified in adding to her burdens? Many thought that, in the circumstances, she was unwise to undertake this task. How has she acquitted herself as a mandatory? It is too soon to say. We may indicate, however what Australia has done.

At the very outset certain broad questions of policy had to be determined. Should the mandated territory be amalgamated with Papua, its neighbour, or administered as a separate entity? The treaty conferred upon the mandatory the power of expropriation and provided that the dispossessed Germans should receive compensation from their own Government. Should this power be exercised? If the Germans were allowed to remain would they not be an element of disaffection, always working against the authorities? To inquire into these and other

questions a Royal Commission was appointed, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, a member of a firm which has extensive shipping and trading connections in the Pacific and a one time Secretary of the Department of External Affairs. Judge Murray favoured the amalgamation of the two territories for various reasons. The majority report was opposed to it, on the grounds chiefly of the disturbance that would follow the substitution of British for German law and of the mixed character of the population. In Papua there are only the two races—British and natives. In Rabaul there are, besides Germans, Chinese, Japanese and Malays. The majority report also recommended the expropriation and sale of the German properties, and its recommendations were adopted by the Government.

A good deal of criticism has been directed against the Administration and the Expropriation Board which is carrying the last-mentioned recommendations into effect. Mr. S. M. Bruce, the Prime Minister, has remarked that by a curious coincidence these attacks are made just about the time when the execution of the mandates comes up for review by the League, and has suggested that they may, in part at any rate, be inspired by a malicious desire to discredit Australia. Some of the criticism, no doubt, is suspect by reason of its origin, and may be discounted as German propaganda. But much of it emanates from sources whose good faith cannot be questioned, and in recognition of this Mr. Bruce has promised a thorough investigation. Meanwhile it should be noted that the Administration has not been charged with neglect of its duty towards the natives. On the contrary, the suggestion is that solicitude for them is overdone. Thus flogging (or rather caning) as a punishment was permitted by the German authorities. It is now prohibited, with the result, we are told, that discipline is harder to enforce. Moreover, the abolition of flogging and of forced recruiting and labour is said to have been interpreted by the natives as a sign of weakness, and in consequence their respect for the white man has diminished. However, the charge of coddling the natives is not uncommon in tropical countries, and it is better for a mandatory to err in the direction of leniency than harshness. Excellent work is being done in regard to their health. A system of medical patrols has been instituted which seeks out cases of disease, and a rigorous campaign against malaria is being prosecuted by draining swamps, a matter which, curiously enough, the Germans neglected.

Nauru

Inasmuch as Nauru is not an Australian mandate, it does not, properly speaking, come within the scope of this article. The mandate over the island was conferred upon the British Empire,

the delegates of which agreed that it should be exercised by Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. Since, however, an arrangement made between the three in 1919 provided for the appointment of an administrator by the Australian Government for the term of five years, a brief reference may be desirable. The three Governments concerned bought out the British company which worked the extensive phosphate deposits on the island. Each contributed a share of the purchase money and receives a specified proportion of the product, each being thus assured of a regular supply at cost price. The administration of Nauru was the subject of some animadversions on the part of the Permanent Mandates Commission in 1922. In its report to the Council of the League the Commission expressed anxiety on several points, of which two of the most important were whether the exclusive exploitation of the phosphate was not inconsistent with the spirit of the mandates and whether the presence of several hundreds of Chinese coolies on the island was not likely to prejudice the interests of the natives. The Commission did not so much censure Australia's administration methods as suggest possibilities. If fuller information had been available when the Commission was preparing its report some of its misgivings might have been allayed, but the replies to a questionnaire which it had issued had been received in Melbourne too late for inclusion in the report of the Nauru Administration to the League. As the Commission's report did not present Australia's side of the case, the Council did not adopt it, but remitted it to the Assembly without comment. As a matter of fact, the three Governments exploit the deposits not *quâ* mandatories, but *quâ* purchasers from the British company. The natives are incapable of winning or using the phosphates themselves, but are perfectly content with the existing arrangement whereby they receive rents and royalties. And if Chinese are not employed, the deposits cannot be worked at all, because other labour is exceedingly hard to obtain. Moreover, there is very little intercourse between Chinese and natives. The explanations given appear to have satisfied the Commission which in 1923 passed the report on Nauru (and also that on the mandated territory in New Guinea) without remark. The Commission's observations in 1922 came as a distinct shock to the Australian public, which had never imagined that there was anything open to question in the administration of Nauru. The experience has had the effect of reminding citizens of the Commonwealth that the responsibilities involved in the assumption of a mandate are real ones, and that a mandatory must be prepared to have his actions subjected to a close scrutiny by a body which takes its duties very seriously.

M. L. MacCallum.

MUHAMMAD AS CHAMPION OF WOMAN

MUHAMMAD, according to his lights and with due regard to the needs of his time and country, was probably the most earnest champion of women's rights that the world has ever known. He found women, at least in some tribes, the property of their kinsmen, to be used, sold or let to hire like other chattels. He left them possessed of full legal personality, and capable of acquiring property and contracting on their own account. In other words, Muhammad brought about a condition whereby the veiled woman of Islam has ever since the seventh century of the Christian era possessed and effectively exercised property rights not yet enjoyed by many hundreds of thousands of English-speaking women.

At Muhammadan law marriage is a matter of contract, the terms of which depend, within very wide limits, on the will of the contracting parties. This contract must be legalised by the *qadi*, or judge, and the Muslim husband must pay over a dower to his wife before the *qadi* is permitted to countersign their agreement. No other formality is requisite, and no religious ceremony of any kind is necessary.

It is not lawful for a woman to have two or more husbands at the same time. She is further bound to observe an interval, called *iddat*, between the termination by death or divorce of one matrimonial alliance and the commencement of another. It is lawful, however, for a man to have as many as four wives at a time, but not more. The right of having concubines no longer obtains, as slavery has been abolished.

The wife, however, or those negotiating on her behalf, can make it an express term in the marriage contract that the husband shall not take a second wife, or that if he does she shall have the option of divorce.[1] When the Muhammadan wife can and does insert into her marriage contract such a clause, and when such a provision is declared by competent authority to 'be usual nowadays among Mussulmans even of the polygamous sect,'[2] it is folly to speak of polygamous relationship being thrust upon a Muhammadan woman. On the contrary, it is clear that the

[1] Wilson, *Digest of Anglo-Muhammadan Law*, p. 61.

[2] Wilson, *op cit*, p. 143, quoting Ameer Ali, vol. ii., p. 171.

Oriental woman may protect herself from any situation which is distasteful to her. In fact, so carefully has Muhammad laid the foundations which safeguard her legal and social rights that the High Court of Calcutta has said that—

> We are aware of no reason why an agreement entered into before marriage under which the wife consented to marry on condition that her future husband should permit her to divorce herself under the form prescribed by Muhammadan law should not be carried out.[3]

Economic reasons and other concomitant circumstances have practically driven polygamy from the urban life of the Muslim world. The same causes fail to obtain in purely agricultural districts. The simplest observation confirms, however, that throughout the world farmers almost invariably have large families. In countries where polygamy is allowed, farmers, therefore, seek to add to their supply of children by increasing the number of their wives. It is in this sense that Frazer writes that when a Catholic priest remonstrated with the Indians of the Orinoco on allowing their women to sow the fields in the blazing sun, with infants at their breasts, the men answered :

> 'Father, you don't understand these things, and that is why they vex you. You know that women are accustomed to bear children, and we are not. When the women sow, the stalk of the maize bears two or three ears, the root of the yucca yields two or three basketfuls, and everything multiplies in proportion. Now why is that ? Simply because the women know how to bring forth, and know how to make the seed which they sow bring forth also. Let them sow, then ; we men don't know as much about it as they do.'[4]

If the Western exponent of monogamy were to ask a bevy of the wives of an Oriental farmer why they did not rise and put a stop to the iniquity of polygamy, they would probably paraphrase the words of the Orinoco Indians, and cry out in unison : 'Sister, you don't understand these things, and that is why they vex you.'

The reciprocal rights and duties of the Eastern husband and wife place upon the woman no charge, submit her to no disability, and make no demand upon her which, if carefully analysed, tend to place her in a position inferior either in dignity or power to that enjoyed by her Western sister in respect of her Western husband.

In addition to her right to recover the amount of her dower by regular suit, the wife may refuse to receive her husband's embraces, to obey his orders, or even to live in the same house with him so long as the dower is unpaid, and this without forfeiting any right to be maintained at his expense or her right of inheritance as his wife.[5]

[3] Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 142.
[4] Frazer, 'The Golden Bough,' Part I., *The Magic Art*, vol. i., p. 141.
[5] Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 123.

Subject to the above-mentioned right resulting from non-payment of dower, and in the absence of a clause in the marriage contract to the contrary, the wife is bound—

(*a*) To reside in the house of her husband, but not necessarily to follow him about from place to place;

(*b*) To receive her husband's embraces whenever required at reasonable times and places, and with due regard to health and decency;

(*c*) To obey all his other reasonable commands; and

(*d*) To observe strict conjugal fidelity from the time of the marriage contract (whether the dower has or has not been paid) and to refrain from all undue familiarity with strangers and all unnecessary appearance in public, it being well understood that what is undue familiarity or unnecessary publicity will depend in each case partly on the social position of the parties, and partly on local customs.

The idea is prevalent in the Occident that the Oriental woman is a toy made to pander to the pleasures of man, and that she is at best nothing but a human incubator or a purveyor to the lacteal needs of infancy. It is, however, written that—

> If the child be an infant at the breast, there is no obligation on the mother to suckle it, because the infant's maintenance rests upon the father.

The various duties incumbent upon the wife require no further elucidation. It cannot be said that they throw upon her shoulders a burden unknown to the West. In these twentieth century days of progress and equality it does appear incongruous to speak of a wife being ' bound to obey all other reasonable commands of her husband.' Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten, when this criticism is made, that in 1840 Victoria was Queen of England, and in 1846 Isabella II. ruled over Spain. When these two sovereigns were led to the altar they both swore ' to love, honour and obey.' As long as such marital vows continue to underlie the superstructure of Christian civilisation it would ill become a Western woman to seek to draw an argument from the language quoted.

The Muslim husband not only may insist upon obedience to all reasonable commands, but the unmodified Muhammadan law clearly recognises his right to inflict moderate personal chastisement, for the Quran says:

> Those whose perverseness ye fear, admonish them and remove them into bedchambers and beat them; but if they submit to you, then do not seek a way against them.

Such a principle is inherently wrong and cannot be condoned. But when the outraged civilisation of the West is seeking for

language wherewith to castigate the East let it be remembered that at common law

the husband hath by law power and dominion over his wife, and may keep her by force within the bounds of duty, and may beat her, but not in a violent or cruel manner.[6]

Muhammadan men and women in exclusively Muhammadan countries, where no veneer of European culture has crept in, marry shortly after they attain the age of puberty. Prostitution is inexistent in such districts, and the immunities of knight-errantry are unknown to the gilded youth of the land. Men must marry or remain continent, and when they marry, whatever may be the latitude polygamy affords them, they must continue to live a life of continence within the limits allowed them by law, if for no other reason, at any rate because their civilisation is so adjusted that there are no pastures where they may graze or cosy corners where affinities may be discovered. The rule is even carried so far that sexual incontinence by man or woman, whether married or single, incurs severe penalties.

A practical check on adultery results also from the leniency with which the law regards homicide by an injured husband. A venerable sheikh, Aboo Jaafar Hindoanne, was once asked whether a man finding another in adultery with his wife might slay. He replied: 'If the husband know that expostulation and beating will be sufficient to deter the adulterer from a future repetition of his offence, he must not slay him, but if he believe that nothing but death will prevent the repetition of the offence, in such case it is allowed to the husband to slay that man ; and if the woman were consenting to his act, it is allowed to her husband to slay her also.' Against this tradition may be set another which represents the Prophet as expressly forbidding such self-revenge, though it is true that it goes on to point out that the follower of the Prophet to whom the prohibition was addressed openly protested that he would disregard it if the occasion arose, and he was let off with a surprisingly mild rebuke for his audacity. This story is told by Muhammadan law writers in such a manner as to convey the impression that the killing of an adulterer is considered to be wrong, but yet so natural as hardly to deserve punishment.

Muhammad lived during the seventh century of the Christian era. If the Western critic of Eastern conditions desires to be frank, is he not constrained to admit that the kernel of the doctrine of the unwritten law of the twentieth century is found in the philosophy of the Arab of the desert ?

Blackstone wrote, speaking of the law of England, that—

the very being or legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage, or at least is incorporated and consolidated in that of her husband.

[6] Eversley, *Law of Domestic Relations*, p. 173.

No such rule is known to Islam. There the Muslim wife, so far as her property is concerned, is as free as a bird The law permits her to do with her assets whatever she pleases without consulting her husband, who in such matters has no greater rights than any perfect stranger.[7]

It is now time to pass to a consideration of the legal remedies of the wife against her husband. It is provided that—

(*a*) She may sue him in a court for maintenance, and the decree may be enforced by attachment of his property or by imprisonment or both; in certain circumstances the court may authorise her to borrow money on his credit.

(*b*) In case of actual or threatened violence of a serious kind she may refuse to live with him without rendering herself liable to a suit for restitution of conjugal rights.

(*c*) Having so ceased to reside, or having been turned out or deserted, she may obtain from a magistrate an order for maintenance.

(*d*) She has, along general lines, the same remedies that any stranger would have against any acts which would amount to hurt, criminal force or wrongful restraint under the Penal Code.[8]

The husband is bound—

(*a*) To maintain his adult wife in a manner suitable to his wealth, or at least to the mean between his wealth and hers if she be poorer, quite irrespective of her ability to maintain herself out of her own property, so long as she is undivorced and obedient, and, whether obedient or not, if she has the right of refusal for non-payment of dower;

(*b*) If he has more wives than one, to provide each with a separate sleeping apartment, to give to each as far as possible an equal share in his society and equal treatment in other respects;

(*c*) In any case to allow 'his wife' the use of an apartment from which she may exclude all persons except her husband himself;

(*d*) To allow her to visit and be visited by her parents, or children by a former husband, with reasonable frequency, and to allow her to visit and be visited by her own blood relations (within the prohibited degree) at least once a year. He is, however, under no legal obligation to allow her to visit or to be be visited by strangers or to go out to marriage feasts, public baths and the like.

It would serve no useful purpose to analyse the duties incumbent upon the husband; not that they will not bear comparison with standards fixed by Christendom, but because in Islam the rights and duties of husband and wife depend upon the terms of their marriage contract, and may be defined in any manner

[7] Clavel, *Droit Musulman*, vol. i., sects. 217 *et seq.*
[8] Wilson, *op. cit.*, pp. 131 *et seq.*

agreed upon between the parties. In the absence of a specific covenant, the duties of a husband are as they have been enumerated.

It is possible that the girl who knows nothing of life may neglect to take advantage of these rights, but, when her parents have within their reach such a beneficent rule of civil conduct as was prepared by Muhammad, no girl should have aught to fear from marital pressure. The Prophet brought the women of his land to the fountain. He prepared for them a well bubbling with sparkling water. He cannot make them drink thereof if they do not desire to do so.

The divorce laws of Islam deserve careful study, particularly as their text has inspired many burning criticisms of Muhammadanism. It is a fact that the husband may divorce his wife at his mere will and pleasure and without assigning any reason. It is a fact that he may repudiate her. It is a fact that the wife can never divorce herself from her husband without his consent, though she may, under certain conditions, obtain a divorce by judicial decree.

Inasmuch, however, as the terms of the marriage contract constitute to all intents and purposes the law which binds husband and wife, it is clear that a prudent father may assure to his daughter the means of ridding herself of her husband as easily as her spouse may cast her off.

This power of repudiation may be conferred by the husband not only on his wife, but on a third person—for example, on the father, brother, uncle or a trusted friend of the bride. Divorce will take effect if and when this right of repudiation is exercised by the wife or by the third party in question. The importance of this delegation lies in the fact that, while it may be possible for a husband so to dominate his wife as to make of her legal prerogatives a mere illusion, such marital coercion cannot extend to the third party upon whom the marriage contract may have conferred the right of repudiation.

If it be clear that, for all practical purposes, both man and woman may take advantage of the obnoxious divorce laws of the Orient, which, therefore, do not create any inequality between the sexes, it is well to recall that the Prophet said that 'of all permissible things or acts repudiation is that which God holds in greatest abhorrence.' With this view-point defined, it may be pointed out that woman is essentially the passive force of Nature, the negative current of electricity, the balance wheel of society, the reserve battalion of life, the end that crowns the work ; man is the active element, the positive current, the dynamic power, the shock regiment, the means which is justified by the end it subserves. Such being the case, divorce is to man an offensive

weapon, an engine of attack, a battering ram; to woman the right to dissolve marriage is rather a defensive arm, a line of trenches, a citadel.

The Prophet knew this; he knew all about trench warfare, war intelligence service, and the latest tactical combinations,[9] and in the law in respect of dower rights he gave woman an armour of defence of no small value.

He wrote into the text of the law that no man could marry a woman without conferring upon her a settlement, the amount of which 'shall be reasonable with reference to the means of the husband and the status of the wife,' and he then founded a custom which provided that one-half of this dower 'shall be payable on demand' and the remainder at the termination of the marriage by death or divorce. In other words, Muhammad established a tradition which made it necessary for a man to go down into his pocket before thrusting aside his wife, and thus made sure that the husband will 'stop, look and listen' before repudiating his spouse.

What is known as an irrevocable divorce is obtained at Muhammadan law in a manner so simple as to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the modern legislator. No court procedure is required. The husband need but say to his wife: 'I divorce thee!' 'I divorce thee!' 'I divorce thee!' (three times). He may save himself this repetition if words be used clearly indicating his intention that the divorce shall become immediately effective. No witnesses are necessary, for God has heard the fatal words. The spouses are no longer man and wife, and the *qadi* will, upon the request of either party, issue a certificate so stating. The wife forthwith becomes entitled to her unpaid dower, and to alimony during the period of *iddat*.[10] Should the husband repent when thus called upon to loosen his purse-strings, his change of heart will not avail him if his wife is able to adduce testimony establishing that he used the words before mentioned.

The remarriage of divorced couples became frequent in Arab society and gave rise to scandal. In order to arrest this practice Muhammad adopted a very simple device. He did not repeal the law; he simply amended it by adding one of those little provisoes which mean so much and which experienced lobbyists interpolate

[9] This statement is not used in a figurative, but in a literal, sense.

A very illuminating article on this subject from the pen of the eminent Oriental scholar Rev. Father Lammens, S.J., was published December 5, 1917, under the title 'Mahomet et la Guerre des Tranchées,' in the French magazine issued by the Society of Jesus, and known as *Etudes*.

[10] See *supra*, p. 137. This period of *iddat* expires when it is indubitably established that the wife is not pregnant; if she be pregnant, the *iddat* continues until birth and recovery.

so innocently and so surreptitiously into otherwise innocuous Bills. He merely required that if the divorce took the form which has just been referred to the divorced couple may not remarry unless and until the woman has been married to another man and divorced by him after consummation. No presumption as to the fulfilment of this condition may be drawn from the mere fact of remarriage.

It sometimes happens that early love is rekindled, and the divorced man and woman desire to remarry. A stumbling-block presents itself. The love of the man is inflamed, his jealousy aroused, the law obdurate and no dispensation obtainable. His former wife he must have ; the cup of experience he has drained to the dregs, and nothing will soothe his soul but the embraces of the wife of his youth. Love laughs at bars, and all is fair in love and war, but the Prophet was a discerning seer and could be imposed upon. It must be proved that this repudiated wife has remarried and that her period of *iddat* has expired since her new divorce. The impatient prospective bridegroom must, therefore, first find another husband who possesses all of the attributes required by law for a prince consort, and the same time one who is sufficiently repulsive in form as not to be able to win the heart of the lady. It is said that hump-backed men usually answer the necessary requirements, and they are therefore often called ' intermediate husbands.'

There is a feature of the law of parentage which shows the angle from which Muhammadanism views the rights of women. Most systems set forth presumptions as to lawful paternity. The King of Spain is a posthumous child. His father, Alfonso XII., died November 24, 1885, and Alfonso XIII. was born May 7, 1886. His legitimacy neither could nor would be open to doubt in any country or in any age. Legislation, however, is not uniform in a matter which might mean so much to a woman and to an innocent child. Muhammad did not leave the women of his land at the mercy of the caprices of a calendar. He fixed the superior limit of lawful paternity at two years, for—

> Aboo Huneefa had it from Ayeshah, who had it from the Prophet himself, that a child remains no longer than two years in the womb of its mother, even so much as the turn of a wheel.

It is all very well to say that Muhammad knew nothing of physiology. He knew enough of the question, however, to be certain that his two years' rule would protect innocent women from mischievous mathematicians who never hear of the birth of a first-born or of a posthumous child without tabulating dates.

It was in response to this same spirit that the Prophet ordained that—

they who defame virtuous women and bring not four witnesses, scourge them with four score stripes, and receive not their testimony for ever, for they are pernicious people—save those who afterwards repent and live virtuously, for truly God is lenient and merciful.[11]

This analysis of the social, property and conjugal rights of a woman in Islam has now been completed. Political rights she, as a woman, has not. Her husband, as a man, is equally deficient in this respect. Eunuchs have often wielded a power possessed by neither man nor woman, and their capacity for public affairs is strikingly illustrated by the history of Persia and India. So therefore if woman, as woman, is endowed with no political power, no deduction derogatory to her sex can be drawn from this fact, for man, as man, has no such attribute.

It is not sought to imply that the social status of the Muhammadan woman is superior to that of her Occidental sister. It is not. It is insisted, however, that in so far as legislation can make of woman a free agent, absolutely independent of man, Muhammad thirteen hundred years ago assured to the mothers, wives and daughters of Islam a rank and dignity not yet generally assured to woman by the laws of the West. Thus should he be granted an outstanding position as a champion of woman, if the premise be admitted that the welfare of woman may be advanced by the fiat of the legislator.

The Arab Khaliphate founded by Muhammad is no more; an empire whose armies as late as A.D. 1683 thundered before the walls of Vienna has fallen to a position of negligible import; but husbands and wives in Islam as a whole enjoy equal political, legal and economic rights. Muhammad has brought about an absolute equality in law between the two sexes, and from the standpoint of a champion of woman, as opposed to a defender of society and an upbuilder of the greatness of the race, he has shown himself the unflinching, even if misguided, friend of woman.

[11] *Sura*, XXIV

PIERRE CRABITÈS.

A NOBLE REFORM: AND ITS PIONEERS

At the upper end of St. Martin's Lane stood a house which, as Timbs relates in his *Curiosities of London*, had been known for nearly 400 years as Old Slaughters' Coffee House. It was the rendezvous of painters and sculptors, and was also a house of call for Frenchmen, until finally, in 1843, it made way, with other buildings, for the new road which joined up Long Acre with Leicester Square.

There must have been many strange meetings within the walls of this coffee-house; many curious discussions must have taken place, and no doubt many grim tragedies of the Revolution were recounted and plans made for the rescue of their less fortunate countrymen and women by the *emigrés* who had found a safe refuge in London. But surely one of the most interesting of all those gatherings, and one with very far-reaching results, took place there on June 16, 1824, and the object of the meeting must have been the only bond which drew some of those present together. History does not relate how many gentlemen had been invited to attend, but we know that among them were Richard Martin, M.P. for Galway, known throughout the country as a fearless duellist and supporter of lost causes; William Wilberforce, M.P., whose name was soon to be famous for giving a downtrodden race its freedom and thereby robbing many a great colonial family of vast wealth in human slaves; and the Rev. Arthur Broome, M.A., a clergyman who had recently given up his living at Bromley St. Leonard (now Bromley-by-Bow) to devote himself more entirely to an ideal. Judging from the standards of the day, they were all doubtless considered more than a little mad, for they had met to discuss the formation of a society, to quote from the opening remarks of the Chairman, Mr. T. Fowell Buxton, M.P., 'to prevent the exercise of cruelty towards animals.' It is true that the subject had been written about spasmodically during the ages by philosophers and thinkers, and, indeed, a law to protect certain animals had been added to the Statute Book by Martin two years previously. Thus was laid the foundation-stone for the whole work of protecting the animals, but as yet there was little or no machinery for putting it into

effect. Mr. Buxton claimed in his opening speech that the work was

to spread amongst the lower orders of the people, especially amongst those to whom the care of animals was entrusted, a degree of moral feeling which would compel them to think and act like those of a superior class.

Such a sentiment would seem nowadays to savour of hypocrisy; but it must be remembered that many of the acts of the 'superior class' which would at the present time be regarded as cruel were merely part of the ordinary pleasures and pursuits of that class, whereas the brutal treatment meted out to the animals by drivers, drovers, slaughtermen and others could not have failed to attract the attention of those few who were striving to improve the lives and conduct of the populace. These cruelties not only included the everyday sufferings of overloaded, overworked, starved and beaten horses, the horrors of the shambles and the cattle markets, but also such popular sports as bull-baiting, bear-baiting, dog and monkey fights. Of William Wilberforce little need be said, for his name will always be linked with one of the greatest of humanitarian reforms, but due credit has never been given by history to Richard Martin and Arthur Broome, who were the chief pioneers in the cause of the animals, a work which has greatly influenced modern civilisation all over the world. Arthur Broome was evidently the convener of the meeting, and, as was mentioned by Mr. Buxton, had employed a man 'to keep an eye upon the men who brought cattle to Smithfield Market,' with the result that, under the then recently passed Martin's Act, sixty-three men had been convicted of cruelty! It is interesting to read, brief though it is, a first-hand account of this meeting in Old Slaughters' Coffee House, described in S. C. Hall's *Retrospect of a Long Life:*

I remember [he writes] the meeting well, for I reported it. I had known Colonel Martin previously, and conversed with him then as to a project I no doubt considered visionary. I have lived to see even greater events spring from smaller causes. It was a thin meeting—that I recall; but the Irish heartiness of Martin gave it warmth, fervour and energy. I do not believe there was another person present so sanguine as to think that Parliament would ever be the protector of a 'lower world.' Yet the advocates had not long to wait. It is but a faint remembrance I have of the scene, but I can clearly call to mind Dick uttering an oath, essentially Irish, that 'by —— he'd make them do it,' and somehow, he did.

It is curious how one man, with a vivid personality and a picturesque reputation which appealed to his contemporaries and was passed on to us as a tradition, should have overshadowed another who, by his persistent and quiet work, is really equally deserving of fame as regards the cause of animals. It is true that Martin, by his continued efforts in Parliament, had at last

succeeded in gaining legislative recognition for the animals by his Act of 1822. The police of those days were few and had ample scope for work in other directions, and, moreover, it can readily be understood that cruelty to animals—even as little as was made illegal by the Act of 1822—was not recognised by the majority and could easily escape notice. Therefore the scheme of forming a society which by education and, when needed, by prosecution also should protect animals was an eminently practical idea, and for that we have to thank the Rev. Arthur Broome. He had, in a correspondence which appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* in 1820 and 1821, prepared the way by pleading for the formation of a society

> by whose united exertion some check may if practicable be applied to an evil which disgraces the country and is equally repugnant to the dictates of humanity and to the benevolent spirit and precepts of the Christian religion.

To popularise the idea and to arouse in the minds of the people some interest in the subject which had been his ideal for some time, he had issued various editions of Dr. Humphrey Primatt's work, *A Dissertation on the Duty of Mercy and Sin of Cruelty to Brute Animals*, a book which must have had some influence, since it was originally written in 1776 and passed through many editions, the last of which appeared in 1854. Broome would appear to have first connected himself with the book in the 1822 edition, when he modestly described himself as a 'clergyman of the Church of England.' This edition is interesting from the fact that it was dedicated to

> Richard Martin, Esq., M.P., whose active and unaided zeal both in a public and private capacity, in endeavouring to promote a more just and humane treatment of the brute species, bears ample testimony to the benevolence of his heart and presents an example worthy of imitation.

In the following year Broome brought out another edition—this time under his own name—and he added a footnote to say that the 'profits arising from the sale of the tract will be given to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.' We see in this note an example of his indomitable courage and his hope, in spite of the fact that he had failed already once, to achieve his purpose. In *John Bull* for November 3, 1822, had appeared the announcement of a meeting at Old Slaughters' Coffee House, with 'the Rev. Mr. Broome in the chair,' to form a society; but no further records exist to show that this materialised. In the meantime, while Martin was actively enforcing his Act by personally prosecuting in cases of cruelty, Broome was employing a man for the same purpose. And therefore, backed by the experience he had gained by so doing, he realised more forcibly that it required the

services of men specially appointed and trained for the purpose to cope with the present evil, while a system of proper education should also be introduced to check it in the young.

Little is known of him except the bare records of his birth, as the only son of Arthur Broom[1], of Sidmouth, Devon; of his being admitted to Balliol College in 1798; of his taking his B.A. degree three years later; and of his being ordained by the Bishop of London in 1802. No trace of his doings can be found until 1812, when he was licensed as curate of the two parishes of Brook and Hinxhill, in Kent, where he remained for four years, and was afterwards appointed curate to Cliffe at Hoo, in the same county, during which period he took his M.A. degree. In 1820 he was appointed vicar of St. Mary's, Bromley St. Leonard, where he remained only four years, resigning his living, as has already been stated, to devote his time more fully to the special work for the protection of animals. One can nowadays hardly imagine the difficulties of the task which he had voluntarily undertaken—to fight against an ingrained prejudice and stupendous callousness which were for many years to cripple the work—and it is, therefore, all the more to be regretted that so little is known of the man who was inspired to undertake it. Indeed, for more than a generation it was supposed that Martin had originated the formation of the Society, though as far back as 1825, as was reported in the *Courier* of July 1, at the Society's first annual meeting, Martin 'proposed thanks to the Rev. Mr. Broome, the originator and father of the Society.' William Mudford, at that time editor of the *Courier*, became a member of the Committee, and published a leading article on the first meeting, in which he wrote:

> We know there are persons who affect to treat with an air of silly ridicule all efforts of this description. We do not participate in their sentiments; and we should be sorry if we did. No man need be ashamed of doing what he can to abate the practice of cruelty.

Sir James Mackintosh, M.P., who had continued the work of reforming the criminal law, first started by Sir Samuel Romilly, also undertook to aid the project. Richard Martin was, of course, a tower of strength for the newly formed work, since he was known to all as one 'to whom the public owe so much for the care which he bestows upon dumb creatures,' and was, moreover, a friend of George IV., who first gave him the honourable nickname of 'Humanity Martin.'

For a year the work seemed to prosper; the founders and their supporters had good reason to be satisfied. There was already a marked improvement among the Smithfield drovers; pamphlets

[1] The founder of the Society added an 'e' to his name while at Oxford.

had been printed and distributed in the London schools, sermons had been preached in some of the churches, inspectors had been successful in their work of detecting cruelty and as a result had instituted 149 prosecutions, and branches of the work were being started in the north of England. But all this needed financial support, and the work grew more rapidly than did the Society's income. There came a time, six months later, when the Committee, confronted with growing debts, had to face the position and consider the necessity for giving up the work. Encouragement and unexpected aid came in the shape of a donation of 100*l.* from William Radcliffe, the widower of the novelist; but that amount did not go very far to liquidate the debts, and finally Arthur Broome, who as honorary secretary was held responsible, was cast into prison—an ironical position, surely, since his poor little Society owed him money also. He was rescued by Richard Martin and Lewis Gompertz, who later on succeeded him as honorary secretary, and who, by business methods and practical foresight, was able to pull the Society's affairs into better order. Arthur Broome, voluntarily deprived of his means of livelihood, on resigning his living had evidently to find other means of subsistence, and in 1828 he retired from the secretaryship, though he remained on the Committee until 1832, after which year his name disappeared from the Society's annual reports. He died in Birmingham in 1837, and it is a curious comment on the mutability of fame that this event passed without comment in the Society's records, though he had in all its annual reports been acknowledged as its founder. It must, however, have been his proud pleasure during the last year of his life to realise that his dream had come true and that all the early struggles had been well worth enduring, for the worst difficulties had been overcome. He lived long enough to see his Society become established as a practical and working body whose influence was already being felt in the country; and so, though there is no stone to mark his grave—nor, indeed, can any trace of that grave be discovered—the teaching of his life's ideal has so educated the people of every civilised country that the work has grown to be an imperishable monument.

Of Richard Martin more is known, though it is curious that no mention of him is to be found in such a standard work as the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* His parliamentary work has almost passed unrecorded; but his reputation as a *bon viveur,* a duellist and a spendthrift has been the subject of stories in many biographies of the period, and so he has come to be regarded with interest as typical of the times and of his country. He had all the characteristics of the Irishman in fiction: he was generous to extravagance, impetuous in word and deed, loving a fight, whether

with pistol or speech, ready to espouse the cause of the down-trodden, full of a fund of humour which brought him countless friends, careless of his own interests, always ready to sacrifice his own comfort for the benefit of others; and so, lord of Clare, owner at one time of some 200,000 acres in Connemara, he died in poverty in Boulogne. Sir Jonah Barrington, in his *Personal Sketches of My Own Times*, gave him a fitting eulogy when he wrote, after knowing him for nearly forty years:

> The character I should give him may be summed up in a simple sentence—urbanity towards women, benevolence towards men and humanity towards the brute creation.

Samuel Carter Hall, who knew him well, also paid tribute to his many good qualities when he wrote in his *Retrospect of a Long Life:*

> He blundered his way into a reform—blessed in its influences and mighty in its results. . . . Thus the wild, energetic, heedless and usually unreasoning Irishman is for this act classed, and rightly so, among the benefactors of his country and all other countries of the Old World and the New. He was sincere as well as earnest in advocacy of the 'brute,' when such advocacy usually supplied only motives for mocking and scorn; and he was one of the very earliest of legislators to protest against the punishment of death for forgery. I believe Dick Martin had as warm and sound a heart as ever beat in human bosom. . . . He was almost idolised by the people over whom he ruled in wild Connemara. I heard this anecdote from one of his descendants. A rumour reached the district that the packet in which he was crossing from England to Ireland had been wrecked. Amid the lamentations, dismay and confusion of the household in Ballinahinch, one aged woman retained self-possession and was heard to say: 'No one need be afeared for the master, for if he were in the midst of a raging sea, the prayers of the widows and orphans would keep his head above water.'

Richard Martin, born in February 1754, was the eldest son of Robert Martin, of Dangan and Ballinahinch Castle, county Galway. Though he came of a Roman Catholic family, he was brought up as a Protestant, because it was the intention of his father that he should enter the Irish Parliament and add his influence and vote towards the emancipation of the Catholics, who had been deprived of the franchise. For this purpose he was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered the Dublin Parliament when twenty-two years of age as member for the borough of Jamestown, county Leitrim. In 1801, in the first Parliament under the Union, he was elected for county Galway, and continued as its member till 1826. During all that long period he was consistent in his support of any measure introduced for the benefit of the animals.

In 1802 Sir W. Pulteney introduced for the second time a Bill to stop bull-baiting, and Martin threw himself into the discussion with all his strength. Richard Brinsley Sheridan

supported the measure, and said he considered cruelty to animals a crime, whether done for amusement, for sport, or for gluttony. The Bill was lost, and attempts were unsuccessfully made again some years after to end this so-called sport.

Martin must have watched with deep sympathy the unsuccessful efforts of Lord Erskine, Lord High Chancellor of England, who in 1809 introduced into the House of Lords a Bill 'for preventing the wanton and malicious cruelty to animals.' It is recorded on this, as well as on other occasions when Lord Erskine pleaded for the animals, that the noble members of the Upper House greeted his efforts with cat-calls and derision. The attitude of the country and the opinion of the people at that time can be judged from the following reference to Lord Erskine's Bill which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* :

> No reason can be assigned for the interference of legislation in the protection of animals unless their protection be connected either directly or indirectly with some advantage to man.

This Bill, though passing successfully through the Upper House, met with determined opposition in the Commons, and was defeated. In supporting Sir William Pulteney's first attempt to suppress bull-baiting, Sheridan had stated that an honourable friend of his intended shortly to introduce a Bill for preventing inhumanity to animals in general, 'especially to horses, which are seen every day in our streets treated with the most vicious and unmerciful cruelty.' We do not know if the 'honourable friend' was Richard Martin ; if it was, he had a long time to wait, for he did not introduce his first Bill to prevent the ill-treatment of horses and other animals until 1821, and then the Commons ridiculed the idea so loudly that *The Times* reporter could not hear the remarks made. In spite of this, however, the Bill passed the Commons, but was lost in the Lords, backed though it was by many petitions which were presented in its favour. In 1822 he tried again, having made the measure more comprehensive, and in his speech described to the House fights which he had himself witnessed between animals at the Westminster Pit. His remarks were punctuated with laughter and cat-calls, but he persisted, and when the Attorney-General opposed the Bill he told him that he had placed himself in opposition to the common-sense of the whole country and quoted from speeches made in support by magistrates in London and in Middlesex. The Bill passed the third reading, in spite of the opposition of Martin's own friends, who considered it too vague, and in the House of Lords it received the support of Lord Erskine, was read a third time on July 18, and received the royal assent four days later. With reference to this success one newspaper of the day wrote :

Lord Erskine tried to deliver the beasts from their bondage, but he completely failed. Mr. Martin's success shows the superiority of genius on learning.

Mr. Martin is not a very learned man, neither is he, in the language of the schools, eloquent, but he has a most winning way with him. He holds the House by the very test of the human race, laughter, and while their sides shake, their opposition is shaken and falls down at the same instant.

There is a beautiful symmetry, a perfect keeping, as it were, in the whole man of Richard Martin, Esq., every limb of his body and every feature of his face is round and solid. He lets drive at the House like a bullet, and the flag of truce is instantly flung out upon both sides.

Richard Martin took immediate steps to put his Act into force, and shortly afterwards successfully prosecuted two men for cruelty to horses in Smithfield, 'when the two fellows were severally convicted by the mitigated penalty of 20s. each.' On another occasion a culprit, charged by him with cruelty to a horse, was fined 10s. and costs, and, being unable to pay, was committed to prison, whereupon Martin expressed the desire to pay the fine himself.

The Act of 1822 was the only measure which he succeeded in getting passed, and, as he stated in a speech at the first annual meeting of the Society in 1825:

Somehow or other my Bills were actually thrown out before they were brought in! The moment it was intimated that I intended to introduce the Bills an outcry was raised against me. I was told that it was unreasonable [he continued] to deprive the lower orders of their sports, while I left the sports of the higher classes untouched. . . . For my part, I could wish to get rid of every one of them, good or bad. But if I can't get one hundred per cent., why, then I must be satisfied to take fifty or twenty-five per cent.

In 1823 the House had declined to give him an opportunity to introduce a Bill to prohibit bull-baiting and dog-fighting. During the following years he made many attempts, but they were all unsuccessful, until at the General Election in 1826 he was unseated and retired. Nevertheless he will always be remembered as the first successful champion of the animal cause, who, by his persistent endeavour, has made it possible not only in this country, but throughout the civilised globe, for others to take up the cause and gain the protection of the law for 'the brute creature.' A story is told of how his daughter once referred to his many unsuccessful political ventures, to which he replied: 'One is like a mason dashing mortar against a wall. He wastes a good deal, but some of it sticks!'

At the close of his parliamentary career he gave much of his time to the affairs of the Society which he had helped to found, and was present at many of its meetings. Even when he left the country and settled at Boulogne he took an active interest in the

cause of the animals, and in 1832 he wrote with reference to a Bill to amend his Act which was to be introduced:

Of the Act which bears my name I will say, in justice to the eminent lawyer who prepared it, that it is a specimen of good legal penmanship, and it was said to have been so by Lord Lyndhurst, who opposed the Bill in all its stages.

Martin died in 1834, at the age of eighty, and of his closing days Lewis Gompertz, second honorary secretary of the Society, who knew him well, wrote:

Happily his sufferings lasted only a few days; his anxiety to comfort the minds of his affectionate family and that his favourite dog should be taken care of are truly characteristic of the man whose motives were so pure. He stated to the last that he claimed no merit for all he had done.

This testimony from one who knew him intimately is in curious contrast to the airy but spiteful remark made by Charles Dickens with reference to him:

The Act for the prevention of cruelty to animals, commonly called Dick Martin's Act, was framed by Richard Martin, of Galway. It was a pity he could not exchange a little of his excessive tenderness for animals for some common-sense and consideration for human beings.

The public of his day could hardly appreciate the influence which his work for the protection of animals would have on the world, and so his death passed almost unnoticed. *The Times* on January 10, 1834, merely stated that 'the evening papers announce the death of Mr. Richard Martin, the late eccentric M.P. for Galway.' And so he passed, labelled as 'eccentric' because he had struck out a new line for himself and had succeeded, in spite of the jeers of his contemporaries and the caricatures of Cruikshank and others, in setting on the Statute Book the first Act to protect animals. There have been many others since then, one is thankful to think, who could with equal justice be called eccentric, if to live up to one's convictions and carry them out in a practical manner may be termed eccentric.

One cannot but regret that these early pioneers are not with us now, at the close of a hundred years' successful work, to realise the great and widespread organisation of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with its many hundred branches in England and Wales, and the thousands of sister societies in all parts of the globe, which sprang from that first meeting in Old Slaughters' Coffee House. Their foresight has been abundantly proved, because the methods of work which they drew up so carefully at that meeting are still the same guiding principles for the work to-day, though, of course, much has been done, and is being done, which was undreamed of by them. In looking back

at all the achievements which have been crowded into the past century of work for the animals, the outstanding impression is one of gradual development of the Society's influence on modern civilisation, and on the manners and customs of mankind. The organisation of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has, naturally, expanded, and is expanding, as more people are inspired by its example to carry the teaching into other countries, but it is fundamentally the same as was planned a century ago, and the system of voluntary work and voluntary support which founded it still exists.

The necessities for the work and the possibilities for good in that work were clearly recognised by Princess Victoria, who at the early age of sixteen, and at a time when it needed no little courage to come out on the side of the animals, became an active supporter of the cause. This support came at a crucial time in the history of the Society, and was an enormous encouragement to those early workers who, in 1835, were faced with difficulties which seemed impossible to overcome, and Her Majesty throughout the whole of her long reign lost no opportunity to strengthen the cause and help it forward, for she realised, to quote from one of her speeches, that

> no civilisation is complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy. The labours of your Society have done much to promote this moral progress; and for the sake alike of human nature and of the happiness of the animal nature by which we are surrounded, I trust that you will steadily persevere in your noble aims, in which you will continue to have my warm and entire sympathy.

And it is gratifying to note that the Society has been able to deserve that sympathy and practical encouragement not only from that great ruler, but also from her successors, and that the system of voluntary work and voluntary support which founded it has more than maintained it in the eyes of the animal-loving public.

EDWARD G. FAIRHOLME.

DISTICHES FROM THE LATIN

(These Distiches do not claim to be translations, or even paraphrases, but rather reflections in verse occasioned by certain famous lines of Latin poetry.)

Sunt Lachrymae Rerum. (Vergil.)

In man's dark life a well of sorrow springs
And human tears must flow for mortal things.

Tantae Molis Erat Romanam condere gentem. (Vergil.)

So vast a burden, and so slow a pace
Is theirs who seek to build a Sovereign Race.

Deus Nobis Haec Otia Fecit. (Vergil.)

For us these peaceful fields, this ease of mind
A God has made—the Lord of Human-kind.

Fortunate senex, Ergo tua rura manebunt. (Vergil.)

O happy man! Therefore your homestead stands,
A shrine and fortress mid its smiling lands.

Therefore for you the bees their descant drone
While from the elm the ring-dove makes her moan.

Et Venus in Sylvis jungebat corpor' Amantum.
(Lucretius.)

And Venus in dark woods and shades profound
The bodies of the lovers, joined and bound.

J. St. Loe Strachey.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

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IMPERIAL PREFERENCE

In accepting the invitation of my friend the Editor of *The Nineteenth Century* to write a reply to some of the criticisms which have been delivered against the adoption of a general system of Imperial Preference by this country I have not, of course, been governed by any notion that I could deal with this great question as effectively as scores of others could, but solely for this reason: I yield to nobody in my enthusiasm for the cause, and I really believe I am better informed than almost anybody else resident in the United Kingdom as to the views of the leaders of opinion in our overseas Empire.

I say this because I experienced the exceptional advantage of going through the two most strenuous and anxious years of the war—1917 and 1918—in close company, sometimes in daily communication, with the leading representatives of our great Dominions. It was my privilege to hear them discuss these big questions not only in the conferences and Imperial Cabinets, but in private conversation, when they naturally spoke with greater freedom than on occasions when they would be compelled to

confine their remarks within certain limits. Further, I had the invaluable experience of seeing these great men, whose energies had hitherto been mainly confined to comparatively simple questions affecting their own countries, called upon to face the tremendous responsibilities of war. This is an experience which no man, however self-confident he may be, can pass through without feeling the strain of the general work which he is called upon to perform. It is impossible for me to express in ordinary language my sense of the really wonderful way in which these great men accepted their burdens and discharged their supremely anxious duties. But while I realised and appreciated the readiness with which they accepted their new responsibilities, and the ease and simple directness with which they bore the anxieties, I was also conscious of the undoubted fact that they were growing in stature and acquiring a new view of many Imperial questions which, I was convinced, would lead them to adopt a much stronger line in their negotiations and discussions with the United Kingdom than they had ever done in the past.

My forecast has been absolutely verified; many abler pens than mine have told of the great part they played in our Imperial Cabinet discussions. Looking back upon those days, and remembering some, at all events, of the problems with which we were confronted, I cannot be sufficiently thankful that we were reinforced by the glorious, vigorous, and statesmanlike qualities of the men who were entitled to speak for the younger nations of the Empire.

Among the questions about which they took an attitude totally different from that which they had assumed before, the one in regard to Imperial Preference stands first and foremost. Up to 1918 they had been content to say that it was sufficient for us to give them a preference in return for what they were doing for us, but that if we did not choose or were unable to do so, it would not affect their procedure in regard to the Mother Country. It has never been suggested in any quarter, so far as I know, that a failure on our part to meet them would in any way affect their loyalty to the Crown or to the British connections; but there have been many people, myself amongst them, who believed the time would come when they would find it difficult to maintain their policy of preference to the Mother Country if we were to persist in our refusal to give them a *quid pro quo*.

It was noticeable in the Conference of 1918 that not only the language of the overseas representatives, but their tone, underwent a considerable change, and they made it clear that we should at all events give them something in return if they continued to give us these distinct advantages in the world's markets.

It is necessary to preface any remarks such as I am going to

make by the cautionary words that in no circumstances must our opponents or critics seek to contend I am suggesting the overseas Empire would be affected in its loyalty to the King by anything that may happen in these commercial questions ; I am positive that there is no risk of anything of the kind ever happening. On the other hand, I do not think there can be any doubt that if we persist in our present insane policy of declining to recognise ourselves as a part of a mighty Empire on the ground that we possess everything we require for human use, and that we can, if we choose, feed, clothe, and arm ourselves without any help from foreigners, then the overseas Empire, from whose virgin and fertile lands these great advantages are to be derived, must in due course look elsewhere for the commercial bargains which mean so much to the trade of any country.

It is for this reason I, at any rate, believe that the time before us is none too long ; that we are rapidly approaching, if indeed we have not actually come in sight of, the parting of the ways, and that we have got to make up our minds as to whether we are going to take the outlying portions of the Empire into close and active partnership, or whether we are going to give them what seems to me to be an almost impossible reply to their friendly overtures, *i.e.*, that while we should rely upon them to aid us whenever we are in trouble, and to enable us to continue to speak of, and pride ourselves upon, the British Empire, we must decline to admit them to any share of our trade and business other than that which can be had on precisely equal terms from any foreign nations.

Surely we cannot be so blind to our own interests and to the future of our Empire as to throw away an opportunity which, once definitely abandoned, can never return ; and to compel these great and growing nations to turn to other countries, if they continue to believe, as undoubtedly they will, that tariffs are essential to the prosperity of a country, and that once they exist there ought to be preferential arrangements between different parts of the same Empire.

Before offering a few observations upon the precise Preference proposals, I desire to draw attention to the remarkable change which has come over our opponents in dealing with this question. There have been two debates, one in each House, during the present Session. In the Lower House it is an open secret that the utmost possible pressure was brought to bear upon the members of the Labour Party to dissuade them from voting against the Government, and yet, notwithstanding this fact and the support which they received from the 'patient oxen' who joyfully voted with them, three of the resolutions were only carried by a very slender majority, which in one case fell as low

as six! In our own House the results were, I think, equally remarkable. The Labour Government put forward a plea, which I really think they could not pretend to believe in themselves, to the effect that my resolution involved a breach of the Constitution, inasmuch as it sought to limit the powers of Parliament—an argument received by the House with its customary forbearance, but with manifest contempt! It showed that those who used the argument were driven to employ very curious weapons in defending their policy. Their spokesman, Lord Beauchamp, one of the fairest and most honourable of protagonists, sought to show that Preference could not be adopted because Mr. Chamberlain had contended in the 1903 discussions it could not be carried into effect without placing heavy taxes on food supplies. He quite ignored the fact that since then, owing to the experience and the fresh knowledge we have acquired, it has been repeatedly stated that there is no intention whatever of taxing foodstuffs.

Again, there is no attempt made to show that Preference, as proposed by Mr. Baldwin and the Conservative Party, by those detached from any party, or by the Dominions themselves, does not necessitate any taxes of the kind. Therefore it is fair to say that our opponents have departed altogether from the strong ground which they held in the old days, and are gradually being driven more and more within their defences. I firmly believe that these two debates and their results if carefully studied, will prove unquestionably that, difficult though the fight has been, and pursued as we have been by misfortune and misrepresentation, our cause has made wonderful progress, and we have only to keep the flag flying and to keep pressing steadily on and ultimately certain victory will be achieved.

The view which we hear advanced freely in some quarters that the whole question of Imperial Preference was settled as a result of the last election is, I believe, wholly erroneous. I went through the election from beginning to end, and I visited a great many constituencies; I followed closely all the speeches made by the leaders of the different parties. The merits of Imperial Preference without taxes on food were never discussed or considered on either Liberal or Labour platforms; of course it would not have suited our opponents to do so. They knew they had got hold of a good cry in 'Hands off food'; they knew every effort had been made by those advocating Preference to show that it was not considered necessary, and therefore it was not intended, to impose taxes on food. The statement was therefore made that, if we were returned to office, we intended to impose new taxes which would make living impossible for the wage-

earning classes. I personally came across abundant evidence proving this to be true. I was in a town in one of our Wiltshire constituencies one day, and I saw a considerable collection of women standing about in groups in the street; they were evidently very excited over some question which profoundly affected them. A woman whom my wife knew, and who belonged to our party, came up and told my wife that she had been to the meeting which had been held for women that afternoon. The speakers were all women, and they had told their audience that if the Tories were returned to office everything they ate and their clothes and other necessaries of life would be greatly increased in price, and she told us that not one word had been said about Preference. No attempt had been made to describe the great resources of the Empire which would be at the disposal of the Mother Country should Preference come into force. The natural effect of such statements upon the hard-working, ill-educated women who had to provide for their husbands and families on a very slender income was to fill them with alarm and cause them to say, as thousands did, that nothing would induce them to allow their men to vote for the Tories.

Before these statements had been made there had been no suggestion of anything of the kind, but, once made, they carried the poorer and less educated portion of the electorate off their feet, and in consequence they voted in thousands for the candidate who promised them cheap living; and who can blame them? Those to be blamed are those who wilfully misled them.

Let me give, as some indirect proof of the truth of what I am saying, an account of what happened in my own county. We have five county divisions, and before this last election three of them were held by Conservatives, two by Liberals. Two of the seats held by our party were purely agricultural constituencies, consisting of a few towns and many small villages. The third constituency was the populous urban centre of Swindon. In the two rural divisions the members were well-known county men, who lived there and had been returned at the previous election with substantial majorities. Quite late in the last election candidates were brought down into each of these constituencies, complete strangers to the county, and they both succeeded in turning out the sitting member. Reports received on all hands made it quite clear that this remarkable result, after only a fortnight's or three weeks' work, was due entirely to the fact that the working men and their wives were carried away by the cry of 'Dear food,' and they voted against us, it being impossible to get at them in the short space of time either by holding meetings or by circulating literature; in many cases the men told me that they had 'intended to vote as always, but their wives and women-folk were against

them.' Of course, in the majority of cases the influence of the women-folk was quite sufficient.

In the town of Swindon the whole case of Preference was put before the electors: the member, a most able man, who had come down and been elected at the previous election, argued Preference pure and simple at each meeting; he told the electors exactly what it meant, and he was returned by an immense majority. The reason for these different returns is not far to seek; among the better informed urban workpeople the rubbish that was talked in the villages was laughed at, and they themselves warmly supported the idea of Preference for our Dominions and Colonies.

I am satisfied from inquiries I have made in many directions that our experience was that of the election generally, and that the decision of the electors was not against Imperial Preference such as we are advocating, but against taxing food, which is not advocated. It is our duty to take care that the true case is put fairly and squarely before the electors. I grant it will not be an easy task to convince the dwellers in the small villages that what they have been told by the advocates of Free Trade is wholly without foundation, and that Preference does not mean the dreadful things attributed to it, but it does mean many and distinct advantages, more markets for our produce, which means more employment here at home, better opportunities for the wage-earning classes, and a general improvement for those whose lot is undoubtedly a hard one, and who, by virtue of their position, are entitled to be given every consideration before any change is made in the fiscal laws of the country.

From all I hear on every side, the old bitter and convinced Free Trader is gradually but surely disappearing, while at the same time there is a rapidly increasing feeling that the Empire must be sustained and supported, and that we shall be very short-sighted if we do not avail ourselves of the wonderful opportunities which present themselves to us.

After all, on what main grounds do we advocate Preference?

1. Under existing conditions the productive capacity of Great Britain, taken alone, is quite insufficient to maintain these islands. Other countries have grown so rapidly in recent years in comparison to our own that, if we are to keep the Empire together and secure for it a really prosperous future, we must pool all our resources, possessions, and our brains, and we must set up an organisation so skilfully and well thought out that we shall be assured of our common resources being available for the maintenance of our population and for meeting our heavy financial obligations.

It is worth while glancing at some of the numerous figures which are to be found in a variety of public returns in order to

see how great has been the growth of many foreign countries, but I only propose to summarise them and to leave those anxious to become better informed to study the actual figures in detail themselves, when they will find that these remarks are founded on facts. From figures I have before me, abstracted from these returns by the Empire Development Union, I take the instance of five nations which have become independent or have been actually created since the war: Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Latvia, Esthonia, and Serb Croate-Slovene. They have lost no time in entering the world's markets, and they are taking a large and increasing portion of the trade. Here are the only figures I will quote at this point: exports from these five nations totalled 8,760,000 tons in 1920, while we find that in 1923 they reached the amazing figure of 33,168,000 tons!

Now take some of the older countries—France, for instance; her exports are about 20 per cent. above the pre-war volume, while the exports of Belgium represent 90 per cent. of the pre-war volume. The monthly average of exports from France in 1913 was 1,840,000 tons, while the average for the first quarter of 1924 was 2,193,000 tons. The corresponding figures for Belgium were 1,740,000 tons and 1,527,000 tons respectively.

Of course, as my readers are doubtless aware, neither in the United Kingdom nor in the United States are exports, as a whole, returned by weight; but, reckoned on the basis of the 1913 price levels, British exports are barely three-fourths of the 1913 volume.

2. Another point to be thought of is that the Empire outside of Great Britain has always been in favour of the policy of Preference, and this view has been consistently and plainly expressed—first of all, up to 1898, in the demand for the removal of treaty obstacles to Preference, and, secondly, in resolutions passed at every Imperial Conference since that date. Here I may incidentally remark that this latter fact offers a complete answer to those of our opponents who maintain that, if the Imperial Conferences were attended by members of the Opposition as well as by the Government, these embarrassing resolutions would not be passed. The Governments of the Dominions have during these years repeatedly changed, and power has passed through the hands of more than one party, but there has ever been a determination to stand for Preference, as is shown by the passing of the resolutions at the Imperial Conference.

Till the Conferences of 1917 and 1918 it was quite true that Great Britain was a dissenting party to these resolutions, and for the first time, in the two years I have mentioned, we joined the rest of the Empire. But the fact that the Government was a Free Trade one and declined to fall in with these suggestions

from overseas did not prevent the resolutions from being passed, and did not prevent our Government from having to consider in Parliament the Imperial situation caused by the growing determination on the part of the overseas Empire to have Preference and the persistent refusal of the Free Trade Government to meet those views in any way.

Does anybody believe it possible to continue for ever to maintain this attitude on the part of the Mother Country ?—refusing to entertain these strongly-expressed views and desires on the part of the rest of the Empire. Surely if this opinion was ever held it must be abandoned now, after the experience of the war. Are we going to be so incredibly mean and petty in our actions as to accept the sacrifices and devotion on the part of the overseas Empire on the battlefield and refuse to meet them in a common policy in a matter of trade and commerce ? Is it conceivable that we shall be content to say that in all these matters we will as gladly deal with Germany as with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or any other British Dominion or Colony ?

A third ground is to be found in the fact, which can be established beyond all question of doubt, that before Preference was granted in its present form our Colonial trade was steadily declining, but since it has continuously increased. There can be no doubt from an impartial study of all the evidence at our command that, if we had reciprocated the action of the Dominions, the increase would have been much greater and much more rapid. The figures are so remarkable that I venture in this case to give those which relate to Canada :

EXPORTS TO CANADA OF BRITISH PRODUCE AND MANUFACTURES.

Decline before Preference.	£	Increase after Preference.	£
1892	6,870,000	1898	5,838,000
1893	6,658,000	1900	7,605,000
1894	5,531,000	1903	11,112,000
1895	5,284,000	1906	13,688,000
1896	5,352,000	1909	15,672,000
1897	5,172,000	1911	19,712,000
(Preference first given		1913	23,795,000
in 1897.)		1922	25,271,000

It will be seen from a study of these figures that before Preference, in the period 1892–97, there was a steady decline in exports to Canada of British products and manufactures ; in the first year quoted they stood at 6,870,000*l.*, they had fallen in 1897 to 5,172,000*l.* ; whereas in the first year that Preference was given they began to rise and reached 5,830,000*l.*, but in 1922 they had grown from something under 7,000,000*l.* to the immense total of 25,271,000*l.*

I do not believe that more striking figures than these are to be found anywhere, and they seem to me by themselves to afford sufficiently abundant evidence in support of Preference to make it very difficult for our opponents to argue their case.

I have particularly selected Canada, not because the figures are more remarkable than those for Australia or New Zealand, or indeed anywhere else, but because the circumstances of Canada are altogether unique. In our other Dominions there is no direct or immediate competition with a foreign country, whereas Canada lies contiguous to the United States. When in the Middle West and Far West of Canada I have often wondered whether the ordinary English Free Trader realises what is the position of the British Imperialist in those parts ; when I use the words ' British Imperialist ' in the case of the Dominions there is no distinction between the different political parties. See what the position actually is : the day-to-day difficulties of the man who believes in close connection between the various parts of the Empire and the man who says ' Why should we bother about England and the Union Jack ? What good do we get from this connection ? Why should we not give it all up and look to the United States for our trade ? ' Believe me, this question is often asked, and it is a very natural one. The boundary is merely an artificial line ; railway communications between the Western Provinces and the United States are direct and good, and the markets of the big cities and towns of the States are most easily accessible to the farmers and producers of that part of Canada. So, can it be wondered at that they are apt to ask themselves these questions when they find that obstacles of all kinds are placed in their way, and they find that, if they are to support the Empire, every sort of physical and practical difficulty has to be contended with ?

When on the spot it has frequently struck me, whilst listening to the discussions as to the best thing to do, it would be a very good thing if British electors could go there in order to gain experience at first hand and so realise how easy it is to talk here about the British Empire and Imperial connections and how difficult it is to maintain that policy in argument and practice when confronted with these local dilemmas.

Imperial Preference would, to a large extent, afford a reply to these questions. If the local Imperialist could say ' By supporting the Empire we shall get valuable concessions and entrances to very good markets,' then, at all events, there is a good answer to be made to the claim of the man who believes in joining the United States for commercial purposes. I believe, though I speak on this with less confidence, that the same applies to most of the Dominions, perhaps not to Australia, because, so

far as I know, there is no real temptation to the ordinary trader or farmer of the same kind; but I remember that during my travels in South Africa I realised to the full how difficult it was to preach the advantages of connection with the British Empire, owing to the fact that the Dutch farmer had never seen the sea and thought of things only as presented to him in his business on the veldt. How great an advantage would it not be if he could be told that, because he had become a part of the British Empire, Great Britain welcomed him to her markets and gave him special advantages!

This could be done without taxing corn or meat. Take Canada again as an example. I have always believed that if a really competent committee of experts were set to investigate and report on the best way to secure for the Empire that vast corn production of the Western States of Canada it would be found that, one way and another, it would be possible to carry it *on Canadian lines and on British-owned ships, including transport* on the Great Lakes. These articles of food could be brought into the home markets, where they are so badly wanted, whereas at present they find their way to us through places like Chicago and New York.

Think what an argument it would provide to advocate an Imperial Navy, if it could be pointed out that our own railways give to the Canadian farmers and producers easy transport to Montreal, Halifax, and St. John, and that the Navy made it safe for the transport ships to carry the goods to British markets.

It used to be said that 'Trade follows the flag': there is no doubt it is true; but I believe there is nothing more valuable as a means of keeping the old flag flying than to show all who live under its protection that it is not merely the symbol of the freedom and liberty and of all the privileges which citizens of the Empire enjoy, but the whole-hearted support of it leads to actual advantages in business and daily life, which are the more worth while when it can be pointed out that it is not merely for Imperial reasons but for individual advantages connected with their own immediate prosperity.

It seems to me, look at it how you may, the question resolves itself into this: Can it be possible to continue to turn a deaf ear to the persistent demands of the overseas Empire? Can we continue to ignore the fact that, within the Empire, we have enormous and practically inexhaustible resources? Can we continue to say we are superior to all these things; we believe in free exchange, and that we decline to join hands with those who take a contrary view in spite of the evidence which makes it quite clear that under the policy of tariffs and Preference other countries, including the United States first and foremost, have flourished most

wonderfully, while there is abundant evidence that we ourselves have gone back ?

I am by nature an optimist ; my experience of life convinces me that the British Empire will stand every test and every trial. I am not afraid of its dissolution, which I feel will never come about ; but I do believe it can be made far more powerful than now, more closely united and absolutely self-supporting ; therefore it is that I advocate a policy which will give us full possession and enjoyment of our wonderful inheritance.

LONG OF WRAXALL.

LONDON'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM RECONSIDERED

In May 1920, just over four years ago, an article appeared in this Review entitled 'London's Traffic Problem.' It is not a long time, yet much has happened in that interval to confirm and, in some minor respects, to modify what was then written. The checks which the war had imposed upon civil enterprise, until then, were removed, and, by way of reaction, the rate of change and development since then has been more rapid than it had been in the past. This is made plain if some of the movements which have taken place are summarised in a few pertinent figures.

Since 1919 the number of motor omnibuses upon the streets has steadily risen. At the close of that year, the 'General' fleet, reduced by war but comprising all the motor omnibuses plying for hire regularly upon the streets, consisted of 2761 vehicles, affording 93,000 seats. By June 1924 the motor omnibuses of this fleet and of the private owners had grown in numbers to 4790, with approximately 220,000 seats, an increase in capacity of 137 per cent. The vehicles of 1919 had been largely replaced with modern, commodious and powerful vehicles. In the same interval, the traffic carried by motor omnibuses had increased from 727 millions of passengers to 1340 millions of passengers, an increase of 84 per cent., so that facilities had gained a little on demand.

Since 1919 motor vehicles generally have rapidly expanded in numbers. The estimates and returns for motor taxation show that for the country as a whole private cars, to take one class, have grown from about 200,000 to about 350,000, or by 75 per cent. London must have more than its proportionate share of this increase by reason of its wealth and importance. In all probability the motor traffic of London has doubled. The census of street traffic taken annually by the Metropolitan Police reveals the serious nature of the problem, for not only is the volume of traffic greater in the main street arteries, but already the relief or subsidiary arteries are filling. In consequence of the congestion delays are frequent, and the average speed of vehicular traffic in Central London is falling from the seven or eight miles per hour, which the pre-war citizen enjoyed, to the three or four miles per hour, which represents the walking pace of the post-war citizen.

Speed of movement, which is the justification of varied traffic facilities, is ceasing to exist on the streets, and motor car, taxi-cab, and omnibus are all being reduced to the lowest common level, which may be that of a slow-moving goods vehicle, so that a cartoonist may, with that truth which is the most bitter sarcasm, compare the sedate and leisurely Victorian of the hansom cab with the brisk and bustling Georgian of the taxi-cab, and ask, 'Is this the age of hustle?'

The congestion has been aggravated by a variety of causes, some easily remediable. Ill-concerted works of street repair, the disturbance of streets by a succession of public undertakers of water, gas, electricity, and telephone supply, the neglect to carry to a conclusion works of street widening, so that 'bottle necks' are left (a conspicuous instance of which is the Strand). the failure of the Thames bridges and their disadvantageous placing in relation to the road system north and south of the river, all contribute their share to the trouble. Even the grandiose road schemes, which the need for finding work for the unemployed has forced upon the Roads Department of the Ministry of Transport, have helped, and in the immediate future will help still more, to augment the congestion, for they provide so many more avenues along which traffic may converge on the central area, while measures to deal with the streets of the central area are almost wholly omitted from view because of their great expense. It cannot be long before London reaches the condition of New York and Chicago, where all the traffic that wishes to reach what is known as the 'city' or 'down town' district cannot be accommodated. There is a point at which traffic becomes prohibitive of itself.

Since 1919, some seventy miles of new roadways have been constructed in Greater London as part of arterial and by-pass road schemes, which, together with the widening and improvement of some thirty miles of existing roads, have already cost 6,000,000*l*. The complete programme comprises 165 miles of new road construction and thirty-eight miles of road widenings at an estimated total cost of 12,500,000*l*. All this mileage falls outside the six-mile circle of Charing Cross. Many of these roads are at the moment somewhat devoid of traffic, concrete ribbons running between borders of rough grass out across country, for those responsible for provision for future widening have for once been blessed by vision and gifted with understanding. Soon these roads will build up and pour their contributions of vehicular traffic upon the streets of the central area, where any corresponding scheme for street improvements has been hardly considered.

Since 1919, the London County Council has authorised an expenditure of 1,548,000*l*. on street widenings and alterations, mainly in connection with tramway routes, but has still more

than half of this sum to spend. The cities and boroughs within London County have authorised some small expenditures in addition. The rateable value of London County (a revision of the assessments which will enormously augment this figure is about to be undertaken) is at the moment 49,000,000*l.*, so that the total expenditure cannot represent more than an average rate of 1½*d.* in the pound for the years covered. It is a parsimonious allowance for such an important public service. Surely there should be set aside year by year a fixed allowance for betterments which, in so far as it is not spent, could be accumulated and later be applied to the more costly tasks. Surely it should be possible to levy a betterment rate where property is enhanced in value by street works. In New York 10,000,000*l.* is to be spent to scrap the elevated railway on Sixth Avenue, an unsightly, noisy structure. The frontagers are to find the necessary compensation by assessments spread over ten years, which will redeem the loan incurred to execute the work. Every year a programme of improvements should be carried out in London so that by regular means the street system will be steadily adapted to the strain of the traffic which falls upon it.

Since 1919 three miles of double-track tube railway have already been added to the Underground system, and nine miles are under construction. In addition, the City and South London Railway, seven miles in length, which was the earliest tube to be constructed, and of which the dimensions were severely restricted by the engineering resources of the time, has been practically reconstructed to comply with current standards and will shortly be completely reopened with escalator stations, with new signalling and equipment, and with new rolling stock of the same size as the rolling stock of the newer tubes, but of improved design and appearance. These works, when complete, involve an expenditure of 12,500,000*l.*; for parallel with the multiplication of the means of transport on the streets has come a renewal of tube construction.

With the congestion of the streets and the consequent slowing down of the rate of movement there has sprung into existence a more liberal appreciation of the tube as a means of transport. Local agitation has grown in volume and violence for still more tubes, as in Hornsey and Wood Green on the north, Brixton and Streatham on the south, Lewisham and Woolwich on the south-east, and local authority has vied with local authority in putting forward a case for a tube. Yet the position of tube railways is far from good. The constant business traffic seems to use the tube, for to the business man or woman time is of value, but the casual and pleasure traffic, except in the case of the theatre, appears still to keep away in bulk. For such passengers time

seems idle. Tube railways need more than the business traffic if they are to be assured financial stability. They need traffic all day long, and not just at the tidal movements of business, and this they can only secure by expansion into the outer suburbs, where their merits, founded in speed, are most evident and most gratefully received.

Since 1919, London has resumed its growth. Statistics of the number of houses built cannot be ascertained, except piecemeal. It is known, for instance, how many houses have been built under the schemes of the various housing authorities. Up to March last in London County they numbered 4995. In Greater London, without the county, they numbered 23,203. It is known that in one district, the Hendon urban district, plans have been approved for 2142 houses since 1919, but this is a district just securing local railway facilities. This is an exceptional circumstance and serves to point to the defect of town planning which considers the density of the population, the amenities of the district, but neglects altogether the traffic facilities. One reason for the agitation in Lewisham arises out of a large increase in the number of houses built since 1919 without any increase at all in the traffic facilities. Becontree, the London County Council's important housing scheme, which was to create a new town as large as Southampton, was placed at a point ten miles distant from Charing Cross on railways already overburdened with suburban traffic.

For the development of the outer housing zone railways are essential. To reach the centre by tramway or omnibus is too wasteful of time, so that railway facilities should be comprehended as part of every scheme. At the same time, while railways, by reason of their high capital cost, demand a dense traffic, the lay-out of housing estates in the outer zone is on a widespread, diffused basis. Under the Addison scheme only eight houses to the acre were built as a maximum ; now it is twelve, with in some cases twenty. If a station may be assumed to serve an area within a circuit of half a mile radius, the number of houses covered is only 4000 at eight to the acre, only 6000 at twelve to the acre, and 10,000 at twenty to the acre if the whole area is built over. If each household contributes 500 railway journeys per annum, which is a fairly full expectation, the passenger traffic at the station will be two millions in the first instance, three millions in the second instance, and five millions in the last instance. These small numbers of passengers cannot yield a sufficient income to support a tube railway except at high fares, and either the circuit covered by a station must be rendered wider or the traffic denser by some means. Cheaper auxiliary forms of transport, such as the motor omnibus, may be developed to concentrate traffic on the

railway stations. This occurs at Golders Green, for example, where the station traffic is over ten millions, or at Finsbury Park, where the traffic is over fourteen millions. A measure of co-ordination among the transport facilities of a district is thus unavoidable for success. Tube railways in isolation cannot be wholehearted supporters of garden suburbs.

Alongside the progress and expansion of the traffic facilities has gone a progress and expansion of the traffic carried. The passengers carried after the war in the 'boom' year 1920 were exceeded by those of the 'slump' year 1923. In 1923 nearly 3200 millions of passengers were carried by all means of transport in the Greater London area, or at the rate of 421 rides per head of the population. Yet the movement in Greater London falls much short of the movement in Greater New York. In Greater New York the journeys per head of the population per annum now reach 531 and are still increasing. It is a prodigious movement if it is remembered that man, woman, and child are all counted in the population. It represents over 2000 rides per household per annum, which again represents out and home journeys every working day for three people out of a household of four, with still a margin to spare. Such enormous movements are of recent origin. They represent a social phenomenon of which the value and meaning can only be dimly foreseen. There are those who seek to establish a Greater London government, seeing in that a unity which in fact does not exist, for the moment a scheme is propounded the several parts of Greater London take delight in destroying it. There is not a political unity, but there are many lesser unities which make London what it is, and they all depend upon transport. Upon the freedom with which the population can travel to the various specialised centres, which for the present constitute the real coherence of London, depends the chance one day of London being organised and administered as a single community—depends, indeed, the realisation of the idea of community throughout its borders. The Census of Workplaces, first taken in 1921, illuminates one side of this phenomenon of urban travel. It reveals amazing transfers of people from district to district between home and factory or warehouse or office. The convergence of traffic upon the centre in the cities of London and Westminster had always been too patent to miss appreciation. Its exact volume is now recorded. Every day into the city of London there stream and return 404,000 persons for the pursuit of their daily occupations. Every day into the city of Westminster, but really into that part only which lies east of the parks, there stream and return 251,000 persons. The adjacent boroughs of Finsbury, Holborn, and Marylebone add 220,000 more to the tale. Converted into a yearly number, this conver-

gent business traffic represents 525 millions of passengers. What could not be guessed without the aid of the census is the movement to and fro between the outlying districts. For example, Hammersmith borough sends out 32,000 workers, but receives in exchange 29,000 workers, a cross movement representing 37 millions of passengers per annum. This cross movement may, and indeed is likely to, be exaggerated by the difficulties of housing. It is not now possible for the worker to follow his work and live in its vicinity. Although the London General Omnibus Company have been running the central overhaul factory in Chiswick since June 1921, 1298 employees, being 48 per cent. of the whole, still live over five miles away. If all the business movement recorded in the census be converted into an annual number of passengers, it amounts to 900 millions, showing that 375 millions are involved in the cross or exchange traffic of the outlying districts, and the most amazing fact, therefore, is still to be deduced. For if the strictly business movement only accounts for 900 millions of passengers, there remain 2300 millions of passengers, or between two and three times as many, whose cause of movement still needs to be discovered and explained.

There is, of course, an auxiliary business movement which is not included in the above figures, the movement of those whose business takes them from place to place or whose business is not fixed in one spot, but it is certain the total volume of movement of this sort cannot be a great proportion of the whole. And there is the person who has to purchase two tickets and make his journey in two parts, counting, therefore, as two passengers. And there are the short-distance riders within the limits of a local authority district, who escape the census enumeration. But making liberal allowances for these uncertain factors, the conclusion that is forced upon the analyst is that more than one-half the total passenger movement in Greater London is not a compelled movement, but is a voluntary movement born of the attractions and advantages of this metropolis, with its shops, its theatres, its shows, its sports, its societies, its churches of all varieties. Hence it is that when the misfortune of a strike of transport workers overtakes the passengers they speedily dwindle in volume and the anticipated hardships prove not to be so severe. Hence it is that after a strike the process of building up the traffic to its full volume again is always tedious and slow. Hence it is that there is need and justification for the stimulus of advertisement.

Observations show that the total traffic converging on the central area for all purposes is just under 1250 million passengers. Much more than a third of this is pleasure traffic, if shopping and the like can be counted as pleasures. The local traffic of the suburbs accounts for about an equal number, but half of this must

be attributed to a restless moving about upon quite slight and insufficient grounds. The dispersed business movement is shown by the census return to amount to about 375 millions of passengers, so that the dispersed pleasure movement, being the cross-country journeys outside the centre for sport and recreation, must amount to about 325 millions of passengers. In this way the grand total movement of the year is roughly distributed.

If search is made for general causes to explain this recent prodigious growth in urban travel in all the most populous centres of the world there are a few pregnant suggestions to be noted. One contributing cause has been the emancipation of women, who are tending to travel as freely as men. The emancipation of children is just beginning. Another contributing cause is the upheaval and unquiet flowing from war experiences. Yet another contributing cause is the spread of the motor car, which has begotten a lust for movement not to be easily satisfied, which spreads to classes unable to afford motor cars, though the motor car classes are spreading downwards in society in an amazing fashion. The users of motor cars do not travel less but rather more than other people, for New York, which statistics for the State show to have a car for every nine of the population, overtops all its previous records. Another contributing cause is a greater addiction to pleasure. It would almost seem as though, with a multiplication of transport facilities, traffic would have unlimited expansion. The warning note is an economic one. The cost of travel determines the quantity in the last resort, for there is only a certain proportion of the total income of the population which can and will be spent in travel, though it is a larger proportion than it was.

But this is a digression. All these movements—the expansion in numbers of the motor omnibuses, the growing dominance of motor over horsed traffic, the splendid road construction programme, the renascence of tube railways, the encouragement of spacious housing plans, the vast aggregation of urban passengers—interact one upon another and are cumulative in effect. There is little wonder, therefore, that the traffic problem has grown rapidly more acute. Some of these movements have, indeed, complicated the problem, so that a solution is much more difficult than it was, and if left unchecked would soon make a solution almost impossible. It is not surprising, therefore, that Parliament has been compelled to take action. The London Traffic Bill is a first, rather hesitating, step towards traffic control. Unfortunately, control has been made a political question, and the ardour of the politician has for years prevented its cool consideration. Yet all the while it is a simple business question, the provision of adequate transport facilities at the lowest practicable fares. It would seem of

little importance who provided them so long as they were well provided. It would seem of little importance who controlled them so long as they were equitably controlled. Yet there is the keenest controversy and division over both subjects, and the public interest suffers because doubt and prejudice flourish and destroy financial security and stability essential to transport undertakings which are never complete but always enlarging in a prosperous growing community.

The London Traffic Bill confers on the Minister of Transport powers to deal with the more flagrant current abuses, and in order to curb a possibly too reforming temper it aims at establishing an advisory committee to concert measures and means with him. The advisory committee represents a compromise in the conflict of interests. Its chief characteristic is its nicely balanced membership. For instance, all classes of local authorities have representation, the county councils on the one hand, and the cities, county and metropolitan boroughs on the other hand. Against representatives of the local authorities are set the representatives of those engaged in transport, and here again there are two groups, representing the labour employed in transport on the one hand and those engaged in furnishing transport upon the other hand. In addition, there are members representing the executive, namely, the police and central government. With such a constitution it is quite clear that there must be general agreement before any remedy can be adopted. Certainly all aspects of the traffic problem will be put forward and discussed in the committee and a partial or prejudiced decision may be well-nigh impossible. The advisory committee has large powers of advice without any corresponding powers for action. As a start this has merit ; it affords a period in which trial can be made without too much error.

Certain specific powers are taken, and the Bill, when it becomes law, will be competent to achieve four ends. First, it is proposed that the Minister of Transport should secure the co-ordination of all work in connection with the repaving and improvement of the streets, and that prior to any repaving and improvement works being commenced notice should be given to all public utility undertakers who may have gas, water, electricity, telegraph, and other distribution systems under the streets to carry out all necessary repair works that they can foresee, so that when the programme of works is settled there is a prospect of it being left undisturbed for at least a reasonable period. It is also proposed to confer upon the police powers to mitigate the obstruction caused by those undertaking street works by securing reduction in the amount of space occupied for plant and stores in the street during the execution of any work. Quite recently steps

towards this co-ordination had been taken by the Joint Standing Committee of the Metropolitan Boroughs, but this body was dependent upon agreement for the effectiveness of its action and could only deal with its own members, the highway authorities, and not with the public utility undertakers, who were equally concerned. It is clear, therefore, that the clauses in the Bill dealing with this matter should prove of great advantage and diminish appreciably one of the causes of congestion in the metropolis.

Second, it is proposed that persons desiring licences for the running of omnibuses shall be required to deposit with the licensing authority particulars of their routes, services, and fares. The routes are subject to approval from the point of view of the public safety and convenience. The vehicles to be employed upon such routes must be safe and suitable for the task which they are to discharge. The services must involve the efficient operation of the vehicles licensed, and a reasonably adequate service must be given of a regular character. The fares must be framed equitably and with due regard to the places to which the public usually resort, and must not be unreasonably high. Power is given to any licensee to appeal to the Minister of Transport against any conditions required by the licensing authority. Power is also given to one licensee to appeal to the Minister of Transport against the conditions of service imposed upon another licensee, so that as far as possible equal conditions may apply to all licensees. Power is conferred on local authorities to appeal against the level of fares charged, and special provision is made for the establishment of a judicial tribunal to deal with appeals of this sort. The effect of these provisions will be to ensure the orderly and trustworthy operation of all motor omnibuses licensed, for, while the provisions in the Bill would seem to contemplate alternative routes, the routes and services deposited on licensing can only be varied once in every four weeks.

Third, it is proposed that the Minister of Transport may, on the advice of the committee appointed under the Bill, declare certain streets to be restricted streets, and may then limit the number of omnibuses to pass through such streets, either generally or under given conditions. The grounds for this limitation are especially to be noted. They are the width of the street, the density of the traffic in the street, the alternative facilities along or in proximity to the street, and the use made of the omnibus accommodation in the street. It will therefore be possible to take the first steps towards a co-ordination of transport facilities. This is implicit in the clause, and is the root principle of any satisfactory measure of control.

Finally, it is proposed to confer on the Minister of Transport, with the advice of the committee as before, power to make regula-

tions to deal with the use of the streets by vehicular and other traffic generally. What are contemplated are bye-laws governing such matters as the driving of cattle in congested streets, the loading and unloading of bulky goods, with consequent obstruction of the pavement and roadway, the checking of the abuses of waiting or standing vehicles, the allocation of streets to particular types of vehicular traffic. In all these matters the existence of a well-thought-out code of regulations will be beneficial, though it must be remembered that the line which curbs freedom so that greater freedom may remain is the hardest one to draw, and there is a proneness, for those having the power, to proceed to an over-regulation which is repressive and unjust. The true safeguard in all these matters is public opinion, and regulations should only be made after a public inquiry of a judicial character. Bye-law-making should never be too easy.

The most obvious comment upon the Bill is that it hardly lays down any principle for the guidance of those who will later have to deal with traffic problems. It contents itself with devising machinery. Whether this machinery shall be employed for good or ill must depend upon those in whose hands it is placed. Whether, therefore, the Bill is good or ill cannot be answered now; it must be accepted in faith and in the hope that those charged with responsibility for the administration of the Bill will act wisely and temperately. It is the latest factor that enters into a review of the London traffic problem.

In the first article the question of the co-ordination of the traffic facilities was mainly discussed from the point of view of their relative functions, each means of transport carrying that portion of the traffic which it could most efficiently serve. Events have, however, tended to emphasise quite another point of view—the economic—and co-ordination is only shown to be more urgently needed.

The basic fact is that the various means of transport employed in Greater London have a varying economic ability. For example, while railways can to-day ordinarily meet their costs of maintenance, operation, and renewal out of 66 per cent. of their gross earnings, tramways require 75 per cent., and omnibuses no less than 85 per cent. Fortunately, this varying margin of net earnings is to some extent met by the varying capital costs, for, taking the capital represented by the omnibuses and garages necessary to work a mile of fully-developed motor omnibus route as a standard, a mile of tramway route will cost three or four times as much, and a mile of railway twenty times as much, and to serve this capital will, therefore, require proportionately larger margins of net earnings. From a first glance at these figures it is patent that the two series are disparate, and therefore one

means of transport will be better off than another. It is true that the tramway and the railway have greater capacity for the carriage of passengers than the omnibus route; in the one case a small advantage, in the other case a large advantage. But the average receipts per car-mile run will in practice not be widely divergent, so that the greater capacity does not yield an equivalent financial gain. Economic equilibrium could only be secured by the adoption of different scales of fares adjusted to meet the different needs—a manifestly impossible device, for no passenger would willingly choose the dearer means of transport.

If, therefore, a common level of fares is essential to encourage freedom of movement and to permit of the passenger traffic sorting itself according to the function which each means of transport can best perform—as long-distance traffic to the railways because of their speed, as heavy short-distance traffic to the tramways because of their capacity, as short-distance traffic generally to the motor omnibuses because of their handiness and flexibility, as the fresh-air traffic to them also (and this is by no means an inconsiderable element in their popularity)—then, unless some way is found of relating the several results together, a difficult economic situation is created. The arguments based upon function outlined in the previous article are still valid, and should be allowed free play. To dictate the means of transport which passengers shall use can never be acceptable and effective. What, then, is the result? Under a common level of fares one means of transport gets more by way of net earnings than it deserves; another gets less. One is extravagantly remunerative; another is starved.

This might serve if all means of transport were not requisite at this present time. Tube railways are indispensable, and many more are wanted. They are the skeleton upon which the metropolis is built. The outer suburbs must have them if they are to be utilised for housing developments, so that extensions of the present tube railways to these outer suburbs are not to be stayed. Tramways for the movement of the peak loads morning and evening in the main arteries are also indispensable, for upon these main arteries both tramways and motor omnibuses are run to their full capacity at certain hours of the day. Motor omnibuses have now become the predominant factor in London traffic, carrying, it may be, almost half the whole passenger movement at this time.

The only real remedy is some scheme for pooling the resources of all, so that one may help the other, each may take its proper place, all may be kept progressive and sound.

For turn a moment to another aspect of the problem. If omnibuses are to be withdrawn from tramway routes, who is

to decide the extent, and who is to decide exactly which shall be withdrawn? The Bill says the Minister of Transport, on the advice of the advisory committee. But a system of transport must be looked at as a whole. To take omnibuses off the Brixton-Streatham route to relieve the pressure of competition with the tramways on that route will disturb omnibuses running to Reigate, Caterham, West Wickham, and other places where there are no tramways; will disturb the number of omnibuses passing down Whitehall or Regent Street or Great Portland Street, where, again, there are no tramways; will possibly throw out of use part of the garage at Croydon, or divert the omnibuses from this garage at Croydon on to other routes, to Sutton or to Sydenham, creating fresh needs for restriction.

And at the last neither the Minister nor the advisory committee will be able to prescribe the extent of the limitation to be enforced, but only the passengers themselves. By choosing which way they will travel they will decide what means of travel shall be provided. They will not be compelled to ride in a tram when they want to ride in an omnibus. They will not go underground when they wish to enjoy the gaiety of the streets with their perpetual cinematograph entertainment. They will not be inconvenienced by losing a direct connection to which they have been accustomed. They will not walk to the Embankment to get a tram if they have been used to securing an omnibus in the Strand. They will not change at Camberwell Green from a tram to continue their journey to Dulwich by an omnibus. At the busy hours, as already stated, trams, omnibuses, and trains are all together scarcely able to move comfortably all the passengers that offer. When the busy hours are past, who shall say that one must cease to run and not another, when all the passengers moving may then be scarce enough to satisfy the accommodation provided by one means of transport?

It has hardly been realised what an interlocked and complex state of affairs it is into which the Minister of Transport and his advisory committee are to thrust an interfering hand. It is a repetition of an old story. Regulation breeds regulation. Begin to regulate and everything must be regulated. Destroy all natural means of adjustment and there will be no end to arbitrary adjustments. The system of transport in London has grown up without direction and without control. Under pressure of circumstances it has been adjusted from time to time to meet, to a very large extent, the travel needs of the population. Now that its form and character are largely determined, it is proposed to step in and take control, and those who are engaged in the provision of transport facilities in London have every reason to fear the first consequences of this. There will be a time of grave anxiety

and great disturbance until this new phase has established itself upon a working basis. This would seem to be an argument for leaving the traffic situation alone to develop those adjustments that are needed economically and naturally, but against this, one definite counter-argument stands out. It will be a case of the survival of the fittest when, at the same time, it is not possible to dispense with the less fit.

Is there, then, no alternative ? The pressure of facts drives the argument back once more to the pool. This leaves unimpaired all those natural adjustments which flow from the adaptation of means of transport to the requirements of the passengers to be carried. It removes only the economic penalty of extinction to the weaker, and therefore meets a situation in which the weaker is wanted. It would therefore seem that the establishment of a pool were the inevitable step to take.

The pool has been tested in connection with the Underground companies. Under statutory sanction they have had a common fund since 1915. This common fund has dealt with tube railways and motor omnibuses. First one and then the other has been advantaged, but upon balance neither. It has ensured stability, and has enabled low fares with efficient services to be given. It has enabled a common level of fares to be established for two contrasting means of transport, except for such modifications as might be expected having regard to their different functions—for instance, the short-distance fares upon the railways are higher than upon the motor omnibuses, just as the long-distance fares upon the railways are lower than upon the motor omnibuses. No one can deny the public service which the Underground group of companies has rendered to London. It is to be regretted, therefore, that there is prejudice against the Underground group because it is private enterprise engaged in public work. The attitude of mind which sets these two in antagonism is hard to understand, but it persists. It should not, however, be allowed to hinder the impartial consideration of this problem of London traffic, for which the only fair and effective solution must be a scheme of pooling.

Enough has been said to show that every restriction of transport facilities must be secured by the willing co-operation of those engaged in transport—must come by agreement and not by extraneous order. This search for a basis of agreement must inevitably widen until it leads to a general pool, for only by this means can uniformity of management and single-mindedness of effort be secured. The London Traffic Bill is a first step. Even as machinery it may not go quite far enough. It certainly does not enable agreements on this wider basis to be confirmed and carried into effect. It must, however, be tried out in its present

shape, and it is to be hoped that all those concerned will approach the problem with good-will, seeking for an agreed solution. Not too much must be expected of this Bill. It is right that a warning note should be sounded now, for before a permanent solution is attained wider and completer powers for dealing with the London traffic problem will be necessary. What exactly will happen under the present Bill no one can say. At the moment the form and manner of traffic control are shifting, but the ultimate aims remain what they were in 1920. In the midst of all the changes which are indicated in these pages these remain constant and steadfast.

ASHFIELD.

AFTER TEN YEARS

TEN years ago this month the great beast of war strained at the worn chains that held it, growled, leapt, and, with a crash that was heard throughout the world, burst them and swept across four continents. Its subsequent activities are too well known to repeat, and the hunt too long finished to argue about the strategy of its masters. It is with the rank and file of those who hunted that one is still concerned.

At first it was all rather thrilling. With a brave flourish an expeditionary force set out to capture the beast and chain it up again, confident that it was a task that would be accomplished only too soon, and buoyed up with the acclamations of a mighty people and all the inherited glamour of an old nation tried in war, accustomed to victory, adventurous, sentimental and idealistic. Disillusionment came simultaneously to the people at home and to our forces in the field, but whereas at this stage those at home only suffered indirectly, the Army was faced with facts in the shape of deluges of iron, lead and steel, forced marches followed by rearguard actions against overwhelming odds, hunger, thirst, fatigue, whole regiments annihilated, and days and nights of lying out wounded with no adequate arrangements for medical or surgical treatment even when eventually rescued. War was discovered to be vile and beastly, and its only glory was in those who rose above it by deeds of unselfishness and courage.

It was now, in the first few weeks of the war, that this handful of regular officers and men set the tone, and hammered out of this living hell a way of living, for the millions of volunteers and conscripts who were to follow them, and their code has endured to this day. There was to be no complaining, for instance, except to one another, and as brave a face must be shown to civilians as to the enemy. Politics, meetings, and long-winded sermons became taboo. Above all, one was to talk least of the things one felt the most, save to a favoured few, and the cultivation of a sense of humour in the grimmest circumstances became the only means to preserving one's sanity. A curious temperament came into being amongst these men which was a combination of cynical fatalism and undying optimism. 'No bullet's going to hit you,'

said a Scots Guardsman to me in September 1914, 'unless it has got your label on it. But don't stand up and shout your address.'

The Army in the field and the people at home grew apart into two separate bodies under their two distinct conditions of living, and the chief means by which those abroad gained an insight into the minds of those at home was through the newspapers and other current literature. Here they read with modest pride the eulogies poured out on themselves, and endeavoured to recognise the accounts of battles in which they had been engaged, but they read with real interest of what was to be done *après la guerre*—a phrase which they invested with all the vague yearnings and the sometimes despairing hopes of the earth-bound soul for Paradise. Some time the war must end, and in the twinkling of an eye all would be changed. No more being 'messed about,' no more mud, filth, stench and sudden death, no more ubiquitous sergeant-majors or inconvenient tasks. Had they not been promised that, when their work was accomplished, they should be the first care of an Empire of unbounded resources? Were they not told that neither they nor their dependants should lack anything, and had not they themselves touched the fringe of a nobler way of living, in comradeship and self-sacrifice, in the consideration and devotion of officers to men and in the loyalty and affection of men to officers? All ranks hoped, and fondly believed, that the days of the intriguing politician, the bullying capitalist, and the sulky workman were finished, and they looked to those at home who talked so glibly to lead them forward in a great co-operative effort to make the Empire a 'land for heroes,' where none lacked food or shelter and none were bound save by the intangible links of common purpose and common service. Suffering made their vision the keener, and they caught a fleeting glimpse of what might be if a great people could organise themselves for peace as they organised for war. They saw the frauds and futilities of the old days, for once they were surrounded and infused with a nobler ideal than the mere acquisition of wealth, and, freed from the fetters of struggling to obtain sufficient food and shelter to support existence, they were able to turn their minds to less materialistic ambitions. They wanted to be 'let alone' to live happily and in charity with their neighbours, and they had acquired a love for their country immensely different from the cheap counterfeit of flag-wagging and arrogant self-assertion that had been masquerading until now as true coin. They honestly believed that *après la guerre* all these things would come to pass.

They returned and were disillusioned. They did not hold meetings about it, or make public protests, for that was not their way. They came back a little quieter than the rest, and stood as strangers in a familiar land. Everything seemed much the

same as before the war, and only they had changed. The process of an old aristocracy being succeeded by a very new plutocracy had been speeded up a little and women had widened their activities, but there was the same bewildering talk about politics, the same snatching of petty advantages, the same quarrelling between capital and labour, and the same universal inefficiency of Government departments with which they came in contact. Slowly they realised that most of the brave talk had been talk and nothing more, that some even had the conditions of 1914 for their definite goal. Housing, unemployment, small-holding schemes, every big issue that affected them, was talked about and tinkered with, but never tackled whole-heartedly, as they had learnt that things such as shells, guns, and other necessities of war could be tackled. There was an election in which points were raised which they completely failed to grasp. They felt broadly, however, that the Government that had seen them through the war was good enough to see them through in time of peace, and so they voted for it. Soon they found that they had again been disillusioned, and at the subsequent bye-elections they turned out in their thousands to revoke their previous choice.

It was all very mystifying, with everyone shouting and rushing about, making a great deal of noise, magnifying absurd details, and apparently blind to any main issues. Some wanted to hang the Kaiser, others to let him off; some to increase the tax on millionaires, others to increase the tax on grocers. Something curious had also happened about money, so that more wages meant you could buy less things, and no one seemed certain what to do about it, until one political party said one thing was right, and consequently the others at once knew it was wrong. Many got temporary jobs, which they lost when the temporary boom ended, and others managed to acquire a small piece of land at an enormous rent under some Government scheme whereby they were dumped down on it and left to sink or swim. As the majority of them were, to all intents and purposes, quite innocent of all the arts of agriculture, and as the system adopted by the agricultural officials was as conspicuously lacking in organisation as the officials were ignorant of the first principles of modern peasant proprietorship, it is not surprising to hear that this attempt at providing a land fit for heroes was not crowned with very remarkable success. The wonder is that any of the victims have survived it.

The Coalition Government was succeeded by a Conservative one, which, from the unemployed ex-service man's point of view, was equally useless. On the one hand, there were a million and a half men needing work, and on the other there were two million houses that needed building, and about two hundred million

pounds' worth of bacon, pork, butter, cheese, and vegetables that could be produced in England but were bought abroad. There was millions of pounds' worth of land that could be reclaimed, and road, afforestation, electrical and drainage schemes that all needed to be done. In spite of this, it has so far proved beyond the wit of a politician to strike any appreciable balance between the work to be done and those willing and anxious to do it. Instead of making a frontal assault on the problem, the late Government decided to attack it from the rear by way of a debatable and obscure theory of tariffs. Whether they were right or wrong in their theory is a question that does not here arise, but the unwisdom of their method was pathetically obvious. The attack was begun with no preliminary preparation and with very lukewarm enthusiasm on the part of its leaders. The ex-service man was by no means certain that even if the attack was successful the citadel of unemployment would fall, and he was far more ready to believe that it would prove expensive in raising his cost of living.

Partly from *ennui* and disillusionment with Liberals and Conservatives, but also because the Independent Labour Party had unequivocally dissociated itself from the Communists and become far more constitutional in its aims and methods, the ex-service men assisted to return it as the second most powerful party at the last election, rightly arguing that it could not be much worse than the other two, so it might as well be given a trial. It had talked quite convincingly on social topics, it had emphasised the need for more and better houses, it had hinted broadly, with a knowing wink, that the solution of the unemployment question was really quite simple, and, above all, it had never yet been tried.

Its sole achievements to date have been an abstract improvement in foreign relations (at the expense of a few sore toes in our Dominions) and the entertainment at the country's expense for far too long a period of an unprincipled gang of gold-hunters from Moscow, who, although told fairly plainly that there is 'nothing doing,' show an amazing reluctance to leave a country that must surely hurt their economic and social susceptibilities! In some obscure manner which was never made clear to us we were told that this was to help in re-establishing our trade, but one by one the most ardent supporters of the idea have dropped off, and it is a pathetic and woebegone little party of insolvent revolutionaries who are marooned in London, friendless and alone, with the horrid thought of some day having to return empty-handed to a decidedly chilly reception from disappointed 'comrades.' [1]

[1] The inverted mentality that, in the organs of the present Government, criticises a natural dislike for the company of an international clique of thieves,

When the Labour Party was taxed to produce a more far-reaching solution of the unemployment problem than merely lending money to encourage Bolshevism, the awful admission had to be made. There was no solution. There never had been one, save the old political favourite of 'better conditions in Europe,' or 'Jam to-morrow,' as it is more concisely put in *Alice in Wonderland*.

'I cannot,' said Mr. Shaw, 'produce schemes as a conjuror brings rabbits out of a hat.' But in making this wistful confession Mr. Shaw was able to perform a minor trick of legerdemain. He let the cat out of the bag. Unemployment, as usual, had been made a pawn in the party game for getting votes. At the time of the election, was such a statement as Mr. Shaw's ever even hinted at on a single Labour platform? In descending to such a trick the Labour Party made themselves as despicable as those whom they most actively condemn, and the ex-service men now find themselves exactly where they have always been—the pawn of politicians, the voiceless, uncomplaining beasts of burden who have carried the load in the heat of the day and are expected to carry on indefinitely. For it must be understood that the question of the unemployed is practically the same as that of the unemployed ex-service man. Of the total number walking the roads to-day, houseless and workless, 87½ per cent. are men who fought for us, and of the total number of all unemployed not less than 75 per cent. are ex-service men.

This, of course, is only natural, for it was the fit man of eighteen to thirty years of age who was the most recruited, and particularly the type of man who was the less skilled or the more easily spared from his civilian job.

It may be argued that they would in any case have been out of employment, that a number of them are of the type who are always more or less out of work, but nevertheless our promise was given when we needed their help, and to go back on it now is not a square deal. If we agreed to paying interest to those who lent us money, we are surely just as liable to those who lent their lives, and in lending these to the State (with far more likelihood of losing them than the investor his capital) they established a claim for consideration that cannot lightly be refuted. Disillusionment has brought a quiet sense of bitterness, the feeling that they have been tricked once, but never again, and those who are hungry and homeless say amongst themselves that they fought the war 'for nothing,' that for all the suffering and horror

assassins, and atheists as 'Die Hard' is worthy of a note. The 'Die-Hards' were gallant men who stood fast for an ideal and did not shuffle out of service at the front in 1914–18, and surely those who are not anxious to clasp the Soviet rogues to their bosoms would be better described as the 'Live-Decents.'

of those four and a half years they have lost far more than they have gained.

Fortunately there are signs that their long silence is about to be broken, that the return to pre-war stability of thinking and living will release them from the spell, and the ex-service men will suddenly become articulate. They will not shout and yell, as is now the vogue, but quietly and with the influence of the old discipline and the old spirit of common service they will insist on cleaner and more direct politics, on a national objective that is as far removed from intellectual formulas such as Socialism as it is from the old policy of self first and the devil take the hindmost. There is a freemasonry amongst the officers and men who fought that has stood the test of six hectic years, and is none the weaker for not being openly and constantly referred to. The time is approaching when the older men in authority will be supplanted by their juniors into whose hearts the war burnt a broader vision and wider ideals, an impatience for circuitous methods of administration, a love of country based on respect and affection for its individual members, and ambition for the Empire as a servant of humanity, as a means to accomplish a noble end. By the grace of God we shall find that the outpouring of those high qualities of courage, sacrifice, and loyalty has not, after all, been wasted, nor the war fought 'for nothing.' Sad as it was that the war should have affected most those who were on the threshold of their manhood, yet there is compensation even in this, for it meant that the moulding of character that suffering brings about occurred to them at an age when the shape was most likely to endure, and when the leader comes his followers will not be lacking. He will be a man who will fire their imagination and appeal to the finer side of their characters as in 1914, and it is not difficult to visualise a crusade sweeping through the country which will purge the threshing floor of our race, so that the nation will march as loyally and hopefully to peace as it has learnt to march to war.

But it is useless to dwell only on the future, inspiring as the vision is, and there are very present needs to be considered. It has been said already that the unemployment problem is mainly the ex-service man problem. To cope with this satisfactorily there is one essential thing that must be done, whatever scheme be eventually chosen. It must be raised above party politics. Unemployment has become such a prominent piece in the party game that it is doubtful if any one party would be allowed the kudos of solving it. There would almost certainly be jealousy, and it is also a national question that needs the best brains in the country for its solution. It is not a matter of politics, it is part of the very foundation of our social and economic structure, and it

needs a non-political body of industrialists, financiers, and trade unionists to investigate schemes for employment and advise the Government on them. The lines of one solution of it have already been suggested in the undertaking of work of national importance, such as roads, afforestation, power supply, reclaiming land, housing, an efficient small-holding system, land drainage, etc.

The owner of an estate in winter does not pay his men reduced wages to sit in their houses and do nothing, but he uses them to improve the estate and put everything in better trim for the return of the busier seasons. He improves his roads to make communication and transport on his farms more efficient, he plants trees, knowing them to be an investment eventually well repaid, he repairs his barns and buildings, overhauls his machinery, sinks new wells, or builds a reservoir more suited in size to his increasing head of stock. He does everything he can to organise his estate on better lines for greater and cheaper production, and this he does not as an act of philanthropy, but as a matter of business.

The past three years have been the winter of our national estate, but we have undertaken only a fraction of what might have been done to improve it. Too many of our employees are hungry and discontented, demoralised with reduced wages for doing nothing, disillusioned with broken promises. It was obvious that sooner or later houses in great quantities would have to be built, but because at the moment of demobilisation there was no boom in the building trade a scheme for training thousands of builders was abandoned. It takes five years fully to equip a man with the knowledge necessary for building, and the ex-service men are reaching the age when their minds will have lost the requisite elasticity for acquiring such knowledge. Now we need houses and there are no men to build them, nd in every skilled industry there is a dearth of apprentices. Instead of equipping an army of skilled workers ready to take the field at the inevitable revival of trade, Governments have followed a policy of *laissez faire* in which the demobilised men took what odd jobs were going, drifting from one thing to another or going completely down and out, the flotsam and jetsam of the industrial world, without hope of ever taking a position as skilled craftsmen.[2] If anything is to be done to teach them a craft it must be done at once. Every month a few more of them are swelling the ranks of the unemployable, and these are they who were heroes when we needed them, for whom too much could not be promised if they would get us out of our difficulties. To apprentice those who are not too old to a trade would be a national investment—it is fast becoming a national necessity, with all our skilled craftsmen emigrating—and similarly it would be a national investment to

[2] See *Nineteenth Century*, April 1924, "The Ex-Service Man," J. R. Griffin.

float a loan for employing men on national work. As the 'British Legion' has pertinently remarked, if we needed a National War Loan we certainly need a 'National Work Loan,' and, while we are spending 75,000,000*l*. a year on totally unproductive doles, it is estimated that a loan of 200,000,000*l*. would provide productive work for a million unemployed for a year. The National Debt at the moment is about 8,000,000,000*l*.

The problem of the unemployed disabled men is far more complex. In this country there are 60,000 of them, whereas in France, Belgium, and Italy there are practically none. For this there are two reasons, the first being that these countries have adopted a compulsory system whereby each industry is compelled to take in a certain percentage of disabled ex-service men, the second being that Belgium and Italy are less highly industrialised than ourselves, and are consequently less dependent upon trading conditions for employment, while France is employing great numbers on rebuilding her devastated areas and is in the process of changing from an agricultural community to an industrial one, so absorbing all the labour she can get.

It was not until the summer of 1919 that we made an attempt at devising a scheme for employing the disabled. The scheme adopted has already been most ably dealt with in *The Nineteenth Century* by Mr. J. R. Griffin,[3] and very briefly it was as follows. A national roll was compiled of bodies and individuals willing to employ disabled ex-service men in the ratio of one disabled to every twenty fit. It was worked on a voluntary and sentimental basis through committees attached to the Labour Exchanges. The undertaking did not bind permanently, but only for a year, so there was no security of continuous employment for those coming under the scheme.

But it is a question not so simple as might be thought. The boot and shoe trade, for instance, was well fitted for men who had been incapacitated in one way or another. The work is done quietly, nor is there need for great muscular activity. Many disabled were absorbed into this industry, but as a result the output per head was so reduced by reason of their hampered ability that we lost a large part of our export trade. A colliery in the North also took in a percentage of disabled, even going so far as to alter some of the machinery to enable one or two who had lost limbs to use it, but their output was also reduced by about 2 per cent., which just made the difference in competing with the colliery next door, which would have nothing to do with the scheme.

It is not those, however, who have lost a leg or an arm or a hand who present the chief difficulty, for mechanical appliances

[3] November 1922, 'How to Pay our Debt to the Disabled Fighting Man.'

can overcome much of this. It is rather those suffering from neurasthenia, tuberculosis, malaria, diseases which allow them to work for a time, but with inevitable breakdowns, who are the most difficult to employ. It is dangerous both to himself and to others to allow a neurasthenic engine driver, for instance, to carry on with his old job, while a case comes to mind of a skilled craftsman on whose one operation the work of 500 others depended. He contracted malaria while on active service, went back to his former work on demobilisation, worked well until one of his periodical attacks forced him to report sick, and as a consequence the work of the 500 others was held up for ten days until another could be found to take his place. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the worst thing in the world for men suffering from such complaints is to isolate them. Put a neurasthenic to work with men perfectly healthy, and there is a good chance of his nerves always improving, but when a number of neurasthenics are all put together it is a known fact that each will adversely affect the others.

Here are men again who are willing and anxious to work, but have lost their value in the labour market by reason of injuries sustained in defence of their country. It is as absurd to pretend that it is impossible to find a means for them to work as it is brutally ungrateful to abandon them. Whatever may be said about lack of money for financing unemployment schemes for the fit, here is a case in which there can be no question of stint. Theirs is the first claim before a single shilling of interest on War Loan is paid over, and if every disabled ex-service man had a thousand votes to bestow there is no doubt that the question would long ago have been satisfactorily settled. The least that can be done is that those mentally and physically well but surgically disabled should be taken into industry, paid an economic wage for the work they can do, and the balance between that and the wage of a fit man made up by the State. Many of the medically unfit could be treated in the same way. Those whose health is too uncertain for regular employment should be taught a congenial trade, given a modest pension which removes the ever-present dread of possible starvation, and facilities for proper treatment when ill. It is the constant worry of finding themselves laid up and practically penniless that is retarding the improvement or recovery of many of these men.

Something of the kind must be done if we are ever to speak of our national honour again. The 'economy' fanatics would doubtless raise a hue and cry, but they could console themselves with the thought that the disabled ex-service men are a decreasing quantity every year, and one might ask them where their 'economy' would be to-day if these men had not given their

lives, their limbs, and their physical health for their country. It is common knowledge that the wealth of a country from a purely commercial point of view is not the amount of gold it has in its banks, but its powers of production, and therefore the true economy is to make arrangements for a million men who are now doing nothing to produce something, directly or indirectly. As in most commercial enterprises, it means paying out larger sums at the beginning, but they will be eventually recovered several times over.

As everyone knows, the ex-service men are much the same as anyone else, with the virtues and vices, the merits and weaknesses common to humanity. No sensible person pretends that the mere fact of being sent to France made a man at once a hero, although the character of the majority reacted to the test and they emerged the finer for what they went through. But this we do know—that these men suffered hell for their country, and that their bravery and endurance was the admiration and wonder of every country in the world, friend and foe alike. We also know that they were told when they marched away that they should be our first care on their return. There are now 800,000 of them wondering if it were a trick to persuade them to risk all that a man holds dear.

It is in the hands of those who direct the destinies of this nation to determine whether all the qualities of love, courage, loyalty, and unselfishness that the war evoked are to be nursed and encouraged so that they blossom and bring forth good fruit in a garden which has become all too weedy, or whether that vast power for good is to be short-circuited and turned to bitterness and impotence. The sands are running out, there is no time to lose. Many of them have already gone under, and all are becoming desperate. If the problem were squarely faced, as they faced things in those four fearful years, it could be solved in a week. Is the judgment of history to be that ours was a generation that forgot its friends and turned a deaf ear to those who gave their all for us ?

This is a question that will be answered, one way or the other, within the next twelve months.

L. F. EASTERBROCK.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

On July 7 the Government rejected the proposition that communication between England and the Continent should be established by means of an under-sea tunnel. In announcing this decision the Prime Minister gave assurances that it was arrived at only after a very earnest and comprehensive inquiry. The promoters of the scheme will admit as much. And though the hon. member for Hammersmith has been pressing for a further examination by a Joint Committee of both Houses, he and his 399 supporters in the Lower House will have felt that their project was given all the attention and fair play which a question of such magnitude demands. The matter, so Mr. MacDonald told them, had been referred to the Committee of Imperial Defence; and in order to remove it altogether from the sphere of party politics he had invited the opinions of the four former Prime Ministers, each of whom had been Chairman of that Committee: Lord Balfour, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Baldwin. The material bearing on the subject with which the Committee was provided touched every aspect of the question. They were made well acquainted with the previous history of the Channel Tunnel proposition; with the opinions given, from time to time, of those best qualified to judge; with memoranda by the General Staffs of the three services; with the report prepared by the Home Ports Defence Committee, four years ago, on the safeguards necessary, from a defensive point of view, if the Tunnel should be built. The Board of Trade and the Ministry of Transport furnished similar memoranda on the commercial and transport aspects of the scheme. Finally, the military argument was in the hands of the Committee of Chiefs of Staff.

The result of the inquiry was conclusive:

> The Committee of Imperial Defence were unanimous that the advantages of the Channel Tunnel were not commensurate with the disadvantages from a defence point of view. Further, they took the view that all that has happened in the last five years in the way of naval, military and air development has tended, without exception, to render the Channel Tunnel a more dangerous experiment.

That is a decision with which every thinking Englishman will

concur. It is now nearly sixty years ago that the Channel Tunnel scheme first began to take shape. Its history is intermittent but it is marked by a very dogged persistence on the part of its promoters to carry it through in face of the rational and repeatedly expressed opinions which have been urged against it by those who regard our insularity as a blessing rather than a reproach. It is the history of much international correspondence, arrested negotiations, lively protest, Jules Vernian propositions, and continued agitation by companies and committees. Once the Tunnel reached the experimental stage and holes were dug in the cliffs of Kent. Twice the project has been interrupted by wars.

The Nineteenth Century was opposed to it from the first. The founder and first editor of this Review was among its keenest opponents. He invited the opinions of soldiers and sailors and civilians; and it was the compilation by Sir James Knowles of these expressed opinions, together with extracts from a representative list of protesting newspapers and journals (republished as a supplement to *The Nineteenth Century* of 1907), that went far to strengthen public opinion against what he, with many thoughtful people, contemplated as a menace to the country. The arguments by which the schemes of the company promoters were confounded forty years ago still hold to-day; and those who would appreciate the verdict just given by the Imperial Defence Committee can best do so by submitting to the acid test of common sense all those considerations which have recurred on every occasion that the Tunnel scheme has been thrust under the nose of the public—a nose which has an admittedly Athenian propensity for searching out any 'new thing.' The arguments which make up the stock-in-trade of the Tunnel champions may be summarised thus. The Tunnel would be a useful line of communication in time of war; it would be a God-send to travellers to and from the Continent; it would benefit foreign trade; it would give much needed employment; it would connect up Great Britain with the Continental system of railways and make London truly the metropolis of the world. How these arguments have been met will be seen presently, but it would be well first to review very briefly the history of the movement from its inception in the late 'sixties until the present day.

During the first period of its story, from 1867 to 1870, no exchange of views as to the proposed Tunnel had taken place between the Governments of the two countries concerned, although an Anglo-French committee of promoters made borings and applied (unsuccessfully) for Government sanction. But the Franco-Prussian War interrupted negotiations. In 1872 the Channel Tunnel Company was incorporated and registered in London. During this second period, from 1871 to 1876, there was a great deal of

correspondence and prolonged negotiations ensued between France and England, culminating in a Joint Commission which met at Paris in 1876 and again, later in the same year, at London. The Commission arrived at certain agreements as to the working of the proposed railway, with mutual understanding as regards the right to suspend work—or even to flood or destroy the Tunnel. At the close of 1876 the position on the French side was definite. The French promoters had obtained their commission, subject to certain conditions, and the capital required was to be found, half by the Chemin de fer du Nord, one-quarter by the French house of Rothschild, and one-quarter by the promoters and their friends. The English company had no such concession. But they were allowed the right to experiment in St. Margaret's Bay, and a prospectus was issued proposing to raise a sum of 80,000*l.* for experimental work. This capital was never raised, and the project seems to have been temporarily abandoned.

It was four years later that a second English scheme was brought forward, initiated this time by the chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company. The new project was based on experiments made by sinking shafts near Dover. These excavations, which were continued during 1881, excited the attention of the Government, and at a committee meeting of the War Department, Admiralty, and Board of Trade it was agreed that a question of such vast national importance could not rest with a Departmental Committee at all, but must be settled on the responsibility of the Government as a whole. Before going further it was thought advisable to collect the opinions of a scientific body, composed of soldiers and civilians, as to the practicability of closing the Tunnel in time of war—a contingency which has provided more ground for debate than any other aspect of the whole Tunnel question. In February of 1882, under the presidency of Major-General Sir A. Alison, this Committee began its investigations. Meanwhile directions were given for the stoppage of experimental boring until a decision had been reached.

The report of General Alison's Committee is instructive. It recognises the risk which would be involved in the construction of an under-sea tunnel and consequently is mainly concerned with the discussion of various safeguards against its use by an invading army. The ease and promptitude with which some 18,000,000*l.* worth of subway is to be drowned, dynamited, or otherwise doomed is the theme most constantly heard upon the pipes of these ardent but somewhat short-sighted gentlemen.

I will undertake in half-a-dozen different ways [says the chairman of the South-Eastern Railway] to enable you or the War Office, or anybody sitting at your desk and touching a common button, to destroy a tunnel or an enemy, if you like. . . . There is not a man in a million,

I believe, who entertains those ideas about having a tunnel; but if you want to destroy it I can show you many ways.

The measures to be taken for rendering the Tunnel useless to an enemy fall under two heads—attack from without, surprise from within. These include an elaborate system of fortifications, closure or temporary obstruction, explosion by mines, and flooding, either temporary or permanent. By June 23 (1882), the inquiry having reached the stage at which the strategical and military aspect demanded attention, the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, was asked to make observations. These 'observations,' together with the opinion of Lord Wolseley, expressed in a memorandum of great length, silenced for a time the supporters of what was proved to be a highly dangerous enterprise. But company promoters are hard diers, and the Channel Tunnel Company are as restless in agitation as the sea which they seek to undermine. They were defeated in Parliament in 1884, among the opponents to the Bill being Mr. Gladstone. Four years later he changed his tune and found that all the arguments against the Tunnel were 'mere and sheer bugbears,' and that since its principal opponents were Gentlemen of the Pen, a few poets and Society, 'always ready for the enjoyment of the luxury of a good panic,' it was idle to oppose it. His defence of this change of front is not very satisfactory.[1]

In 1907 the project was again revived; and its repudiation in the pages of *The Nineteenth Century* of that year lacks nothing of the vehemence and virility that characterised its just tirade exactly a quarter of a century before. The old arguments still obtain: security before commercial profit, and to the devil with any new and perplexing factors in the problem of national defence. To the reiterated military arguments a distinguished civilian added this; and it would be well to-day if the world's 'mutually watchful tigers' would take the message to heart:

> To be free from actual warfare is, indeed, the chiefest of national boons; to be free from the apprehension of it is a blessing scarcely less to be esteemed. An absolute security of peace is, perhaps, unattainable until the military spirit is exorcised from the nature of man. But unless Christianity is an imposture, and civilisation a sham, that exorcism will one day work its spell; and in the meantime whatever tends towards that security is an immeasurable boon, whatever makes it more remote a corresponding evil. Here, in brief, is my indictment against the Channel Tunnel. It would destroy, for the mere indulgence of a whim, our chief protection against actual war.

In May of 1914 the position of the Channel Tunnel question was explained to the House of Commons Channel Tunnel Committee

[1] **Speaking in 1888 of the mind of the public when this Bill was thrown out, four years before, he says: 'Philip was then drunk: I trust that he is now sober; and in the sobriety of Philip I place my whole reliance.'**

by its chairman, who was sanguine that the Bill would shortly be passed, and hoped that construction would begin by the autumn of 1915. French and English engineers, he stated, estimated seven years for completion of the work, while a second tunnel for motor traffic was in contemplation. The total cost would be about sixteen millions, to be shared by the two countries. He foresaw in its construction a great moral tonic for the country:

> The novelty of the work, the difficulties before the engineers, the progress of the tunnels, the prospect of completion as it grows nearer will occupy men's minds and thoughts. . . . Politics should become less bitter and people less carping and narrow-minded and critical.

He claimed that the measure was supported by a majority of Conservatives, a 'great majority' of Liberals and Nationalists, and practically unanimously by the Labour Party. Nevertheless, the Tunnel remains to-day still uncut. Once during the war an attempt was made to revive interest, but it was found to be impracticable to proceed with it. That it did not commend itself to the common sense of the country in its latest bid for popularity has already been seen.

Of all the arguments for and against the Channel Tunnel the military one is of the greatest consequence. It is on this that the scheme really stands or falls. And it is noteworthy that in the opinion of the Imperial Defence Committee modern conditions and the experiences of the war have hardly qualified, and have certainly not nullified, the verdict of some of England's ablest soldiers thirty or forty years ago. The Tunnel would still be a 'dangerous experiment.' But they are extraordinarily entertaining, those pros and cons. that multiply with every debate on the military aspect of the Tunnel. There seems, at first sight, to be no objection to which the promoters of the scheme have not an answer. 'Why fear,' they say, 'when we can, by the pressure of a button, blow the Tunnel with its invading troop trains to smithereens or let in the ocean as easily as turning on the bathroom tap!' To which more than one cautious critic has made reply that it is not wise to commit the destinies of your country to the pressure of a button; nor is it expedient that the responsibility of so drastic a measure as the demolition of the Tunnel should rest on the shoulders of one Minister or even of a group of Ministers. One can forecast a variety of reasons why there might be a fatal hesitation in ordering the dreadful act: doubt as to its necessity, fear of ridicule, pecuniary considerations, possibly vested interests! We ought not to forget the history of the Vosges tunnels when, in 1870, the unwillingness on the part of those concerned to destroy such magnificent engineering works left them open to the invading Prussian army.

But the idea of demolition has made an irresistible appeal to the champions of the Tunnel, both military and civil, and many of these so-called safeguards, as fantastic as they are ingenious, are less fitted for serious discussion than as material for the pencil of Mr. Heath Robinson. Gargantuan drain-pipes were to open their sluices and flood the railroad like a sewer. Engines, designed to pump air into the Stygian subway, were to forsake their life-giving functions and belch forth destructive clouds of fire and smoke; poisonous gases were to be loosed; while hardly a yard of the Tunnel was to be immune from the shattering cataclysm of mines and charges. And since it had to be admitted that it was perhaps *not* desirable to depend for this speedy and wholesale destruction upon the integrity and clear-headedness of one man or upon the efficient working of a single button, a suggestion was advanced that the power should be relegated, not to one, but to many, and that contrivances for exploding the mines should be established at London, Chatham, and elsewhere. One writer went so far as to suggest that arrangements might be made by which the man-in-the-street could, if need be, flood or dynamite the Tunnel—an idea which should commend itself prettily to the imagination of all peace-time travellers!

It is a fact, quite incontrovertible, that when the moment arrived for the destruction of the Tunnel neither human nor scientific agencies could be implicitly trusted. Writing in 1882 Lord Wolseley said:

> The whole assumption that the destruction of the Tunnel was quite an easy matter has been shown to be utterly untenable. The Committee consider it indispensable, in order to enable us to have any command at all of our contrivances for destroying the Tunnel, that a great first-class fortress should be constructed at Dover. But then that at once changes the whole character of the security on which these kingdoms have hitherto rested.

It is on this latter argument that the Commander-in-Chief also based his objections to the scheme. He had no wish to see the country placed under Continental conditions, and the erection and maintenance of a great first-class fortress, built at a probable cost of three millions and maintained by heavy and presumably increasing claims on the purse of the taxpayer, would be but the prelude to the maintenance of a vast army.

> We alone [he wrote], of all European nations, have hitherto escaped the necessity of arming and organising the entire population, but if this Tunnel be constructed I wish to record my opinion— . . . that our only positive security can be found in following the example of our neighbours, by creating a vast army like theirs—an army which would probably entail the necessity of a compulsory system of universal military service.

Increased precaution; increased cost. That is the burden of the

argument. And it is not an argument bred of the contingencies of the writer's own day. It is as sound now as it was forty years ago. The circumstances which plunged Europe into bloody war and the methods of its prosecution do not tend to instil confidence in the fair play or strict adherence to treaties exercised by nations when engaged in the business of cutting throats. Nor can we agree with the view that the existence of a tunnel prior to 1914 would have prevented the war or at least shortened it by two years. At no period in the war did the Channel prove a serious obstacle to the increasing demand for men and munitions; and the efficiency and despatch with which the transport services worked night and day won the admiration of the world. Moreover, had this railroad from English depôts to French and Belgian trenches been in existence one doubts whether those all-important fronts would have profited by it. Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Dardanelles would still have claimed the divisions whose presence in the West might indeed have shortened the war.

We have been told that the military risk is worth taking for the enormous benefits involved in time of peace. What exactly are those benefits? Mr. MacDonald dismissed the commercial aspect of the Tunnel project in a very few sentences. There is, indeed, very little that can be said. The submarine railway service, if it ever existed, would be essentially a passenger service. For though one naval authority in 1882 predicted that the Tunnel would seriously prejudice British shipping interests, few writers have ever seriously contemplated the Tunnel as a substitute for shipping. Though the promoters appear to be very confident that the scheme would quickly become a highly profitable undertaking, some business men are of opinion that the possible increase in trade, if the scheme were adopted, would not cover the enormous expenditure involved in the building and subsequent working of the Tunnel. It has been argued that the transport of cargo without the necessity of breaking bulk would be a definite gain. It would certainly be quicker. In the case of perishable and fragile articles the through transit of goods would undoubtedly save loss of time and the labour of transhipment. But it might not prove to be less expensive. It is the experience of those best qualified to speak that water transport is usually cheaper than rail, and less damage to goods is incurred between port and port, no matter how far distant, than during their comparatively short adventure under the ægis of a railway company.

But there is one way, a very indirect way, in which foreign trade would benefit by the Tunnel. We are learning the lesson that trade is very dependent on the kind of social relationship that exists between country and country. To trade well with another nation it is necessary to know it well: its

language, its customs, its needs, its prejudices. It is a lesson which was pointed in the great Advertising Convention that met in London only last month. By establishing a broad and easy passenger service between England and the Continent we might arrive at a better understanding with our neighbours and so increase facilities for trade. But is this linking up with the Continental system of railways a 'consummation devoutly to be wished'? Is our vaunted insularity merely an idle sentiment, or do we owe something more than that to it? When Shakespeare wrote of England as 'this precious stone set in the silver sea,' with certain swelling lines to follow, very grandiloquent, eulogistic (and quite shockingly Jingoist), was he speaking as an Elizabethan, very much in love with his 'demi-Eden,' or was he only saying what Englishmen have felt before him and still feel to-day? If it were suddenly to become as easy to travel from Petrograd or Potsdam to London as it is to travel from King's Cross to York, should we salute this new opportunity for pacific invasion with quite unmixed feelings? 'England for the English' is a slogan whose utterance must be made with caution. Nevertheless, there is a good deal to be said for it.

The contention that the Tunnel would provide employment has been used from time to time by its supporters. In 1921 it was suggested that 1200 men could be immediately employed, and no doubt as the work progressed more would be required. The cost, we were told, would be from fifteen to twenty millions (twice the pre-war estimate), of which England would pay the half. Surely, while our roads are in dire need of repair, our town thoroughfares the despair of every traffic controller, and ourselves still crying out for houses to live in, the time has not come yet when we can afford to spend some eight to ten millions in a venture which may or may not bring us an adequate return for our money.

There is one other argument, which I must call the *argumentum ad ventrem*. It is not an argument to be debated very seriously. But it has been constantly employed by upholders of the Tunnel scheme, and has been given rather foolish prominence in their writings. Sea sickness, as most of us are agreed, is not a joke. But to reckon its avoidance as an argument for spending millions on a project of this nature is not without an element of humour. 'I know a gentleman,' says one authority, 'who would not cross the Channel for any amount of compensation!' Can we be sure that he would face the prospect of his twenty-mile passage *under* the sea with perfect assurance and equanimity? Intimidated by the knowledge that some freak of fortune might haply loosen the ocean upon him, asphyxiate him, or irrevocably wall him up, would he not be merely exchanging one set of discomforts for

another? He might pocket his apprehensions and risk it. But he would not enter upon his journey with any great degree of comfort or with any more certainty that he would emerge safe and sound at Calais than if he had committed himself to the mercies of a cross-Channel steamer.

And is not the position of this imaginary traveller very much the position of the Channel Tunnel promoters? They are willing to embark on an enterprise which has been condemned, over and over again, as strategically unsafe and has yet to be proved financially sound. But it would be idle to suppose that we have seen the last of it. The Channel Tunnel will still be with us in spite of its latest repudiation by those to whose intelligence are committed the safety and welfare of the country. Its friends will have suffered discouragement but not defeat. The project, like the sea serpent and the Baconian Theory, will make its seasonable reappearance. It will be sure of a warm welcome from Amateur Debating Societies and the like. Let us be content to leave it with them.

HUGH CHESTERMAN.

PUBLIC INTEREST

One is invariably disposed to associate 'stunts' with something of a discreditable character. For such a view there is this justification, that in many cases where 'stunt' methods are employed the thing 'stunted' is an unworthy thing, while the 'stunt' itself is nearly always an appeal to the baser instincts. The question now discussed is whether 'stunts' can successfully be employed to popularise things that merit popularity; or whether the mere fact of their being 'stunted' must inevitably transmute their merit into meretricity.

There is little doubt that almost anything can be popularised. There are certain forms of appeal which never fail to find a wide public response, and in devising a 'stunt' one has to consider, first of all, the public one wishes to reach, and then the particular appetites of that public. Catering for the varied appetites of the public has always been the business of the whole world, and a business that grows constantly and ever increasingly more complicated. New and strange appetites are discovered with the passage of the years, and demand ever newer and stranger satisfactions.

We have only to look back a few hundred years to observe the truth of this. Men and women of the twentieth century are inclined to regard their remote ancestors in much the same way as town dwellers regard rustics that is to say, as simple and vaguely uncouth and primitive people. In the far distant past man was a creature of fewer appetites, and he indulged them more intensely than is the habit to-day. Power, for example, has always been a normal appetite of man, and in the exercise of power is traceable the influence of progressive civilisation. Potentates of old wielded power without restraint, exercised it to the full, and tolerated no challenge; they were kings of the castle, and remained so for just so long as their strength and capacity for intrigue prevented others from ousting them.

Nowadays power is modified by discretion and the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb—not, it must be admitted, out of consideration for the lamb, but because experience has shown that such tempering enables the lamb to live longer and provide more profit

for the shearer. This less aggressive and flagrant wielding of power indicates that this appetite is less intensely indulged than hitherto; but the appetite is still quite aggressively present. The desire to get something for nothing, too, has always been part of the make-up of mankind, though it has only been within comparatively recent times that the average man has had any chance of gratifying it.

It will be noticed that according as the diversity of man's appetites has increased, so has their intensity diminished. They have spread over a wider area, and have lost in depth what they have gained in breadth. Perhaps the most potent factor tending to increase this diversity is the pressure of increasing population. Increase of population makes new occupations not only desirable, but imperative, if the community's whole standard of life is not to be lowered. There are many instances which serve to prove that whenever a considerable increase of population has taken place without a contemporary and compensating diffusion of interests, the progress of material civilisation has been retarded, while intellectual civilisation has rapidly disappeared. The uncivilised condition of some of the more fertile coloured races is attributable in no small degree to this cause, but this is by the way.

It has been said that the inventive genius of each generation always provides means whereby the increment in population can usefully be absorbed, and this may be true in some countries and of some generations. The invention of the cinematograph, for example, has provided work for thousands and entertainment for millions, and has in some degree appeased the appetite for travel and adventure which lurks eternally in all human hearts. It is, *ipso facto*, a civilising instrument, and that it has not yet proved wholly beneficial is due to a number of other causes some of which will later transpire.

Now it may seem that all this has nothing whatever to do with 'stunts,' but it has, in fact, a great deal to do with them. During the past two or three decades there has been a very considerable increase in world population. There has also been an incredible number of very astonishing and remarkable discoveries and inventions. All would thus appear to be well; but it must be remembered that unless and until an invention can be proved to be either absolutely indispensable or commercially profitable it might just as well have remained uninvented. It is perhaps a little parodoxical to suggest that a new invention can be indispensable, since it was unquestionably dispensed with until it was discovered, but there are equally unquestionably some things which, once discovered, immediately become necessities and acquire the property of indispensability. Anæsthetics, for

instance, are quite indispensable, and have been ever since their potentialities were observed and applied.

These indispensable discoveries and inventions are adopted as a matter of course, and 'stunts' are, generally speaking, unnecessary in order to procure their use. They may not satisfy any latent appetite of mankind, but they often provide new avenues of employment. I have referred to anæsthetics, and, while by themselves they make no appeal to the public, they have produced the profession of anæsthetist. There is sometimes, one may digressively observe, a tendency to regard the anæsthetist as a kind of surgeon's jackal, a mean medical creature who follows in the track of the surgical lion and snaps up any pecuniary morsels that are left after the king of healing beasts has finished; but those who have seen the anæsthetist at work will realise that his difficulties and responsibilities are at least as great, and call for at least as much ability and concentrated skill, as those of the surgeon himself. The other type of discovery or invention—the latter is merely an unprecedented association of several of the former—on the other hand, is frequently valueless until somebody devises a 'stunt' about it. No sane person would trouble to invent anything that did not seem to satisfy some public requirement, but inventors are notoriously mad, with the result that the fruit of their labours is always suspect. The most heart-breaking task of the inventor is to try to convince a 'business man' that his invention can be commercialised, because the financing of inventions has proved one of the most remarkably certain ways of losing large sums of money. But assuming that an invention meets with financial favour, how can it be made popular?

This largely depends upon whether a public demand for it does already, and quite demonstrably, exist, or whether such a demand is merely suspected. In the former case one has only to offer the article and, provided that its price is within the capacity of the public for which it is intended, it will find a ready market. In the latter case, however, a 'stunt' is clearly indicated, for a 'stunt' is a kind of *apéritif* which will create and stimulate an appetite for the article that is being 'stunted.'

Now, if the article 'stunted' is one which conduces to the greater comfort or convenience of mankind, there can be no objection, on any grounds, to its being brought to public notice in an effective and original manner. The public may in fact be the losers by the lack of a 'stunt.' During the war, when food was scarce, a group of speculators conceived the idea of introducing into consumption here a cereal very popular in South America but practically unknown in England. It was free from any sort of restriction or control, and the idea was that money could be made and the State served at the same time—or so one

imagines. A large consignment was accordingly bought, and parcels changed hands at rapidly rising prices, several wholesale houses becoming interested and buying moderate quantities for disposal through the ordinary trade channels. The public, however, would not take to the food at all, the trade channels remained obstinately blocked, and the wholesalers began to endeavour to resell the article on the market, which was now rapidly falling. The position of the importers thus became less enviable than it had previously seemed, and as time went on it grew worse. There were three courses open to them. One was immediately to ship the consignment back to South América, where it might have been appreciated ; another was to 'stunt' it vigorously in this country ; and the third course, which was the one adopted, was to try to sell it on the London market, which had already indicated its disfavour. The first course would have involved a certain loss, but of an ascertainable and not appalling amount ; the second might have avoided any loss at all ; while the third course was bound to, and did actually, lead to a catastrophic loss.

Now, had a 'stunt' been employed the public would have found a good and cheap food, available in great quantities, to tide them over the difficulties of the time, while the speculators would at least have avoided burning their fingers. In such a case a 'stunt' would have been quite justifiable ; and were its chance of success questioned, one would only have to point to the success of the 'Standard Bread' campaign, which at a time of comparative plenty caused much of this not very palatable though doubtless very valuable food to be eaten. I do not say that a 'stunt' will necessarily ensure the permanent popularity of any article ; but in the case I have cited a 'stunt' would almost certainly have succeeded in disposing of the consignment in question and in giving the public an opportunity of indicating whether they wanted more.

There is no doubt whatever that, so long as an attractive 'stunt' can be devised for it, anything can gain public attention at a comparatively low cost. What many people forget, however, is that no 'stunt' will ensure the permanent popularity of any article which is not almost a necessity. A 'stunt' is invaluable for testing a market : it should succeed in arousing public interest in the thing 'stunted' ; but unless constantly reawakened in some new way, this public interest will fade. And another thing that some 'stunters' fail to remember is that the public, tolerant as it is, can have too much of even a good 'stunt.' 'Stunting' is often merely advertising in the news columns of the Press. 'Stunts' *must* possess enough 'news interest' to get noticed by the Press, or they are not really efficient 'stunts' at all. It is all very well

for a modern Duchess of Plaza Toro to dress in a certain kind of cloth which does not suit her in order that people may hear that she does so and be filled with emulatory enthusiasm; but how ridiculous it would be if she were to dress up and nobody were to hear of it! The 'stunt' would be a fiasco, and the cloth manufacturer would have to make his peace with his duchess and think of something else.

Now we are approaching the crux of the matter. What is 'news interest'? Here, indeed, the ordinary man will find himself very much at sea, because the 'news interest' of an item is gauged by journalists, who are not as other men.

One day, long, long ago, it was found that pictures of noble personages conversing with children of the less picturesque classes were well received; and ever since, any 'stunt' involving in one photograph a person of exalted rank and children of commoner clay has had success with art editors—who can be most powerful allies of the 'stunter.' It is well to remember that the higher the rank, and the commoner the clay, the greater is, apparently, the news interest.

About the same time it was discovered that if one could sufficiently, but not utterly, undress a woman, and then photograph her, one could obtain, free, a great deal of valuable advertising space either for the person photographed or for something with which she was, or could be said to be, associated. Since then there has been much competition with the object of discovering the minimum amount of clothing compatible with publication, because such minimum appears to possess the maximum news value; but as this minimum was achieved about sixteen years ago this particular competition has lost much of its interest. It is nevertheless still true that if one can, with some show of justification, introduce a photograph of a scantily attired young woman into a 'stunt,' one can almost certainly obtain early access into the homes of the people *viâ* one or other of the 'family' journals.

Another form of 'stunt' involves capturing some person who, either by birth or by achievement, has already acquired a news value and getting him or her to pose with, or against, or holding, the article which has to be 'stunted.' This is a very mild form of 'stunt' and conveys no particular lesson, but it is another example of the 'stunter's' art.

In brief, 'stunts' must present some feature which is likely to excite comment, or they are valueless; and while it is to be deplored that in the search for novelty and news value it often happens that considerations of good taste and good manners are neglected, it must be remembered that the object of any 'stunt' is to attract attention, and that public attention can certainly

be attracted by methods and devices and appeals which are abhorrent.

The tendency is to blame journalists for this. The art editor who accepts photographs of a suggestive character is condemned as a corrupter of public morals. Yet how unfair this is. He is the servant of his public, and if he did not know what his public wanted he would very soon cease to be an art editor. If he refused such photographs his rival would accept them; and his rival would 'score.' There is, beyond doubt, a large public for photographs of this sort, and it is almost true to say that the more daring—or, as some would say, the more shameless—the paper the greater its circulation.

For this state of affairs it is most difficult to apportion the blame. It is easy to say that modern journalism prostitutes the minds of its devotees, but it is less easy to account for the fact that modern journalism could never have existed as we know it unless the public mind had been ripe for such prostitution. The condition of the public mind thirty years ago was comparable to the condition of a patient after influenza—jaded and a ready prey to any prowling infection. It is now thoroughly infected with sensationalism, drugged with horrors and thrills so that nothing normal, nothing ordinary, nothing merely interesting, can satisfy it. And, so far as one can see, no improvement is possible. The vicious circle is complete, and those who seek to break it are themselves broken.

In such circumstances the difficulty of 'stunting' the more reputable things without degrading them in the process will be clearly seen. It can be done; but it is much more easy to 'stunt' things of less good report. I have been asked whether a 'stunt,' or series of 'stunts,' could popularise Beethoven. This could without doubt be done, in at least two ways. One way would excite a great deal of public interest, but end in cheapening the composer and all his works. The other way would be far less successful, but would preserve the dignity of composer and composition alike. And the effect of both 'stunts' would be trānsient, though the former would undoubtedly be more immediately profitable. Beethoven will always have a public, which will increase and diminish according to current influences. Just at present Beethoven is, I imagine, not a vast commercial success. He is certainly not in the same financial street with the composer of *Yes! We have No Bananas!* There is a traditional demand for Beethoven's music, which makes it worth while for some publishers to print it. The parents of music pupils expect them to be taught some Beethoven, even if they never understand it or play a note of it after they leave school, much as they expect them to learn algebra, and a few vague and rapidly forgotten

particulars of isotherms. In present circumstances it is doubtful whether any Beethoven 'stunt' would be worth the trouble; but the time may come when such a 'stunt' might be thought promising, and prove successful.

The Beethoven tradition is of old standing, and no living person can remember its inception. We have had no exact parallel in recent years, but we are witnessing the birth of a new tradition which every lover of music and art must welcome, namely, that of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It is a pleasing, and unexpected, feature of our time that these peerless works should receive sufficient public support to make it quite unnecessary for them to be 'stunted.' I doubt even whether a Press agent is employed for them; and so long as the management can secure performers of talent they may never require a 'stunt.' The passage of time will throw the maintenance of this tradition more and more upon the artists. In the last analysis it is the music of these operas which will give them immortality, and if this be ill-rendered their popularity will wane. One is compelled to refer, in this connection, to the considerable discrepancy that exists between some of the present performers. The great Henry Lytton is, of course, unequalled in his brilliant versatility; Miss Winifred Lawson is certainly one of the best sopranos in England, as well as an actress of great ability; Miss Bertha Lewis is quite superlative in her many characters. But the weakness of some of the tenors is, by contrast, appalling, though they work hard; and if they represented the artistic average of the company not all the 'stunts' in the world could maintain the tradition for long, in spite of the genius of author and composer. It has been said that 'the play's the thing'; but a good play badly presented is no better than a bad play well presented—indeed, it is more exasperating, for in the former case there is a sense of waste in the feeling that so much more could be done with the play, while in the latter one appreciates that no effort has been spared to extract interest from indifferent material.

One new and vast instrument of publicity, which seems as yet hardly to appreciate the immensity of its potentialities, is the British Broadcasting Company. This undertaking is so young, and its growth has been so rapid, that it can hardly be blamed for failing to appreciate fully all its opportunities. It is like a young giant, whose physical growth has retarded its mental development. In course of time no doubt the balance will be redressed, and then what will happen? Will it be a power for good or evil? At present its general tone is excellent, and it is most pleasing to find that the tendency is not so much to seek a level of low-grade popularity as to encourage an interest in non-contentious matters of public concern and a taste for good-class music. It is pro-

foundly to be hoped that access to the microphone may ever be denied to the 'stunter' whose appeal is unworthy, for an instrument of this character in the hands of unscrupulous exploiters might well demoralise a continent in a decade or less. At present there is no indication that the broadcasting industry will make the mistake of the film industry, and *pander*. Pander is an unattractive word for an unattractive thing, and the film has undoubtedly 'pandered.' It has followed the methods of modern journalism and makes the same appeal visually that the dividend-earning Press makes intellectually. There are exceptional films, just as there are exceptional newspapers; but one is bound to generalise, and never a day passes without some new and more or less vicious 'stunt' being forced upon the surfeited and sickened public by one or another of these organisations.

Broadcasting, mercifully, has not yet taken to 'stunts' of an objectionable sort. It is to be hoped that it never will, for it has not the excuse of competition. Broadcasting in England is under a single control; and while a monopoly has disadvantages it has many advantages as well, not the least of which is that it is freed from the violence and stress of ruthless and unbridled competition. The wireless is one of the few media through which certain 'stunts' of a dignified character might well be carried out without detracting from the quality of the thing 'stunted,' and for this reason alone it is entitled to due consideration here.

From what has been written it is possible now to adduce some conclusions on the main question discussed. A definite, or at any rate an unqualified, answer could not fail to be inadequate. It would not be true to say that anything, however 'stunted,' must inevitably become defiled in the process, any more than it would be accurate to insist that anything can be successfully 'stunted' in a wholly refined and improving manner. The things capable of being 'stunted' are so widely different. They range through the whole gamut of the contrivances and diversions of mankind, and their adaptability to 'stunts' varies so much, and is so entirely governed by the particular nature of each, that no hard and fast rule can possibly be laid down. In the words of Phœbe Meryll (and others), 'It all depends.'

Some things can be 'stunted' more successfully if 'stunted' vulgarly. Other things can be better 'stunted' if more delicate methods are adopted. Of yet other things it may be said that they can be 'stunted' either by coarse or subtle means with the same measure of success. So far as any generalisation is correct, it is more or less accurate to say that if the object of a 'stunt' is, ultimately, financial in character, the less refined methods will probably prove the more successful; whereas the reverse obtains if the object of the 'stunt' is artistic. In conclusion, one is left

to hope that as time goes on the success of 'stunts' may vary inversely with their degree of vulgarity, and that public taste in such matters may be afforded an opportunity of recovering from the vitiation which many powerful and sinister influences, consciously or unconsciously, seem to have conspired to produce upon it.

REYNELL J. R. G. WREFORD.

BACK TO THE LAND

FROM the country places a tide of humanity flows steadily towards the cities, to some extent, perhaps, drawn on by the arc-lamp moons that rule the night of the latter, but certainly set in motion and partly sustained by economic forces.

We profess alarm. 'For strategic reasons England must produce its own food supplies,' says one. 'The physical fitness of our race is endangered,' exclaims another. Most of us concur in bidding the tide draw back, but our efforts to stem it seem to have resulted, hitherto, in little more than the popularising of a few catch-phrases.

If rural depopulation threatened nothing but our national security and physical welfare, then perhaps we need not worry about it over-much. We might let the countryman go—let him build greater factories instead of greater barns. Athletics, personal hygiene, and the healthier conditions resulting from town-planning and modern sanitation should suffice to keep the race physically fit, whilst we may, according to our several temperaments, hope to ensure the safe transport of our food supplies either by strengthening the influence of the League of Nations or by inventing more effective anti-submarine devices. But we have more to consider than the chance of future physical deterioration or possible war-time food shortage. For good or evil, man cannot yet live by bread alone—or even by bread and gymnastics. In these modern times especially, when the tendency is to misuse our emotions rather than our muscles, we need more than physical sustenance. The day may come when our scientists will be able to produce, synthetically, food for our bodies. Will they ever be able to synthetise transitory excitements and ephemeral pleasures into abiding joy?

There is, or so it would seem, an essential rightness in the race-old intimacy between man and Nature, a rightness which expresses itself not only in the beauty of the countryside, but also in the emotional tranquillity of its inhabitants. Country dwellers, or at least the older generation of them, may be slow, stupid, and fit subjects for our gibes. Nevertheless they have succeeded better than most of us in finding in life enduring, if quiet, satisfaction.

Why, then, it may be asked, did the migration toward the town set in? One reason which partly explains it, and which is not always sufficiently stressed, is the overcrowding of the country places. It is, perhaps, a contradiction in terms to speak almost in the same breath of overcrowding and depopulation, yet the reason I have given is a valid one. The countryside is overcrowded in the sense in which the cities would be so, if a minority of their inhabitants, without making provision of alternative living accommodation and employment, possessed themselves of the homes and workshops of their neighbours. Owing to the gradual absorption of the smaller farms into larger holdings, the neglect and consequent decay of cottage homesteads, and the adoption of extensive rather than intensive methods of agriculture, there is now neither adequate housing accommodation nor adequate employment for even the existing rural population.

But even those who have employment in the country are inclined to abandon it. Perhaps it is not surprising that they should be unwilling, for a weekly wage of 25*s.* or 30*s.*, to work rather harder and for rather longer hours than their fellows in the towns. The fact, too, that they mostly live in 'tied' cottages, which they know they must leave if they should relinquish or lose their employment, helps to make them dissatisfied. Moreover, the labourer is concerned about his children's prospects. For one thing he feels that the educational facilities in rural districts are so limited that his sons and daughters are likely to be unfairly penalised in after life.

The foregoing reasons, however, though seemingly fairly adequate in themselves, do not fully explain the rural exodus. People are being attracted as well as driven away from the country. That there is a growing tendency to prefer the noise and meretricious glitter of cities to 'the silence that is full of sounds and the darkness that is full of stars' I am compelled to admit—and to deplore. The call of the city is loud and insistent, and countrymen are tempted to obey it. They know that life in the towns, as compared with the country, is more varied and exciting, and they do not always pause to wonder whether it may eventually become less satisfying. But it would not be true to say that all are even tempted. There are still many who deeply love the country and find it possible to derive lasting pleasure from simple and comparatively static things. They can live happily in an environment which comprises neither music-halls nor picture-palaces, but only green pastures and fields of corn. We are rather too prone to think of silence as being bearable only to Trappist monks, and of the sense of being alone, even in pleasant surroundings, as something which is repellent to every normally constituted human being.

It is this habit of thought which is responsible for the widespread supposition that true country life must in time inevitably disappear. Many are inclining to the belief that the solution of the problems raised by rural depopulation is to be found only in the turning of the countryside into a kind of glorified and extended suburb where food and culture are produced on factory lines. Such a solution may indeed be possible, but I think it a very bad one, since it involves the needless sacrifice of invaluable qualities. By this I do not mean to suggest that towns are pools of corruption, or that a countryman cannot even 'listen in' to a city orchestra without doing irreparable damage to his soul. I am gladly aware that good qualities are born of intimacy between man and man, as well as of intimacy between man and Nature. But the qualities which proceed from the latter are too frequently regarded lightly. Whilst it is not usually bluntly asserted it is often tacitly assumed that the countryman has everything to learn and nothing to teach. This assumption seems to me to be fundamentally untrue. If we act on it our efforts to re-people the country places will almost certainly be misdirected. We shall tend to destroy rather than preserve, and, in one sense at least, cause the land to bring forth not more but less abundantly.

There is another method open to us, and one which, to me at least, makes much greater appeal. Instead of saying to the wavering countryman, 'Stay where you are, and we will bring the town to you,' or to the potential rural settled, 'Go, and we will send a picture-palace after you,' we might speak somewhat after this wise: 'Since you show some willingness to live in the country we will help you to do so under conditions which will foster, rather than destroy, your love of rural life. We will reduce the material disadvantages of the latter to a minimum—grant you as much personal freedom as possible, and help you to create, not merely brighter, but more beautiful villages and homesteads.'

But speech without action is the stuff of which dreams and disillusionments are fashioned. How if we make these promises can we carry them out? In only one way, I think: by vastly increasing the number of small farms and holdings, providing capital for the necessary building operations, and generous credit facilities to enable the land to be adequately worked. The mere raising of the status of the farm worker will not suffice, for it can never satisfy the countryman's desire to control and direct his own individual labour. Since, however, this desire is fairly widespread, it may seem unreasonable to stress it in the case of one section of the population. But if it be true that town as compared with country life offers so many and such great advantages, surely it would be neither right nor politic to deny to the country-

man the satisfaction of his strongest aspiration simply because a like measure of personal freedom is withheld from the majority of citizens? In the case of the latter it is almost inevitably withheld by the complexity of the industrial organisations which they have helped to create, and which, in one form or other, they probably wish to preserve.

The multiplication of holdings may be, and often is, objected to on economic grounds. To those devotees of materialism who, if they proposed to raise up a temple to their god, would first pause to calculate the probable dividends I have nothing convincing to say. But to those people who simply wish to satisfy themselves that a desirable course of action is possible I would point out that land, carefully acquired, is reasonably good security for the capital invested in it, that the cost of building houses somewhere or other will perforce have to be borne, and that the principle of granting loans to small farmers has been so well justified in other countries that the most far-reaching proposals to extend agricultural credit facilities can hardly be dismissed as obviously foolish. Moreover, there are good grounds for believing that the saving effected by a radical reform of our present obsolete and uneconomic methods of marketing agricultural produce would more than counterbalance the interest charges on all the money we might expend in these ways.

As regards the possible objection that the creation of an unlimited number of small-holdings will lead to the desecration of the countryside, I cannot submit that this fear is groundless. The small farmer has a bad way of disfiguring the choicest spots with promiscuous hen-houses built of broken boxes and tarred felt. He does other things, too, which are not to be looked upon with favour. But, labouring under difficulties, and short of almost everything except a growing family with healthy country appetites, he can hardly be blamed if he should disregard considerations of beauty and appropriateness for which he generally professes more contempt than he really feels. We hear much about town-planning. What is to prevent our doing a little country-planning? I am not suggesting the formation of a Government department of rural æsthetics with powers to determine the size, shape, and location of every chicken-coop, but merely that we might try to ensure that, in the erection of cottages and of permanent or semi-permanent buildings, seemliness as well as utility will be taken into consideration. Sun, rain, and wind can be depended on to deal with temporary ugliness, and the only way to prevent their recurrence is to invoke the influence of a decent system of rural education.

We have known small-holding schemes before; and known

them to fail. We have seen one wrecked by the hostility of the county councils, which were supposed to work it, but never did so, and another, for ex-service men, rendered all but valueless by the purchase of land at inflated prices Both schemes were half-hearted, and their consequent lack of success is easily accounted for. Unfortunately we are more inclined to remember effects than causes, and the prejudice raised by failure is not easily dismissed from our minds. However, it is perhaps not altogether a bad thing that we should be compelled to realise that the problem of the settlement of the land is not likely to be solved by the formulation and working of any scheme which is not born of real faith and directed and sustained by vision and enthusiasm.

Whatever we do must be done wholeheartedly. It is not fair to dally continually. We have for so long raised the countryman's hopes by whispering sweet nothings in his ears that he is entitled not only to ask our intentions but to demand an earnest of them. If we reject the small-holding solution, how shall we deal with the problems raised by rural depopulation ? Shall we restore or again invoke the statute of Richard II., which provides that ' no servant or labourer shall leave his hundred ? ' or are we to allow the country places to become mere appanages to the towns ? Surely it is a sad conclusion to reach that country dwellers lack the skill to do more than follow the well-beaten paths that lead, perhaps through conflict between the highly-organised forces of Capital and Labour, to an as yet ill-defined goal ? However, whether he is to be a freeman, a feudal serf, or a trade unionist, it is time the countryman knew the fate which professional politicians and high financiers have in store for him. For it is to these latter, presumably, that he must look until he shall have succeeded in dissipating the fog of apathy and hostility which lies between him and the mass of the electorate, the urban population.

Since, however, politicians are preoccupied and the high priests of finance concerned for the sanctity of their temples, it behoves those of us who are earnest in our desire to see the land settled to do what we can in the meantime. The interval of waiting, though regrettable, need not be time wasted. There is much of that preparing of the ground to be done which, in this country at any rate, seems to be the necessary preliminary to all successful action by the State. A limited number of private individuals cannot, perhaps, do a great deal to check the ebb of rural population, but they can, by initial and experimental work, show how best the tide can be drawn back and into what channels its return flow can be most profitably directed. This work would be extremely valuable, for human character has to be taken into consideration, and Government servants are apt to underestimate

its importance. They are more likely to ascertain a man's technical knowledge of agriculture than to measure with official tape his love of the country and the strength of his desire to live there. True, none of us can do these latter things exactly, but we can at least take the less tangible, though not therefore less important, factors into account. Psychology, as well as agricultural science, has its bearing on our problem.

There is much human material that is wasted in the towns, material which, though intrinsically valuable, is not appropriate to the purposes to which it is applied. There are clerks, artisans, and professional men and women who, though woefully lacking in some of the more strenuous qualities which make for success in urban life, possess certain kindly attributes which would render them highly desirable members of any rural community. If they are too diffident to seek to impose on the countryside another, and in many respects alien, civilisation, we need bear them no grudge. They would be none the less likely on that account to succeed in strengthening in the country population those qualities of tolerance, sympathy, and sensitive understanding of the needs and points of view of others which form the basis of all desirable corporate life.

To provide in the country for such people homes, or if they are unmarried very small hostels and land appropriate to their needs would be to do more than make an important contribution to the resettling of the rural districts. It would be a true act of charity—if I may still, without fear of misapprehension, use that loveliest of all words which has fallen on such evil days. For not only would it bring to many rather timorous souls the great gift of peace, but also to the countryside beneficent, if quiet, influences which would survive the passing of individual lives.

To the scoffer who, discounting my rhetoric, would scornfully interject, 'You propose to dump the failures in the country,' I reply, 'It depends on what you mean by failures.' One thing at least is indisputable. Any attempt to shift the balance of population affords opportunities too valuable to be lightly discarded of satisfying affinities between temperament and environment. The fitting of round pegs into round holes contributes more than almost anything else to the sum total of human happiness.

There is another field for private endeavour which should not be neglected. Further investigation into foreign systems of farming and modes of rural life is badly needed. Of late our attention has been especially directed to Denmark, and certainly the recent history of agricultural progress in that country is inspiring. But we need to know more about the Danish smallholder than that he is comparatively affluent and that his sons

speak three languages. Not possessing instruments of precision for the purpose, we cannot exactly measure happiness, contentment, and social harmony, but we might make some serious effort to collect other than purely economic data. Geographically, too, the scope of our inquiries needs to be widened. The technical methods and social life of every agricultural community could be studied with profit. There is much that we might learn from the French peasant, and much that we must be most careful not to learn. Even the despised Irish peasant—not always a very good farmer, I admit—may have something to teach us, for from the turf-fenced holding on which stands his thatched and white-washed cottage he manages to derive more than potatoes and a meagre crop of corn. But it is not enough that we should make investigations wherever we can. We must above all keep open minds and not become mere slavish imitators. From a brief tour of Denmark, for instance, we need not rush back in frantic haste to tether our cows in the fields—a procedure which, though perhaps justifiable on economic grounds, is more likely to add to the sense of security of the urban tripper than to the amenity of the countryside.

Yet another, and almost pioneer, work that awaits us is the fashioning of a worthy system of rural education. The traditions of the country are not perfect. In them have grown up the indifferent as well as the benevolent landlord, the domineering squire and the brutish rustic, as well as the yeoman and the intelligent and liberty-loving countryman. But the business of education is to mould tradition and not to destroy it. Hitherto those country schools which are under public control have perforce had to adopt, though in somewhat emasculated form, the curriculum deemed suitable for town children. To it has indeed been added, by command of a Government department, that vague intangible a rural bias. But I doubt whether, if we except the fine efforts of individual teachers, much has yet been done in the State schools to help country children to grow up in the love and knowledge of their incomparable birthright. More, I think, has been accomplished by the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements, which owe their inception to a flash of genius and not to an official circular. Again, consider our agricultural schools and colleges. Are we content that they should remain mere technical institutions and nothing more? It is no doubt right that their students should be told what Mr. Wibberly has to say about certain aspects of farming; but is it therefore necessarily wrong that they should hear what Wordsworth had to say about some aspects of Nature? True, their students have to learn to work the land. But they have to do more. They have to learn to live out gladly their lives upon it—to draw from it their own mead of joy and

also the wherewithal to make becoming contribution to the sum of our spiritual wealth.

To glean information from every source, to carry out, wherever and whenever we can, experiments in rural education and land settlement, is both wisely to anticipate and to hasten action by the State. If we can find better ways of solving our land problem than the creation of numerous small-holdings and the broadening of the basis of rural education, then by all means let us adopt them. But meanwhile, we may well ask why all the political parties, though apparently destitute of constructive agricultural policy, manifest towards the small-holding movement that deadliest of all hostilities, a disposition either to ignore it or to damn it with faint praise ? Do they all, whether capitalistic or communistic in their leanings, think they foresee in any considerable increase in the number of independent small farmers the circumvention of some ulterior end of their own ? Are they afraid lest the rise of a virile peasant culture should result in the creation of a body of electors insensible to the blandishments of doctrinaires of any school ? It is perhaps not entirely incomprehensible that Socialists should prefer to peasant proprietorship the class-conscious organisation of agricultural labour. Nor is it altogether surprising that Conservatives should be sensitive to any interference with the few remaining privileges of the larger landowner. But the indifference of the Liberals—who, if I understand them rightly, claim to hold a watching brief for social security, personal freedom, and individual happiness—frankly puzzles me. Perhaps the Liberal mind is disturbed by the conservative outlook of the French small landowners, just as the Socialists are frightened by the anti-communistic tendencies of the Russian peasants and the Conservatives, possibly, by the vigorous Liberalism which has arisen amongst the small-holders of agricultural Denmark. By one and all the small owner seems to be regarded as a dubious and possibly dangerous specimen with uncertain political leanings. 'Will he bite his political sponsors ?' 'Is it safe to let him multiply ?' they are inclined to ask.

We, who believe in the possibilities latent in rural tradition and culture, can but do our best to dispel mistrust and hostility, and to compel recognition of our efforts towards the reconstruction of the countryside. Provided we go about our business wholeheartedly and untiringly, I have faith that we shall do much not only to restore agriculture to its rightful place in the scale of industries, but also to strengthen and quicken influences which will react beneficially on the whole of our social life. If true success is to crown our efforts, however, our aim must not be solely materialistic. Conscious of the harmony that is possible between the works of man and of Nature, we must do all we can

to make of the land a source of more than purely material wealth. If we lack inspiration we have not far to seek it. We need but look on some pastoral scene and think how much of its pleasantness derives from the work of those who went before us. Over what was once virgin forest the pagan clouds still drift, ever changing yet unchangeable, but beneath them now lie meadows and pastures, churches and hamlets. Nature, indeed, moulded the contours of the countryside, but it was man that helped to clothe them with soft green sward, and builded fane and homestead.

Our country is but small, and the number of its inhabitants is rapidly increasing. Sooner or later the tide of population will inevitably turn. The tendency towards the decentralisation of manufacturing industries is already marked. The real question for us to decide is whether country traditions and culture are to survive or perish.

The lingering shadow of feudalism is paling in an uncertain dawn. Sometime, no doubt, the land will, in the words of the political tag, be for the people. Let us labour to the end that it may be for a people baptised of the spirit of beauty that broods over the country places. Then, I think, we may feel that the land is not only adequately but rightly populated, and be able to contemplate, with unalloyed pleasure, that wide outspreading of our industries which is, in many respects, so much to be desired. For then we shall have assurance that something irreplaceable will not be endangered. We shall know that there will be continuity of what is best in rural traditions, and an ever deepening of those ancient wells of refreshment whence the generations have drawn their strength.

OWEN WILSON.

ROBERT BROWNING

THERE are two kinds of poet: those who seek primarily beauty, and those who pursue truth. These two objects of search are, of course, really inseparable in their expression, for in the absolute sense it is impossible for a poem to be entirely devoid of either grace or intellectual content, however much appearance may be to the contrary. It is a common delusion that the intellectual is not the domain of poetry as such; hence many critics will admit into their pantheon only those poets who are dedicated entirely to beauty. Such an outlook is due to a misconception of the nature of man, for they are precisely these poets, whose minds cannot rise with their hearts, who do most to keep back the human race from those heights towards which they aspire to lead it.

Granted that beauty is the true aim of poesy, how are we to distinguish between the different kinds of beauty, and weigh them one against another, if not by the light of the mind? There are many orders of beauty—the natural, the artificial, the spiritual; and unless we are guided by some principle of choice we shall not know which one to prefer. The harm that the devotee of beauty may do is to present these aspects or orders of beauty out of their right proportions and relations, thus leading his readers away from their goal instead of towards it. That this is so is obvious when we consider how many poets have, explicitly or implicitly, glorified the gratification of the desire nature as the main end of life. That the world is well lost for love is a profound truth; but love has many degrees and phases from physical passion to spiritual fire. If the purely instinctive poet mistake and confuse these aspects, what hope is there for his reader? To arouse indiscriminate emotions is not enough in a poem: the true poem will arouse the emotions in an orderly and uplifting, not in a wild and orgiastic, manner.

This misrepresentation of the true values of things is very prevalent in poetry. To glorify the physical is good, for the physical body and its desires are works of God no less than the spiritual nature, but to glorify it out of due place, thereby implying that it is legitimate and praiseworthy to employ the whole nature

in the service of the body as such, is to put a false construction upon life.

The poets whose heart outruns their mind are infinitely more dangerous than those who are in the opposite case, since, while most men will read a passionate lyric, all about kisses and dim hair, few of us trouble to peruse twenty pages of highly philosophic blank verse. There is, moreover, a school of poets who are chiefly concerned with the elemental and natural powers of the universe. Their works, when taken alone, are apt to be even more misleading than those of the votaries of physical beauty, for there is such fascination and charm in the world next behind the visible that it takes but little persuasion to make us linger there instead of pressing on through it to the more enduring realities upon which it is built. The characteristics of this school are a certain profound sadness, a vague restlessness, an eternally unquenched desire.

Again it must be insisted that no order of beauty in the universe is evil in itself or absolutely, but that relatively for man this may be so, since the pursuit of certain beauties to the exclusion of others—that is to say, the identification of his consciousness with that which is, in a certain sense, below him, rather than that which is above—is apt to delay him in his quest for that true and universal beauty which alone can truly satisfy his whole nature. And the poet who has no philosophy is likely in this manner to detain the pilgrim with the songs of a tavern rather than speed him on with the chants of the eternal city which is his goal.

When passion and philosophy meet in a single individual we have a great poet. Such a poet is Robert Browning. While at every turn the beauty of life amazes him, he is ever concerned with the reason of it all, the purpose behind the beauty, the mind behind the face. He illustrates the fatal incompleteness of love without knowledge, knowledge without love, in *Paracelsus:*

> PARACELSUS: Die not, Aprile: we must never part.
> Are we not halves of one dissevered world,
> Whom this strange chance unites once more? Part? never!
> Till thou, the lover, know; and I, the knower,
> Love—until both are saved.

We may consider Browning as either a lyricist or a philosopher. For sheer beauty what can surpass these lines from *In a Gondola?*

> Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
> The land's lap or the water's breast?
> To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
> Or swim in lucid shallows, just
> Eluding water-lily leaves,
> An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
> To lock you, whom release he must;
> Which life were best on Summer eves?

What philosophy is there in *Christmas Eve*, a philosophy that, once accepted, would settle for ever all the strife and bitterness of warring religious sects!

But it is when philosophy and music are wedded, as in *Evelyn Hope*, that Browning reaches his most sublime heights. We are apt to be so delighted by the music of this exquisite poem that we may read it a dozen times without realising the profundity of the thought which it contains:

> But the time will come,—at last it will,
> When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
> In the lower earth, in the years long still,
> That body and soul so pure and gay?
> Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
> And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
> And what you would do with me, in fine,
> In the new life come in the old one's stead.
>
> I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
> Given up myself so many times,
> Gained me the gains of various men,
> Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
> Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
> Either I missed or itself missed me—
> And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
> What is the issue? let us see!

As we meditate upon this poem the vistas which it opens out grow more stupendous and 'Love the Unconquerable' becomes something more than a phrase.

It is because Browning's vision extends beyond time and space to the reality which is outside them, that his joy in life pulses through all his poems. There are some poets who are well enough for a hot summer afternoon or for an hour when we can sit by the fire and indulge in dreams. They are the poets who find life unsatisfactory and proceed to build imaginary heavens into which they may retire from the world. Browning is not of these. He gives us life as we find it in the raw, the life of London or of Rome, and shows us heaven, not a heaven which is apart from, a different order of existence from earth, but the heaven which all the time is here, could we but see it, and which we shall not fail to see when in a little while it becomes more obvious. This is why we can read Browning at all times, in the hours of sorrow and crisis no less than in the pleasant hours when heaven and earth are not so far apart for us. There are many dreamers, but few who dream true. The phantasies of the others may amuse us for a while: melancholy and gentle pessimism may intrigue us when all goes well; but the dark hour is the test; then we cry out for optimism, for a man who has been into the depths himself and who can tell

us surely and confidently that they are but the way to the heights, that death is but the beginning of life, that sorrow is but the shadow cast by joy.

He is a poet without doubt or fear; he may inquire of the ways and the reasons of life, but he never doubts of the final end. As he says in *Abt Vogler:*

> But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
> The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

It is perhaps this preoccupation with the workings of the Divine in man which makes him so sympathetic with those professions whose privilege it is to interpret God to their fellows—the musicians, the artists, and the priests.

Browning's clerical characters are among the subtlest of his portraits. His ideal is approached most nearly by Giuseppe Caponsacchi, who held that the first duty of a priest was to be a man. He is never tired of poking fun at the high dignitaries of the Church whose hungry sheep look up and are not fed. *Bishop Blougram's Apology* and *The Bishop orders his Tomb, Soliloquy of a Spanish Cloister* and *Fra Lippo Lippi* demolish scathingly, yet always sympathetically, the dignity of false priests. Lippi, who was really an artist and only by mistake a priest, is the most gently treated. He, at any rate, was honest. The spectacle of a priest endeavouring to reconcile the world and God, and arriving at a nice compromise between the two is one in which Browning takes a mischievous delight. Bishop Blougram states his case clearly:

> Well now—there's one great form of Christian faith
> I happened to be born in—which to teach
> Was given me as I grew up, on all hands,
> As best and readiest means of living by . . .
>
> In many ways I need mankind's respect,
> Obedience, and the love that's born of fear:
> While at the same time, there's a taste I have,
> A toy of soul, a titillating thing,
> Refuses to digest these dainties crude.
> The naked life is gross till clothed upon:
> I must take what men offer, with a grace
> As though I would not, could I help it, take!

Nor is he blind to the less amusing side of such hypocrisy.

In *The Confessional* he indicts most damningly the Church which can stoop to use the vilest of temporal methods for so-called spiritual ends.

But it is not really at the Church that Browning's anger or raillery is directed so much as at her less worthy servants, men who have mistaken their vocation and use their office as a cloak

for iniquity. He gives us the other side of the picture too, the just Pope in *The Ring and the Book*, and Monsignor in *Pippa*, that somewhat weary priest who, knowing the ways of the world, could say:

> My glory springs from another source.

Maffeo, the schemer and villain, is like a babe in his hands; he plays with him as a snake-charmer might play with an adder, until at last when Maffeo is convicted out of his own mouth of his plans to ruin Pippa, and Pippa herself passes by singing:

> But I had so near made out the sun,
> And counted your stars, the Seven and One,
> Like the fingers of my hand:
> Nay, I could all but understand
> Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
> And just when out of her soft fifty changes
> No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
> Suddenly God took me!

the man within the priest can bear it no longer and he starts up:

> My people—one and all—all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and foot! He dares—I know not half he dares—but remove him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!* quick, I say!

The form of almost all Browning's poems is, as has often been pointed out, dramatic. They are so many expositions or justifications of life from different angles put into the mouths of a multitude of men and women. It is the extraordinary range and varied types of these characters which display that universality which makes him so great a poet. He is able at will to enter into the mind of Bishop Blougram, David, Paracelsus, Pym, Andrea del Sarto, Pippa, and Childe Roland. He is poet, philosopher, historian and novelist, all in one. For not only is he able to see into the innermost depths of the souls of his characters, but through their eyes he looks out and notes their external surroundings, the very furniture of their rooms. It costs him no effort to do this: he walks as easily through the centuries as along the Prado. 'The somehow may be thishow,' as he remarks at the beginning of *The Ring and the Book*, and in reading him we feel that in all essentials it was thishow.

Compare, for example, the atmosphere of *Cleon*:

> The master of thy galley still unlades
> Gift after gift; they block my court at last
> And pile themselves along its portico
> Royal with sunset, like a thought of thee:
> And one white she-slave from the group dispersed
> Of black and white slaves, (like the chequer-work

Pavement, at once my nation's work and gift,
Now covered with this settle-down of doves)
One lyric woman, in her crocus vest
Woven of sea-wools, with her two white hands
Commends to me the strainer and the cup
Thy lip hath bettered, ere it blesses mine.

with this from *Christmas Eve:*

. . . the fat weary woman,
Panting and bewildered, down-clapping
Her umbrella with a mighty report
Grounded it by me, wry and flapping,
A wreck of whalebones . . .

Other poets, like Swinburne, have laid the stamp of a single attitude of mind upon all their works ; Browning will have none of this : he will peer out at life from all eyes, from those of Porphyria's lover, of Cleon, and of Mr. Sludge. The culmination of this method, or, as some critics would have it, the riding of it to death, is *The Ring and the Book*, where the same events are described as they appeared to nine different characters. As a psychological exposition it is a marvellous *tour de force*, though how much of it can be fairly said to be poetry is another matter. Whatever has life, whatever struggles to express itself, is interesting to him. His delight is in the contest, that grasping at immortality which is at once the tragedy and glory of human life. He unfolds to us in his varied pictures so many aspects of the striving of that vague, unformulated yearning which actuates all men, that desire for they know not what which gradually takes shape and becomes definite, as one by one the objects of earthly desire are caught at and turn to dust in the grasp. It is this that sounds in the voice of Sebald as he stabs himself after the passing of Pippa :

That little peasant's voice
Has righted all again. Though I be lost,
I know which is the better, never fear,
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,
Nature, or trick—I see what I have done,
Entirety now ! Oh, I am proud to feel
Such torments . . .

And again with Jules :

Scatter all this, my Phene—this mad dream !
Who—what is Lutwyche—what Natalia's friends,
What the whole world except our love—my own,
Own Phene ?

Life for him is for ever a struggle, the struggle of the immortal with the mortal, of the light with the clay :

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !

It is this sense of the conflict of life that makes him so impatient of the laggard and the *dilettante*. This is the dominant note of *Youth and Art*:

> This could but have happened once,
> And we missed it, lost it for ever.

and of *The Statue and the Bust*:

> And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
> Was, the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
> Though the end in sight was a crime, I say.
> You of the virtue (we issue join)
> How strive you? *De te, fabula!*

It is better to sin than to be stagnant, for by sinning we learn. Life may manifest through sin in some degree, but inaction is sheer neutrality, neither positive nor negative. And as a corollary of this truth we get that other upon which Browning is for ever insisting, that it is not performance which is of most vital importance in life, but the ideal or aspiration which begets it:

> Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a Heaven for?

and:

> The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
> Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

The greatness of a poet may be gauged by the greatness of his conception of women. Browning's women are to be compared with the heroines of Shakespeare for their beauty and charm. In his treatment of the relations of men and women he is inveterately a romantic, just as in his treatment of the relations of human beings with life he is incurably optimistic. It is this romanticism—for the word will serve as well as any other to express a quality that is inherently inexpressible—that is the secret of his power over our hearts. His women are alive, passionate, sometimes frail, yet around them all, good and bad, he weaves a nimbus of mystery, an atmosphere of awe. He approaches them even in his poems as he approaches the Holy of Holies. He is more conscious than the majority of men of their divinity, and of the blundering ingratitude of the average male:

> E'en so, swimmingly appears,
> Thro' one's after-supper musings,
> Some lost Lady of old years,
> With her beauteous vain endeavour,
> And goodness unrepaid as ever;
> The face, accustomed to refusings,
> We, puppies that we were . . .

There is nothing of the ascetic in his poems; the beauty of physical passion is never slighted by him, but it is always accompanied and sublimed by the desires of the soul, that unappeasable thirst for beauty which on earth finds partial quenching in the love of a man for a woman.

His lovers look always above them; they are like Valence who loved Colombe, like the page who loved Kate the Queen:

> Give her but a least excuse to love me!
> When—where—
> How—can this arm establish her above me,
> If fortune fixed her as my lady there . . .

or like the lover of Cristina:

> Such am I: the secret's mine now!
> She has lost me—I have gained her!
> Her soul's mine: and, thus, grown perfect,
> I shall pass my life's remainder . . .

And when he looks at love through the eyes of a woman, she, too, must have something above her upon which to gaze:

> You creature with the eyes!
> If I could look for ever up to them,
> As now you let me,—I believe, all sin,
> All memory of wrong done or suffering borne,
> Would drop down, lower and lower, to the earth
> Whence all that's low comes, and there touch and stay
> —Never to overtake the rest of me,
> All that, unspotted, reaches up to you,
> Drawn by those eyes!

It is useless for the modern school of intellectual poets to rail at romanticism, to attempt to strip off the glamour and mystery of life and express it in terms of biology; they do but throw dust in their own eyes. They are so blinded by the unexpected brilliance of their own little match-flame that they cannot see the moon. The poet who sees all women as queens and all men as heroes sees truer a thousandfold than all the clever Freudian rhyme-taggers who ever suffered from a complex.

For what is life but the pursuit of some half-imagined, half-guessed at beauty that, like a woman, for ever evades and draws us on, giving us now and then a glimpse of her garment, a memory of the scent of her hair? And what are all our experiences but a series of adventures for ever trying us and making us more perfect until at the end we emerge from the strife victorious? Then and then only shall we behold her face to face. The great poets know this, and in their different voices speak to us of what they know. Browning, who saw deep into the souls of men and

women, and read the thoughts of God written upon the world around him, gives us, in the characters of his heroines, so many likenesses of this woman who is at the heart of all women, this celestial Rose whose beauty we can only guess at from the beauty which we see on earth.

The true lover of beauty is tender as Browning with all his strength is tender. With what reverence does he approach the fallen things of earth, the light and mortal beauties which are ground to dust by the struggle of life :

> ' Dust and ashes ! ' So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
> Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold
> Used to hang and brush their bosoms ? I feel chilly and grown old.

It is impossible in a short essay to do justice even to a single aspect of so great a man. Pages might be written upon his humour, his obscurity, his all-embracing sympathy, his personal life as a man. But it would be more beneficial to all of us if, instead of reading about poets, and comparing one with another to their mutual detriment, we would read their works. Browning is not on the whole an easy poet to read ; the gold of his wisdom is often hidden under mountains of uncouth words. But the gold is there, and the painstaking man will find it in the end, though it be at the tenth or eleventh reading.

Yet because of this very obscurity it is not to be expected that he will come into his own as a poet for many years. We are far too occupied, like the Athenians, with looking for some new thing to seek truth in the works of a Victorian who, being out of date, must therefore be mistaken in his conceptions of life. Yet in Browning's poems are the answers to many of the problems of to-day, for Truth is never *démodé*, and the same ideas recur perpetually in the mouths of the great of all ages. Truth is one, and, happily, not dependent upon the conclusions of the latest scientist, and though different aspects of it are expressed in different times they are not conflicting, but complementary : the principles upon which all great work is founded are the same. Because Browning, like Plato and Dante, has reached this eternal and immutable truth, and because he has clothed it in words and images of no less eternal beauty, his work will endure, and it matters not how long a time elapse before the due laurels are heaped upon his tomb :

> All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;
> Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
> When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

G. H. BONNER.

BLUE BUTTERFLIES

A LOVER of country life, inspecting a collection of British butterflies for the first time, is sure to be familiar with some of them. Everybody recognises the Common Whites, pestilent foes to our cabbages, and the Meadow Brown, called by schoolboys, on somewhat obscure grounds, a 'Cherryeater'; while the Tortoiseshell, the Brimstone, and the Red Admiral are usually regarded as old friends. The blue butterflies seldom evoke recollections, and surprise is often expressed that these brilliant little beauties are British. Since the Common Blue, as bright as any, is abundant in meadows and wastes throughout the isles, some explanation seems needed. It is probably because these pretty insects seldom undertake sustained flights. The most familiar butterflies are not necessarily the most brightly coloured, but are those which display themselves boldly and do not shun man. The blues rarely venture into gardens, and do not fly more than is necessary; a bright patch of blue flashes out of the grass, and in a few seconds disappears a little further down the field.

The term Blues given by British collectors is held to embrace the whole family *Lycænidæ*, comprising sixteen or seventeen hundred species, but they are not all blue, deep brown and bright copper being fairly frequent. Of the fifteen British species, eight are blue, one copper, and the others brown.

Although not so attractive as the gorgeous Swallow Tails and Admirals, the blues are in some ways more interesting, on account of peculiarities not yet fully understood. One singular feature is the uniformity of structure in all stages. Whereas the *Nymphalideæ* (Admirals, Tortoiseshells, etc.) have species of such diverse structure that six sub-families have been formed, the *Lycænidæ* are all so similarly built that only generic divisions have been made, and these are founded on very slight differences. While structure is uniform, outward appearance is more variable, within certain limits, than in any other group, so much so that insular collectors classify varieties of the Common Blue; they often succeed in filling a large drawer with a graduated series of forms.

Except a few borderland species with affinities to other families, all the blues are small, the average expanse being 1 to 1¾ inches. The thorax is slender and the abdomen short. The wings are densely scaled, the forewings short and broad, and the subcostal nervure, regarded as important for classification, may have three, four, or five branches. The hind wings are delicate and rounded, but towards the anal extremity are frequently produced into tails, varying in number, length, and thickness. In the typical genus the tail is either absent or consists of an exceedingly slender filament, but in some tropical groups there are as many as four or five long, broad tails. The antennæ are about half the length of the wing and distinctly, but not heavily, clubbed. A peculiar structural feature, all but universal in the family, is the forefoot of the male, which has only one joint, though the foot is the same length as that of the female, which is normally jointed.

In their early stages *Lycænids* are strikingly alike. The eggs are compressed spheres, reminding one of tiny cheeses, beautifully scalloped over the whole surface. The caterpillars are short, stout, and much thickened in the middle. They are sluggish, and their legs are so small that they cannot be seen from above. Indeed, they are so unlike the conventional caterpillar that they are often mistaken for warts and excrescences on the foliage, and sometimes possess remarkable likeness to the flower buds or fruit of the plant they inhabit. Some of them hibernate in the open, this resemblance proving a perfectly adequate protection. The chrysalides are short, rounded, and rarely have angles or projections. They are generally attached by the tail and a silk band round the body, but a few species pupate underground.

The family is world-wide, but the tropics are richer, Africa having many species of the typical genera as well as genera peculiar to itself. So far as is known, none hibernates in the adult form. Six of the British species remain in the egg from September to the following spring, two hibernate in the chrysalis, and the remainder as caterpillars. The extent of their activity is very varied, for, while the Common Blue may be found on the wing as late as October, the Green Hairstreak is in the chrysalis from July to May, all the active period being compressed into two months.

The richness and variety of the dominant blue colouring in this family are remarkable. Without going to exotic species, an exquisite range of shades, from the queer 'moonlight' blue of the Chalk Hill Blue to the deep purplish of the Silver-studded Blue, can be found in the British species. Apart from the colour, there is a peculiar lustre about the insects, very noticeable in the copper species.

Protective resemblance is exhibited in the *Lycænidæ* in a distinctive manner. One of the outstanding features of the family is the uniformity of colour on the upper side of the wings. Whether blue, copper or brown, this side is seldom adorned with spots or marks, except for dark borders, which are fairly frequent among the blue species. These borders have a definite use, for when the wings are closed they prevent the bright colour from being visible should the wings not be in perfect alignment. In many species intersexes and gynandromorphs occur, and, as the shape and size of the wings is often different in the sexes, the wings on one side are sometimes smaller than those on the other, so that if the bright colour reached the margins it would be clearly visible from one side.

In some species more or less distinct spots are present on the lower edge of the hind wings. These spots are occasionally bright and metallic, but generally they are faint and inconspicuous. In the coppers and a few blues there are sometimes black spots on both wings, but markings on the upper side are exceptional, a feature which distinguishes the family sharply from others, which are often adorned with distinct, even brilliant, spots and bands on the upper surface.

The general uniformity of the upper side makes more noticeable the elaborate marking which is characteristic of the under side in this group. Species scarcely distinguishable on their upper sides are often totally different beneath, and some of these variations display protective resemblance in its most subtle form. I will deal with a few of them, after surveying the general effect of the under-side colouring, by comparing the different types presented by the woodland species of the genus *Thecla* with the desert species of *Lycæna* and *Polyomattus*.

As befits insects inhabiting the shades of forests, *Theclas* are dark on the upper side, dark brown being very inconspicuous when the insect is flying in a gloomy place. The under sides of *Theclas* are never spotted in the manner of the desert blues. They are almost invariably of soft uniform shades, with one or two thin white streaks, from which they derive their popular name of 'Hairstreaks.' Of the British species, the Green Hairstreak is the best example of suitable under-side colouring as opposed to that which serves best in flight. Uniform dark brown above, this pretty butterfly is soft green beneath, and when resting on leaves harmonises with them perfectly. Most of the other Hairstreaks have soft grey or brown under sides, quite inconspicuous when the insects rest among bushes. There are, among the tropical forms, some which at first sight appear totally unsuited to woodlands, for their under sides are intensely white and under normal conditions would be most

noticeable in the woods, but the late Mr. Trimen pointed out that these are associated with a shrub whose leaves reflect the light in a very unequal manner, giving the effect of irregular white patches, so that when the insect is resting on them it is indistinguishable from the gleaming patches. The play of light and shade is a factor which has a most important bearing on this aspect of nature.

That these peculiarities have been produced by natural environment is made remarkably clear by an example for which we need not go abroad. There is a common blue found in the woods, *Lycæna argiolus*, the Holly Blue. It is one of the earliest to appear in spring, and in flight is very conspicuous. In every fundamental way it is closely related to the open country blues and correspondingly distant from the woodland *Theclas*. The under side of this is a marked departure from the form usual in its near relatives. The usual spots, rings, and eyes are absent, but are represented by faint black points, the appearance of which gives the impression of gradual elimination owing to unsuitability to changed environment. Moreover, the normal neutral grey-brown tint of the ground colour is replaced by a clear silver blue, much more conspicuous, it would seem, than the common tint. In this insect's ordinary habitat it is prone to rest on the glossy holly leaves which form the food of its caterpillar, and it seems habitually to select glossy leaves. I can scarcely do better than quote what Mr. F. W. Frohawk, who has paid close attention to the habits of British butterflies, says on the subject:

> At 4 45 p m a female *Argiolus* settled on a laurel leaf in the sunshine. The sunlight on the glazed surface of the leaf produces a silvery whitish-grey effect exactly resembling the colour of the under side of the butterfly, making it very inconspicuous. It at first sat with closed wings facing the sun, so only cast a thin streak of shadow. . . At 4 48 it opened its wings and listed to the left to get the full rays of the sun At 4 50 it flew off to a privet hedge 6 feet away, and immediately settled on a leaf 2 or 3 inches inside, to rest for the night At first it settled facing inwards, but shortly afterwards it turned round and faced outwards The shadow from the overhanging leaves cast a greenish shade over the butterfly, rendering it almost invisible , the size, shape and reflected green hue produced a remarkable similarity between the butterfly and the surrounding leaves.

Passing to the open country or desert species, let us examine the normal form which the under-side markings present. As I have said, it is extremely variable. At the same time, all the diverse forms have a common basis, and the general idea upon which each variation is founded is that of breaking up the ground colour into irregular patches and so enabling the insect to rest upon a large variety of substances without becoming unduly conspicuous. In the natural habitat of the *Theclas*, where the light is more or less dim, normal dark colours are not likely to be

conspicuous. Moreover, there is less variety to be considered. A tree or bush affords a large area on which the creature can roam, and the more closely its colouring is identified with this object the more successful it is likely to prove. This theory is confirmed by the marked stay-at-home habits of the *Theclas*. It is notorious that a collector may search vainly for them all over a wood, unless he comes to the favoured tree. The open country species, on the other hand, must constantly be passing from one place to another. They have to settle on grass stems, herbaceous plants, stunted bushes, stones or even the bare earth, and they frequently alight, probably because it is dangerous for them to take long flights in their vivid livery. There may be thousands of blues in a small field, yet only two or three at a time will be seen flitting. All the others are resting on various substances. Under these conditions, and remembering the intensity of the light in the open country, it is hard to imagine anything more likely to serve the purpose of swift concealment than the neutral grey or fawn tint, broken up by small dots and rings. The variability and size of these spots, even in the same species, seems to indicate that the nature of the environment tends to prevent fixity of pattern. The less definite, the more likely it is to blend with a large variety of backgrounds. Whether this be true or not, the broad fact remains that while a flying blue is exceedingly conspicuous, a resting one is not easily picked out from its surroundings.

There is one feature connected with the under side of these butterflies which transcends in interest every other. It is well known that throughout the group, whether among the woodland *Theclas* or the desert *Lycænas*, two associated features are very frequent: these are metallic eyespots and fine hairlike tails, both situated near the anal angle of the hind wings. The spots vary in number from one on either side to three or even more, and the tails vary a good deal in size. To understand the theory which has been put forward respecting these tails it will be best to concentrate on one of the most typical species possessing them: this is *Lampides bœticus*, the long-tailed blue. It is not the most perfect example, but, on account of its wide distribution and abundance in certain regions, its life-story is more fully known. Its headquarters are the Mediterranean countries, and it is found throughout Africa, Europe south of the Alps, and eastward through Asia to Australia. It has strong migratory instincts, and occasionally appears in the south of England.

It is a fairly large insect, expanding about 1¼ inches. On the upper side the male is violet blue with narrow brown borders, and the female is brown with some blue at the base of the wings. Underneath the colour is pale brown or fawn with numerous

whitish streaks. On the edge of the wings are dark spots with white crescents bordering them, and at the anal angle these spots are black, metallic green, and orange; the hair-like tails project from the wings between these bright spots. These eyes and tails are very singular, and there seems no plausible method of accounting for them, other than that which has now, after a good deal of discussion and experiment, been accepted. It is admitted that butterflies, like most insects, are the prey of birds, carnivorous insects, and reptiles. On the wing they are frequently chased by birds, and collecting naturalists come across many specimens with pieces bitten out of their wings. Various entomologists have followed up this matter closely, and Professor Poulton, of the Hope Museum, Oxford, has devoted much time and attention to it. He has shown that many of these damaged specimens have symmetrical injuries—that is to say, when a piece has been taken out of one wing, a corresponding piece is missing from the wing on the other side. In some species which live long in the winged stage these injuries are often very extensive, and indicate numerous attempts at capture. The wings being so expansive, and so little concerned with the vital organs, a butterfly can survive a large amount of injury to them without much curtailment of its activities. The fact which is incontestably deduced from these symmetrical injuries is that they were inflicted while the insect was at rest, because it is only when the two wings are placed close together in the resting attitude that they could be so damaged. These pieces are almost invariably taken out of the hinder part of the wings, and the portion referred to as the anal angle, where the eyespots and tails are situated in these *Lycænids*, is most frequently injured. The reasons for this are two. In the first place, the slope of the wings is backward, and the rear extends beyond the body of the creature. A piece taken out of the front would mean the removal of the head of the insect —a fatal amputation. In the second place, since the sensitive organs are in front, an enemy creeping towards the head is more likely to be seen, while one coming up from the rear would not be perceived till the damage was inflicted. The logical conclusion is that the creatures which stalk butterflies at rest make a point of creeping up behind. Observing these tailed blues at rest, it is impossible to overlook the likeness of the combined eyespots and tails to the head portion containing the real eyes and antennæ. Even when the insect is viewed sideways, with the real head for comparison with the dummy, it is quite striking, and to a creature approaching from behind, on a level with the tails, the deception may be very real. An additional piece of evidence is afforded by a habit of shaking or vibrating the tail, the resemblance to antennæ, which are

often kept in motion when the insect is resting, being thereby increased. An enemy coming up behind, misled by the dummy head, might make a detour to the other end and in so doing alarm the insect, or it might seize the dummy head, inflict a relatively harmless bite, and the butterfly would escape. Whether its habit were to try and take the insect unawares from behind, or to make more sure by attacking the vital part, the dummy serves admirably for defence. This device deserves to rank with the imitation of leaves by the Indian leaf butterflies as a masterpiece of protective resemblance, and is more valuable because it does not oblige the insect to remain in proximity with some special object.

The most interesting facts about these butterflies concern the earlier stages. These are notably obscure, and many species which are quite familiar in the winged form are barely known in their rudimentary stages. Most remarkable is the relationship between *Lycænid* larvæ and ants. During the last few years some definite information has been gathered by entomologists, notably the late Dr. Chapman, who, with Mr. Frohawk, succeeded in unravelling the mystery so far as the Large Blue (*Lycæna arion*) is concerned. Much of the same history is probably applicable to other species associated with ants.

The foundation of this symbiosis is a honey-secreting gland which is all but universal in the family, though the extent of its activity varies. In *Thecla* and its allies it appears to be quite rudimentary and affords no honey, but in several members of the typical genus, notably *Arion*, *Corydon*, and *Ægon* among British species, it is very active and frequently exudes the saccharine fluid. From time to time it had been observed not only that ants attended these larvæ, but that the parent butterflies deliberately laid their eggs on plants growing on ants' nests. It is interesting to quote Mr. Frohawk's remarks on the subject, made before the final discovery.

> *Arion* lays its eggs on the blossoms of thyme. . . . The egg is generally inserted among and fixed to the calyx of one of the buds. . . . At first the young larvæ feed on the downy exterior of the blossoms, and then bore through the calyx, so as to gain access to the interior. . . . The third and last moult takes place when the larva is about twenty days old. After this the larva ceases to feed further on the thyme. After hibernation it feeds again and attains full growth about the end of May or June. It is a remarkable fact that the last moult should occur in August, when the larva only measures 3·18 mm., and that the same skin should serve it for the rest of its larval life, and when fully grown it attains a length of 14·8 mm. During the first three stages, the larvæ readily devour each other; so strongly developed are the cannibal habits that even the smaller ones will seize and devour the larger, but immediately after the completion of the third moult, all tendencies to cannibalism disappear.

The fact that a symbiosis exists between ants and the larvæ of certain *Lycænid* larvæ has been known for a long time; in fact, the greatest

amity prevails between these insects. The ants derive nourishment and pleasure by imbibing the sweet fluid excreted by the larvæ, while the latter are protected from natural enemies, such as ichneumon flies and predaceous insects, by the attendant ants.

Subsequent discoveries reveal the fact that Frohawk reasoned from analogy so far as the life-history of the larva after the third moult is concerned. It is not at all uncommon for larvæ to go into hibernation early in the summer, being then in a young stage, to remain until the spring in a dormant state, and then to complete their growth fairly quickly on the new foliage. The danger of such reasoning is made apparent by the facts, and it seems rather strange that such a careful observer should not have been warned by the singular circumstance to which he draws attention—absence of a moult after the third, in spite of an enormous increase in size. Such a thing is contrary to all known facts of insect life, for the skin is incapable of more than limited distension, and more than one moult must occur after the third. Now that the gap is filled in, one can state in a few words what happens. After the third moult the caterpillar leaves the thyme flowers and descends to the ground, where it is soon discovered by a worker ant. There is mutual recognition, the caterpillar deliberately exuding its sweet fluid, which the ant greedily sucks up. The caterpillar then arches its back in such a manner that the ant can lift it from the ground. It carries it into the nest and there sets it free. Once inside the nest, *Arion* does not offer any more honey, and is disregarded by the ants. It has induced the ant to play a part solely for its own ends, and thenceforward its diet consists of ant larvæ The cannibal propensities manifested by Frohawk's young larvæ were foreshadowings of the carnivorous taste which in later life they indulge to the full.

HERBERT MACE.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

When Prince Charles Edward Stuart landed in the West of Scotland on July 25, 1745, without men, arms, or money, but with the fixed idea of overturning the Hanoverian dynasty and of re-establishing the Stuarts on the British throne, he undertook one of the most desperate and at the same time one of the most romantic of the great adventures recorded in our history.

Everything, or almost everything, presaged failure. The previous Jacobite Rising of 1715 had been put down, bloodily in England and effectively in Scotland. North Britain was not writhing under a sense of great administrative injustice or of wrongs. Half of Scotland was favourable to the established Government. The country was nominally disarmed. The wisest Jacobite heads in the Highlands had advised the Old Pretender that no rising could succeed without 6000 French troops, 10,000 stand of arms, and 30,000*l.* in cash. The attempted surprise invasion of the French under Marshal Saxe in 1744 had been dispersed by a wind which was rather Whig than Protestant, and while England had allies in Europe, Scotland had none. How, then, did Prince Charlie and his Highlanders contrive to defeat two English armies, to capture fortresses, to penetrate to Derby without resistance, and to return to Scotland without punishment?

The main story of the Rising may be briefly recalled. The Young Pretender, or the Prince Regent as he called himself, landed with Tullibardine, attainted and in exile since 1715, and a few Irish adventurers, and set up his standard at Glenfinnan on August 19, 1745. Joined early by the Macdonalds and the Camerons, who, with their chiefs, were the mainstay of his cause, he gradually attracted to himself, wholly or in part, the Maclachlans, Macphersons, Murrays, Macleods, Robertsons, Macgregors, Macleans, Mackenzies, Chisholms, Mackinnons, Frasers, Stewarts, Grants, Oliphants, and Ogilvies, while not a few detachments of the Whig clans deserted to his colours. The white rose became the popular emblem. With numbers no larger than those of General Cope, the Prince and his Highlanders annihilated that general's English army at Prestonpans after capturing Edinburgh, and shortly afterwards invaded England, took the

fortress of Carlisle, which was shamefully ill-defended, and penetrated to Derby, after eluding Marshal Wade, who was at Newcastle, and making London tremble for its safety.

This extraordinary raid was carried out by not more than 4500 Highlanders with few guns or cavalry, and it was only called off because the English and Welsh Jacobites made no attempt to support it. Returning to Scotland and his reinforcements, the Prince found himself at the head of 9000 men, and when General Hawley offered battle at Falkirk with a seasoned army of equal or superior numbers in January 1746 the Highlanders broke the English centre and left, captured the English guns and camp, and drove their enemy in rout from the field. Of this victory no advantage was taken, because after a victory it was the custom of the Highlanders to disperse with their booty. Retreat to the North was consequently judged advisable and became necessary in view of the advance of the English army, which was soon reconstituted under the Duke of Cumberland. Marching to the North, the Prince's army dispersed the 2000 men under Loudon, who had been a thorn in their side, took Inverness Castle and Fort Augustus, and carried out a successful war of posts in the Athol country. But many detachments weakened the army when the deciding battle took place. The two armies met at Culloden in April 1746, in circumstances which gave the Duke every advantage of numbers, armament, physical condition, and ground. The result was a Jacobite defeat which ended the campaign. Yet Prince Charlie remained for five months longer in Scotland and the Western Islands, tracked and hunted by a numerous, and mainly Campbell and Macleod, militia, and pursued by a large number of ships. He was almost alone and with a price of 30,000*l.* set upon his head, but was aided by a number of devoted adherents in succession, men and women, whose names live in Jacobite history and song, and will go on living while Scottish history survives.

The central figure of the story is of course the Young Pretender himself, grandson of James II. and indubitably by right of birth the representative of his father and of the Stuart dynasty. He was twenty-five years of age in 1745, a tall and manly prince with a constitution of iron, and with a frame inured to hardships by sporting proclivities which had made him as good a man on a hillside as the hardiest of his Highlanders and a deadly shot. How tall he was is a matter of some doubt, for though his height is given at 5 feet 10 inches by some authorities—and the height of Charles II. was the same—the portrait given by him to Antoine Walsh, the owner of the ship on which he made his journey to Scotland, makes him appear more than 6 feet in height, and the same conclusion is to be drawn from some contemporary

accounts which describe him as taller than any of the chiefs of the Rising. He was in any case a fine figure of a man, upright and dignified, with courtly manners, well fitted to attract the admiration and confirm the loyalty of both male and female supporters. All his education had of course been abroad, and he had not, in 1745, developed those fatal defects of character, and that equally fatal vice, which make his later history such painful reading.

In addressing the grand jury at Edinburgh in 1748 Lord Tinwald referred to the 'certain prospect of a Popish prince and arbitrary government which would necessarily have followed had the Rebellion been attended with success.' We cannot, however, describe Charles as a Popish prince. Though the majority of the Roman Catholics joined him, most of his following were Protestants, and the religious question never came prominently to the front. The Roman Catholics and Episcopalians were for the Stuarts, and the Presbyterians against them, as a general rule. One of Charles's intimates, in reply to a question by another Scot during the Rising, answered that 'the Prince's religion was still to seek,' and he was far too well acquainted with the firm hold of Protestantism in Scotland to reopen a question that had been settled two centuries before. But as to arbitrary government, it cannot be denied that the theory of 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong' was ineradicable from the Stuart tradition, and reappears in the history of Charles Edward, even if circumstances never permitted its full and fatal development. He expected his opinion to settle a question, and when his Council differed from him he resented it. It was the decision of this Council, and not of the Prince, that led to the retreat from Derby, and afterwards I do not recall that Charles ever again called the Council together, though occasionally it met. The decision to retreat after Falkirk was taken by the Council without the Prince being present, and was communicated to him afterwards. He beat his head against the wall at Bannockburn House in rage at receiving such a message, and it was probably his indignation at the action of Lord George Murray on both these occasions that led him to dislike and distrust that finest of his commanders. Difficult and imperious Lord George may have been. He was a tall and robust man who could not suffer fools gladly. When he saw a military position clearly before him his nature did not permit him to compromise, even to flatter his Prince. The Irish adventurers round the Prince who resented Lord George's attitude, and perhaps others whom Lord George had offended by his plain speaking, certainly contrived to instil into the mind of Charles a totally undeserved suspicion of his best general; and in fact there is something to be said for an opinion expressed—I think by Lord

George's A.D.C., the Chevalier de Johnstone—that had the Prince gone to sleep and been awakened at the end of the Rising he would probably have found himself King of England.

On the other hand, if Charles's military judgment is not to be compared with that of Lord George, the innuendo, of which we become occasionally sensible, that Charles was not a brave man appears destitute of all foundation. All through the campaign we find his vote given for the boldest action and the most forward strategy. His courage was shown in his determination, after the collapse of the French invasion, 'to go to Scotland alone with a single servant' rather than not to go at all. It was shown when the 'seven men of Moidart' arrived in Scotland with the proposal to raise the clans against a strong and established Government. It was shown in the surprise of Edinburgh, and again before Prestonpans when he announced his intention of heading the first line of attack in person, and was only dissuaded by the protests of all the chiefs to whom his life or death meant all or nothing. It was Charles who decided the invasion of England, and Charles again who, almost alone of his Council, wished to march on London from Derby. We find him all for fighting at Falkirk, opposed to the subsequent retreat, and hotly in favour of the night attack on Cumberland at Nairn, and even of its prosecution when the miscalculated length—and how common the error is—of a night march had shown that a surprise at dawn was hopeless. It was Charles who stood at Culloden, and if the decision was wrong it was not that of a poltroon. No doubt the story would have been artistically more complete had Charles led the Highland onset that day and died with Macdonald of Keppoch and other heroes, or been carried wounded from the field like the gentle Lochiel; but a prince on whose life a whole cause depends cannot afford to die dramatically from artistic perception of the auspicious moment for romance. The cool and calm resolution which he displayed invariably when surrounded by innumerable dangers during his later wanderings in the West, his imperturable good nature and kindness, his continual hardships suffered without one word of complaint and borne with unflinching fortitude and cheerfulness, testify that the Prince Charlie of the '45 deserved the admiration of all good Jacobites, the fond remembrance of their posterity, and the pathetic songs of Jacobite poets and rhymers.

It is an interesting point, not yet satisfactorily elucidated, why the French Government and the Old Pretender's advisers in France so greatly exaggerated the Jacobite sentiments in England, which were the lure of the march to Derby as they were of the planned French invasion of 1744. A list dated November 1743, in the possession of the French Government, gives the names of

seven English dukes and sixty-six other peers devoted to the Jacobite cause. One feels that the list must have been in cold storage for a very considerable time. By such strange information both Cardinal Fleury and M. Amelot appear to have been deceived. The Jacobite Lord Sempill in France, Macgregor (often called Drummond) of Balhaldy at Rome, and Colonel William Cecil at London were amongst the active workers in the Jacobite interest whose names meet us in the French State papers. Between the Jacobites in Scotland and the Old Pretender in Rome, after the 1715 Rising, George Lockhart of Carnwarth up to 1727, then Colonel James Urquhart after 1736, and finally John Murray of Broughton, were the recognised liaison officers, as we might term them now. John Murray turned King's evidence when all was over, and had left a name odious throughout the Highlands, but he did good service as secretary to the Prince until Jacobitism had become a cause that was lost.

Both the French Government and the men about the Old Pretender and his son were certainly misled by all these exaggerated reports from England about Jacobite sympathies. The whole plan of invasion in 1744 aimed at the capture of London, in the expectation that with the loss of the capital the Hanoverian dynasty would fall and England acclaim the Stuarts. The part allotted to the Scottish Jacobites in this plan was scarcely mentioned. Some 3000 French soldiers were to join them in two groups, but no plan of campaign in the North had been arranged. The peculiarities of the Channel in the days of sailing ships, the normal direction of the winds at different seasons, the absence of good French harbours east of Brest—one of the main reasons for the long immunity of England from invasion—seem to have been ignored, while the possibility that England could rapidly assemble such a fleet as was collected under Admiral Sir John Norris, old 'Foul-weather Jack,' was never realised. We must suppose that the Jacobites in England exaggerated the Jacobite feeling in order to encourage the French Court to strike a blow, and that they were either deceived themselves, or deceived Sempill and the French, about the real sentiment of the English Jacobites. The Stuart dynasty had a sentiment and a romance attaching to it which the Hanoverian dynasty at this time utterly lacked. There were many Jacobites intellectually and socially, but it was one thing to drink to 'the King over the water' and another to risk life and land and goods by taking the field. One report from England which advised that the French should not come during the winter, because the English would not mount and face the hardship of a campaign at such a season, was indicative of the scant enthusiasm of the Jacobites in England. As a matter of fact, no Jacobite would commit himself on paper, and, except a

few—very few—Jacobite gentry like Towneley and a handful of the lower classes in Manchester, scarcely any English joined the Prince when he marched through England. Wales, whence help was expected, remained equally passive. Prince Charlie's real supporters were the Highlanders and the chiefs of certain clans, who could not place more than 10,000 men in the field. The failure to launch the French invasion from Brest upon Western Scotland instead of from Dunkirk upon the Channel, and to send arms and money with it, was the initial cause of the eventual collapse of the whole enterprise.

The Scottish people, few as they were, were eminently martial, and had beaten English armies from Bannockburn to Falkirk more often and more severely than any foreign race. After 1715 there had been a *nominal* disarmament, but the Highlanders had kept and concealed their best arms while the Lowlanders had obeyed the orders of the Government. Had the Highlanders been united they might have brought 20,000 men into the field, but Lord Reay's Mackays, Lord Sutherland's men, most of the Macleods of Assint, Lord Fortrose's (Seaforth) retainers, Macleod of Macleod and all whom he could influence in the Western Islands, the few Mackintoshes who followed their laird instead of his valiant lady, some of the Grants in Strathspey and Glenlivat, with nearly all the Campbells, who could place more men in the field than any other clan, stood for the Government against the Prince. All the places of strength in the North, like Stirling and Edinburgh Castles, Forts William and Augustus, were occupied by the Government.

A line, convex towards the east, between the Moray Firth and Dumbarton marked the dividing line between the Highlands and the Lowlands. In area the two parts were nearly equal, but in population the Highlands contained only one-eighth of the inhabitants of Scotland. They had no cities nor populous towns, little trade, commerce, or manufacture except for local needs, and very little agriculture. The Highlanders lived chiefly on their black cattle and various preparations of milk, and upon salmon and game, and were an uncommonly hardy folk inured to exposure and to arms. The chief of each clan was magistrate, judge, and general combined, and his will was usually law. Each clan formed a regiment by itself, and the spirit of clanship created a discipline of its own.

In 1745 the clans marched in column with a front of three men and became a line by turning to the right or left. In line formation the chief of the clan was in front, supported by his sons or nearest relatives and attendants, and the same rule was followed by the other officers who were all in front, while behind stood their men, also ranked by families, who formed separate fighting groups very formidable at close quarters. In the attack the High-

landers formed two or more lines, three deep, and at short distance from one another. There was no manoeuvring. The lines rushed upon the enemy. When within range every musket was fired, and then the Highlanders, throwing their muskets down, went in with claymore and target, the latter on the left arm, and often there was a dirk in the left hand. Against regular troops the extraordinary rapidity of the advance, the fierce and wild aspect, the savage cries, the music of the pipes, the strangeness of the Highland garb, and the knowledge that on closing the sword, dirk, and target were superior to the bayonet for close fighting, inspired terror. The danger was all in the effect of the first fierce and furious rush. If it failed there was rarely a recovery, but it needed steady, seasoned troops to make it fail, and even these were often broken. It had been supposed, after Sheriffmuir, that Highlanders feared cavalry, but a different story was told at Prestonpans, at Clifton, and at Falkirk, while at Culloden the English cavalry were wisely reserved for pursuit.

Reports by observers of the first arrival of the Highlanders in Edinburgh and of the scene during the reading of the Old Pretender's declaration at the Cross show that the initial armament of the clans was most imperfect. There was every sort of steel weapon, including scythes fixed on poles, and many muskets were more fit for museums than for the field. The arms captured at High Bridge from the Royal Scots by Macdonald of Tierndreich, the muskets of Cope, nearly all of which fell into Scottish hands, the French arms (whichcame in small quantities), and the captures of weapons at Carlisle and elsewhere must have improved the Highland armament as months went by. But it was never in firearms that the strength of the rebels resided; still less was it in artillery, which was, on the whole, an encumbrance, though the possession of guns may have produced some good moral effect on the Highlanders themselves. There were some small bodies of cavalry under Elcho, Balmerino, and Bagot, formed mainly by gentlemen, but they were always outnumbered as well as overworked. The FitzJames regiment of horse which came from France with their horse furniture were mostly captured on the way by English cruisers, and horses for those who ran the blockade were hard to find. In the matter of cavalry Prince Charlie was in a far inferior position to Mar in 1715. It was when the claymore and the target could get on terms with the English infantry by a surprise at dawn, or by an attack in bad weather, that the Highlanders were most formidable. We have seen the Ghazis and the Dervishes imitate Highland tactics, not by any means always without success, even against modern rifles.

A most fatal weakness in the Prince's little army was the custom of desertion. A thousand men deserted during the first marches

into England, for a trans-border expedition was not popular. After a victory, for reasons already stated, large numbers of men went home with what loot they could collect, and at Culloden, for a variety of reasons, amongst which a bad commissariat and want of money went for much, many thousand men were absent from the battlefield. Another misfortune for Prince Charlie was that his victories were gained in the open field, and not in passes of Killiekrankie or similarly favoured spots for the tactics of mountaineers. The successes led many to rate the English low and to consider that they would always be beaten. Had the Prince's army instead of standing in its last battle crossed the waters of the Nairn and developed a war of partisans amongst the hills before their spirit was broken by Culloden and the severities which followed it, there is no saying that it might not have wearied out the Duke of Cumberland's English and the 5000 Hessians who had joined his command. We understand, if we cannot approve, the march into England, knowing the exalted expectations of Jacobite support there, but, wise long after the event, we recognise that had the Prince after Prestonpans concentrated upon the subjugation of the Whig party and clans, and then have taken more advantage of the peculiarities of Scottish topography, strange events might have happened. Full use was never made of the Highlanders in circumstances best suited to their country and their tactics. But such observations are worth little after the event. The adventure was a great one. It moved England as few other events have moved it, and nothing else was talked about. It thrilled the Continent and aroused enthusiasm in the King of Prussia, who was no bad judge of a man or a campaign. Such as the strategy was it was selected from alternatives open to Charles, and by the best of the evidence that the nature of the case admitted at the time.

We must place Lord George Murray easily first amongst the Jacobite leaders in point of military competence and fitness for high command, while his personal courage in battle was of a very high order, and he always went into action at the head of the Athol men. Next to him, Cameron of Lochiel, Cluny Macpherson, the chiefs of the Macdonalds—especially Keppoch—the Duke of Perth, and old Lord Pitsligo, were amongst the most appreciated of the leading characters, while Elphinstone Lord Balmerino, by his good service in the field and his firm bearing on the scaffold, made his memory much beloved. Simon Lord Lovat was an old man in 1745, and did not assemble his Frasers until after Prestonpans had been fought. He was one of the most remarkable characters of those times, and had lived a life of adventure without parallel even in an adventurous age. It is impossible to defend his many misdeeds, and hard to name anyone who

trusted him, but it is possible to admire his shrewdness and wit, and the skill with which he defended himself in Westminster Hall. Murray of Broughton's evidence brought him to the block, but Lovat, then aged eighty, fought every point of the case, and his famous if rather crude repartee on the way to the scaffold to the beldame who called him an ugly old Scotch dog and hoped that he would soon lose his head almost makes us condone his iniquities.

Among the subordinates in that gallant Jacobite army a whole host of noble or interesting characters stand out. Lord Lewis Gordon, old Gordon of Glenbucket, Lord George Drummond, Oliphant of Gask, Henry Ker of Graden in Teviotdale, that fearless staff officer and scout, the famous smith, responsible for the equally famous ' Rout of Moy,' and all the humble heroes of the Prince's wanderings, make up but a few of many gallant souls who fought hard or suffered much for their generous enthusiasm. Nor were the ladies at all backward, for Lady Mackintosh, Flora Macdonald, Jenny Cameron, Clementina Walkinshaw, and many others figure in the records, and even more in the romances, which have been written round them. Flora Macdonald was of the Clan Ranald Macdonald. She was a beautiful and noble character, and undoubtedly saved Charles when General Campbell was on the point of capturing him in South Uist. Disguising the Prince in the dress of a woman servant and obtaining from her step-father, Hugh Macdonald, a pass for him to go to Skye as Betty Burke an Irish woman, she crossed with him, and at Portree took leave of him for ever. It is necessary to study how closely Charles was beset at the time to appreciate Flora's services to the cause. She was taken prisoner a few days later, and was very well treated by the English naval officers in charge of her. She became immensely popular in London, where admiration for her conduct was general, while Dr. Johnson, with the inevitable Bozzy, interviewed her later in Skye. She married a son of Macdonald of Kingsbrugh, emigrated to America, had a large family, and returned to end her days in Skye. Those who seek for or invent any love interest in her share in the escape of the Prince are wasting their time.

' Colonel Anne,' Lady Mackintosh, was a Farquharson who married Æneas Mackintosh, twenty-second of Mackintosh, and raised the Mackintoshes for the Prince, while her husband attempted, without success, to help the Government. She was a slender and delicate woman, twenty-two years of age, and, if the French envoy, the Marquis d'Éguilles, is to be trusted, she was very beautiful. She raised 600 men in a fortnight, riding about with pistols in her belt, and was indefatigable in the cause. Her husband, who was captain of one of the independent companies in Government service, was taken prisoner by the Jacobites at

Dornoch and was humorously sent by the Prince to the safe custody of Lady Mackintosh at Moy House. When he was brought before his wife she greeted him with, 'Your servant, Captain,' to which he replied, 'Your servant, Colonel.' The 'Rout of Moy' is one of the tragi-comic incidents of the Rebellion. The Prince was at Moy with a small guard when Loudon heard of his presence there and sent Macleod with 1000 men to seize him. 'Colonel Anne' had a party of half a dozen men out watching, and when the alarm was given one of this little party opened fire, and the others did the same, calling out the names of the clans as though an army were there. In the dark the enemy fell into a panic and fled for miles, tumbling over each other, falling into bad ground, and each thinking that the rebels were at his heels. The 'Rout of Moy' would have been pure comedy had not Macleod's piper, reputed the best in Scotland, been killed by a chance shot in the dark at the first contact.

Miss Jenny Cameron's history, as Andrew Lang once wrote, is a 'mass of confusion,' and little can be made of it. She is said to have been the daughter of Hugh Cameron of Glandessary, and to have been present at the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan. That may well have been, and is generally credited, but that she had 200 well-armed followers and personally led them into action in the Prince's three great battles is another question altogether. For what unknown reason the English labelled her the Prince's mistress cannot be discovered. The same doubt cannot be expressed about Clementina Walkinshaw, for she became in later years, after joining the Prince in France, the mother of Charlotte Walkinshaw, the Countess of Albany, one of the most pathetic figures of this time, who rejoined her father in his worst days and survived him but a few years. The dark-eyed Clementina was the daughter of John Walkinshaw of Barronfield and the niece of Sir Hugh Patterson of Bannockburn House, where the Prince met her, possibly in 1745, certainly in 1746 on his return from England. Allan Ramsay's portrait of her shows an upstanding girl with a fine figure and a face rather distinguished than beautiful. It was probably to her that the Prince gave the toast of the 'Black Eyes' during his wanderings in the West, although his followers put the toast down to a French princess.

The story of 1745 cannot be recalled without some allusion to the alleged massacre of the Highland wounded at Culloden, and to the great severities which followed. The whipping-boy for all these cruelties is still William Duke of Cumberland, whose memory is execrated in Scotland. Cumberland was a pretty good general and a brave man, popular with his troops, and not previously notorious for harshness like his subordinate the 'Hangman' General Hawley. The question whether some order of the Duke's

—possibly caused by some antecedent Jacobite order to the same effect—led to the massacre of wounded Highlanders at Culloden will apparently set English and Scots by the ears till the end of time.

We can clear the ground by dismissing the legend that the order for the massacre was written by the Duke on the back of a nine of diamonds during a debauch. There is, indeed, a card, the eight of diamonds, which figures in the record of these times, but on the back of it is a note of apology from the Duke of Hamilton to the Countess of Yarmouth regretting his inability to wait upon her ladyship owing to a breakdown upon the road. This card has been reproduced by the New Spalding Club in the first volume of the Historical Papers relating to the Jacobite period 1609 to 1750, but has obviously nothing to do with the legend. The nine of diamonds, or at least nine lozenges of identical shape with the diamonds of a pack of playing cards, figure on the arms of the Dalrymples, Earls of Stair, and it was the son of the first earl who is held to have been practically responsible for the massacre of Glencoe. The assumption that the order for the massacre of Glencoe was written on the back of the nine of diamonds, however absurd, may have been a natural popular deduction from the Dalrymple coat of arms, and if this be a mere supposition no better explanation has yet been suggested. No one seems able to prove, on any other hypothesis, why the nine of diamonds goes down to history as 'the curse of Scotland.'

There was an order given by the Duke the day after Culloden for a captain and fifty men to search all cottages in the neighbourhood of the battlefield for rebels. It unfortunately added that 'the officers and men will take notice that the publick orders of the rebels given yesterday were to give us no quarter.' To a Jacobite this order reads like an incentive to massacre, but by others it may quite fairly be construed as a proper warning to give if Prince Charlie had ever given such an order as alleged. But was such order by the rebels ever given? It is not to be found among Lord George Murray's orders which have been preserved at Blair. Lord Balmerino solemnly affirmed before his execution that no such order had been issued. But Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, who was present at Culloden, wrote to his uncle the day after the battle that 'orders were publickly given to the rebel army, the day before the action, that no quarter should be given to our troops. We had an opportunity of avenging ourselves, and I assure you as few prisoners were taken of the Highlanders as possible.' James Ray, in his *Compleat History of the Rebellion*, published in 1749, gives on p. 366 an order purporting to have been issued by Lord George Murray previous to the battle, and stating that the Prince's 'positive orders' are to 'give no quarter to the Elector's troops on

any account whatsoever.' The actual loss of the Highlanders at Culloden has been variously estimated at from 1200 to 2000 men, and in *The Lyon in Mourning* we find many painful and horrible stories of what is supposed to have occurred.

But it is only fair to observe that these stories are very largely reports which have never been subjected to cross-examination or judicial process. That the English did not go out of their way to make prisoners Wolfe's letter admits. That the subsequent cruelties and devastation in the Highlands were the policy of Cumberland, and acceptable to the English Government of George II., does not admit of denial. The Jacobites had fairly frightened the Government in London, and most people when frightened are cruel. The policy of 1715 had failed, and the English Government, like Cumberland, did not intend that another Stuart rising should occur to turn Scotland upside down, to serve the ends of our foreign rivals, and to jeopardise our arms at home and abroad. The measures taken were severe and even barbarous, but they were taken in the spirit of the times, which were harsh. The Disarming and Jurisdiction Acts which followed effected their purposes and broke the powers of chiefs of clans. The abolition of kilts and tartans seems to us now a very tyrannical measure, verging on the ridiculous, but it was obeyed, and when it was rescinded few took advantage of the fact. Rough, harsh, tyrannical, and cruel may have been the proceedings which followed the Rising of 1745, but it is arguable that no other could have opened up for Scotland the brilliant future which has since been hers.

The Forty-Five has a literature of its own, and it takes time to collect. Those who are content with general histories will study their Burton or Andrew Lang, or read over again Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*. Rae for 1715, John Home (1802 edition) in his *History of the Rebellion*, and Ray and Chambers in their contributions are all good, and Home's story especially as admirable as readable. For a short, concise, accurate story Mr. Sanford Terry's chapter in the *Cambridge Modern History* is as good a thing as there is, and to the same author we owe *The Life of the Young Pretender*, *The Rising of 1745*, and *The Forty-Five*.

The best living authority on the period is Dr. W. B. Blaikie, whose *Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart*, *Origins of the Forty-Five*, and *Edinburgh in the Times of Prince Charles* are the productions of a scholar and of a very faithful searcher after truth. In the *Itinerary* we can follow Prince Charlie from first to last during his adventurous journey, and the book contains a useful list of authorities and many valuable appendices and additional notes. Dr. Blaikie's *Forty-Five* contains much from State papers and private archives not very accessible to the average student, as well as many narratives and letters which had escaped previous

investigations. The publication of both these books we owe to the Scottish History Society, to which we have constantly to express our indebtedness for illuminating the past. Dr. Blaikie's book on Edinburgh in 1745 is a little gem, and his collection of portraits of the leading figures of the period is reputed to be only second to Lord Rosebery's.

Among the older books *The Lyon in Mourning*, in three volumes, is a masterpiece of industry and a perfect armoury of Jacobite weapons. It is a series of journals, narratives, notes, and interviews collected by the Rev. Robert Forbes, M.A., Bishop of Ross and Caithness, between the years 1745 and 1775, and touches on all the events of the Rising. This remarkable collection was bought from the widow of Bishop Forbes by Sir Henry Steuart in 1806, and from him it passed to Dr. Robert Chambers by purchase. A third of the collection was published by Chambers in his *Jacobite Memoirs*, and he bequeathed the old Forbes MSS. to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh, who permitted the Scottish History Society to publish the complete work. It is the most remarkable record in existence of the period under notice, but it cannot be said that impartiality is its strong point.

Then we have Andrew Lang's *Prince Charles Edward Stuart the Young Chevalier*, of which there is an illustrated edition published by Goupil, with portraits of some of the leading characters of the time. It is, of course, an excellent book, full of that rare charm of which Lang had the secret. The Hon. Evan Charteris has contributed his quota to the story by editing and annotating David Lord Elcho's *Short Account of the Affairs of Scotland in the Years 1744–1746* from the Gosford Manuscript, and by his *Life of the Duke of Cumberland*. Jacobites may prefer Andrew Henderson's *Life* of the Duke, but the work of Mr. Charteris is excellent and solid. The *Woodhouselee MS.* is a contemporary narrative of events in Edinburgh and districts during the Jacobite occupation, while the *Lockhart Papers* are in two-solid volumes published in 1817, and contain memoirs and comments on affairs in Scotland from 1702 to 1715 by George Lockhart of Carnwarth, already mentioned, and one of the best authorities on this early part of the story. The volumes also contain his secret correspondence with the Old Pretender from 1718 to 1728, and some papers on 1745. Another book of some interest is the Chevalier de Johnstone's *Memoirs of the Rebellion*, published 1820, especially the first part, dealing with the events of the Rebellion itself and his share in it as A.D.C. to Lord George Murray. The *Scots Magazine* of 1745 and 1746 can occasionally be picked up, and is full of interesting things and of contemporary news and comments. The best little book on the attempted French invasion

of 1744, and on the relations between the French Government and the Jacobites, is Commandant Colin's *Louis XV., et les Jacobites*; but we feel that the French archives must contain much more than has yet been brought to light, and that the archives of Rome are still undisturbed.

Murray of Broughton's *Memorials* is another work that we owe to the Scottish History Society. This covers the years 1740–47, and contains not only the memorials themselves, but letters from the Stuart papers at Windsor, from the Record Office and British Museum, and from the French Foreign Office archives, all of which are of much value. Various books, mostly old, tell the story of Lord Lovat's life, or give accounts of the trial of all the rebel lords at Westminster. Flora Macdonald's *Autobiography*, in two volumes, is rather disappointing. It purports to be by her hand and to be edited by her granddaughter. I have already mentioned the *Historical Papers of the Jacobite Period*. They are in two volumes, edited by Colonel James Allardyce for the New Spalding Club, and are indispensable for the 1715 and 1745 periods. The two stout volumes of the *History of the Highland Regiments and Clans*, published in 1887 by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, is a work of much merit, and links up old with later history. Browne's *History of the Highlands* and *Maxwell of Kirkconnell's Narrative* fairly complete the list of works which must be read by anyone who goes seriously into the story, while Mr. Thornton's *Stuart Dynasty* is often consulted by those not clear in their minds on royal genealogies. Lastly comes the Jacobite minstrelsy, with its wit, humour, music, and pathos, and it must be admitted that the Jacobites had almost the monopoly of song, and that all the poets were on their side.

I do not think that anyone will regret making a special study of this time. It is a romance of real life which brings out most prominently the character of the leading men and women of the day. It is replete with historical interest, while loyalty to a losing cause will touch the hearts of mankind to the end of time. It is good to have ideals and to see men strive for them instead of pursuing the sordid modern chase of titles and of money. If the Stuarts, cursed by ill luck, went down at last with Bonnie Prince Charlie, the devotion of the Prince's adherents, their bravery, their admirable tenacity, and their sufferings after defeat touch with a gleam of ancient chivalry the standard of Glenfinnan, and make us read the annals of the Forty-Five with profound, enduring, and very mournful interest.

C. À COURT REPINGTON.

THE SCOPE OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

In all of us there are two beings, says Durkheim. They are never separated, yet they can be distinguished from each other. The one is composed of all the thoughts and feelings that make up our private and intimate lives; the other consists of religious beliefs, moral standards, political convictions, national or professional traditions, and all the other states of mind which we share with the various groups to which we belong. This second layer of personality we are not born with, though we are born with the capacity for it. The ideas, ideals, and convictions of which it consists must be built up in us gradually. With that part of the problem we are concerned at present.

Preparation by a Community for a Community.—The school is the chief means whereby any community prepares its young for membership. But it is not for membership of society in the abstract, or citizenship of an ideal society, that the educational system of a country trains. School life represents the training of an individual for a special society by a special society, and the way in which that society goes about its work will depend upon the result it has in view. Every community has some vague idea of the kind of man or woman it wants to produce, and this determines the nature of its educational effort, its seriousness, quality, breadth, depth, and cost. Office boy, athlete, scholar, economic cog, or thinking citizen—according as we prefer the type we will choose the system.

The Criticism of Social Heritage.—If the prevailing public opinion in a community believes that success in competitive business is the chief end of man, its education will lay little emphasis in its education on social service as an end of life. In saying, then, that the school is the process of training the young for membership of society, we do not mean that it is necessarily arousing in them any devotion to the service of humanity. We mean that it is more or less bringing them into line with the current ideas and standards of the community to which they are destined to belong.

School life is very complex. The curriculum is only one way in which it speaks to the awakening mind of the child. All the information imparted is presented in a context, and through a

medium, which is the whole personality of the teacher, who is thus communicating not only facts, but his interpretation of the facts, his attitude to the facts—that is to say, he is communicating, in these special contexts, his whole philosophy of life. Again, the child's home and his schoolmates and their homes are all contributing suggestions and influences to his growing personality.

All these currents, whether purposely generated by the school or not, meet in the whole of school life, which is thus a little world very sensitive to the spiritual influences agitating the big one. If the community life is inspired with passionate social idealism, so will its education be likewise the breathing into its young people of the same spirit. If the adult generation is fatalistic and discouraged, its education system will likewise infect the rising generation. Cynicism has immense influence on the young. It always seems to them the verdict of superior wisdom, the pronouncement of those ' in the know.' It must be remembered that it is not the ideals that a community or education system talks about, but the ideas they take for granted—the ideas that live in their conscious purposes, that really decide the kind of living they produce. These current interests of the outer world appear in the child's mind as inquiries, prejudices, and budding enthusiasms. On these the school may work powerfully if it has a mind of its own. For they are the raw material of character, which, as we have been told from time immemorial, it is the chief business of the school to train. But character cannot be trained in a vacuum and released ready-made for its task. To give a power of serving society the child must be awakened to the need of perpetually awaking himself to an ever-widening conception of his responsibilities and a progressive criticism of his own social behaviour. He must learn how to grow by developing an ever fuller appreciation of his capacities as a member of society. There must be communicated to him the beginnings of a dynamic social morality.

If the school is to play any effective part in relating the child's interests to the public problems and ideas of his day it will find itself confronted with a two-fold task. Being the means whereby the older generation transmits its experience to the younger, it must do what lies within its power to prevent that older generation fastening its own errors of judgment and moral shortcomings on the children growing up to take its place, and, second, it must give the rising generation visions of ways in which life may be improved by common endeavour ; it must ground them, furthermore, in the faith that underlies the courage of all reformers and pioneers—the belief, however expressed, that ideals are not impossibilities, but laws of the universe, laws the disobedience or neglect of which must be paid for, principles whose reasonableness must ultimately dawn on everyone who can be brought to summon

up the intellectual courage and honesty to face them. The school must give its members the necessary information to enable them to lay hold of the problems of the present competently and confidently; or more accurately, as we are speaking of adolescents, it must train them in getting and using such information and make them feel responsible for so doing. Besides all this, we schoolmasters must make our pupils realise the dependence of ideals on good workmanship, and endeavour to give them the power of giving and appreciating good work. This emphasis marks the difference between idealism and 'mere ideals.' Finally, our training must develop the qualities of perseverance, self-denial, intellectual honesty, and an overmastering enthusiasm for humanity. We must do our best to train our young people to will to serve, and, a task by no means easy now, to believe they can serve their fellow-men.

Our methods will be less abstract, less purely didactic, if we can focus our modern education on the present, its sins and possibilities. The child must be baptised into the present, baptised with the waters of criticism, that he may be cleansed from the original sin, which he inherits mingled with the ideas of his fathers, and baptised with the fire of faith into those aspirations in whose service he will achieve the noblest and happiest life open to a member of his day and generation. The methods and the text-books—aye, and the men—will be forthcoming if we can establish these ends.

The hardest fight of all will be to cure the individual of the feeling that he breathes in with this twentieth century air, the feeling that he is merely a helpless unit played with by immense forces which it is beyond him to understand and to control. This belief is the supreme, dominating heresy of the man in the street. It spells helplessness and fatalism. Our schools must send forth their pupils strong in the faith that it is in their hands to make history on a scale however small or great. The school, then, must help the boy understand the present, and open out for him the future. To-day our educational system seems to prevent his getting into touch with either, and the best educated boy of eighteen is, in his larger social relations, an untutored child, ready to be made the victim of the ancient prejudices, feuds, and other limitations of the group into which he has been born. School and university turn their whole attention backward and exhaust their interests in the past.

The Curriculum and the Present.—It need not be so. History could be made a means of introducing the adolescent to the desperate problems of social and international reconstruction. Economics he must know, as far as the first principles, if he is to appreciate the problems of the modern world, and if he is to grasp

the social question as a whole he should know something of the standpoint of Ruskin and the more humanity respecting forms that social thought has taken of late years. The whole burden of geography is that the nations of the world have been made by nature and modern inventions an interdependent community.

Through the scientific conquest of nature man is always increasing his health, his wealth, and his security, and the boy's school training must at least indicate the immediate problems that are pressing here for solution. Science teaching can very easily become rule of thumb. The consciousness of the many tasks awaiting it can revitalise this study, even for those in the elementary stages. Science belongs to the realm of means rather than ends. It is the servant of whatever aims men choose. The same scientific training equips men for the discovery of chloroform as for poison gas. It can never, therefore, be a substitute for the humanities which are concerned with the quality of life. But by increasing our capacity to harm or help each other, by loading our ends with more far-reaching and drastic consequences, science is compelling us to choose the better way. This relation to the ends of life needs to be continually made clear if the study of nature is to be appreciated by the student in reference to its place in the scheme of his education.

Literature should introduce a boy into a great spiritual fellowship; but our examination syllabuses, by forcing on children material that is beyond them which they are compelled to memorise *ad nauseam*, closes to many this great source of enjoyment and power. There is nothing so deadly as premature Shakespeare or Wordsworth for slaying a young taste for literature. Another weakness of the modern English syllabus is that there is practically no recognition of the work of living men. For this expense is partly responsible, but the result is that our youth is shut off from work that has that special vitality and appeal which it draws from the fact that it is the finest thought and feeling of those who share the same mental atmosphere, with its perplexities, aspirations, and fears. Mathematics, like science, belongs to the realm of means, but here again geometry and algebra, the calculus and the higher branches, might be more explicitly related to the ends of life much sooner than they usually are. I have ' done ' the calculus for a whole year without gaining the least inkling of what it is meant for. But mathematics stand on their own ground as valuable in themselves as long as accuracy and logical discipline are inexorable conditions of effective brainwork. I have always felt that some such textbook as Mill's *Inductive Logic* should be made an essential part of all secondary school science teaching, and its elementary principles taught explicitly from the very first.

The Teaching of Christianity.—What shall we say of the teaching of divinity? Let us remember that its aim is to grip the vital purposes of the young. It must depend first upon the appeal to the imagination, which is the child's way of grasping the world; later, and not too late, the appeal to reason must be introduced.

We should all agree that the essentials of the good life, which is, after all, the main business of education, can best be discerned in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. But I have always found that with boys the human interest and meaning of His career is lost to them because it has been obliterated by the idea that He was divine, and therefore all things were possible to Him. From the infant class upwards the approach of modern Biblical scholarship must be made the method of our interpretation if the reality of Jesus' life and thought is to be recovered for the young. They must be brought to understand the Lord's earthly work in the full concrete setting of contemporary custom and thought. What a flood of light Gertrude Hollis throws on the parables when she treats them like this in her little book *The Stories Jesus Told*. At present, every schoolboy is an Arian.

The whole aim of our teaching is to persuade the children that the same quality of life with the same motives and convictions can and must be lived under contemporary conditions. When our children, therefore, have won some insight into the life and mind of Jesus of Nazareth we must lift them to the second stage which is Christianity's great venture of faith. This is the belief that God is really like Christ in His dealings with us. The same Jesus now becomes the Companion who is with us in the temptations, perplexities and opportunities, of our day. Herein we find our source of power, and our conviction that what we know He wants is the right thing, and the possible thing, the thing that reality requires. He loves us from the beginning, but His friendship is to be won. Now this friendship implies that we know His mind, and find our intercourse with it, in the daily details of our own work. Living as His followers we must give His purposes to our own contemporary difficulties, so very different in form and setting from those we find Him dealing with in the records of the Gospels. It is the task of religious education to develop the power of bridging that gap between Galilee and the present day.

The first stage of the task is to get our wide, seemingly impersonal, problems of social and international scope back into terms of personal dealings. The problem of loving one's neighbour as oneself is no longer a matter of dealing with personal acquaintances. Our neighbours are determined for us by science, by industrial organisation, by international relationships. They live in other industries, other social spheres, other nations, sometimes almost in other worlds of thought. Our neighbours are German shopkeepers,

French peasants, Australian fruitgrowers, Welsh coalminers. What we do affects them for good or ill. The supreme Christian duty needs all the information, constructive imagination, and scientific method we can bring to its progressive fulfilment. The actual teaching of religion in school must open out into these things. The methods required by this new conception cannot be discussed in detail here—they must, in fact, be built up tentatively; but one point must be mentioned. We cannot, as Somervell and Gollancz point out, restrict our teaching to the Bible without leaving the boys with a notion that Christianity is an event which has happened in a world intellectually and socially utterly remote, under conditions absolutely different from those of the present day. Many of the current ideas—Jewish nationalism and the apocalyptic expectations, for example—handled in the Gospels are those of a world so different that only real scholarship can make these notions live again. If Christianity is to be a force constructive of the present, its characteristic ideas must be traced to their present forms as fighting issues in the world of to-day. It must be shown, for example, in how many ways social organisation is required for the task of loving our neighbours as well as we can. Our students must realise the connection of all our modern forms of 'long range morality' with the elementary gospel principles, if they are to have the guidance and the assurance of their religious faith in grasping the problems of the modern world.

Mr. Somervell has brilliantly carried out his own idea in *A Short History of Our Faith*, a book admirably suited to the upper forms of schools, as I know from experience. He follows the great Christian principles in all their forms and conflicts till he leaves the youth confronted with the problems of his own day in their setting as religious issues. There is room for a still more elementary treatment of the same idea. In order to give one sixth form a Christian conception of society in a way that they would not merely passively accept, I took them for a term's Scripture lessons in the philosophy of Karl Marx. Some were interested, some were angry, but they all gave a 'positive reaction' of some sort, which is more than can usually be said for the divinity period.

A Unity of Meaning.—Religion is a slightly harmful emotional luxury, if it be not transforming the day's work. There is always the danger of our using it as most people use fiction—as a refuge from reality, a region where the impossible can happen. But the Christian is committed to the belief that the impossible can become the actual. Religion in school, therefore, is a side issue, a self-confessed futility, if it does not penetrate the whole curriculum. The means of living must be knit to the ends of life. This does not involve twisting the conclusions of special sciences

to fit in with any special form of theology. Intellectual morality is just as holy in the sight of God as any other form. The child must learn from mathematics to think logically for the sake of the kingdom; for its sake he must learn to understand the great men of history that he may feel the comradeship of their courage, devotion, and originality in the tasks that await him. Science is given to him that he may deliver his fellows from poverty, sickness, danger and anxiety, and economics that he may help to reorganise society so that men may work together in justice and efficiency for the good of the community. These are diversity of operations, but the same spirit must penetrate them all, and we shall not get Christian education merely through introducing Scripture as a side-line along with other subjects to be taken more seriously because they count in the examinations. We shall get it only when our whole system takes serious account of Christ's idea of life's purpose, which is devotion to the kingdom of God. In the light of this motive all artificial distinctions about the concern of Christianity with the redemption of society—such misleading antitheses as that between this world and the next, between inner and outer, individual and social, etc.—will fade out in the task of loving the world and our fellows as best we can.

A Brotherhood of all Idealists.—This religious interpretation will give to the curriculum the unity of meaning it at present lacks. Another very important practical result will ensue—to wit, a deeper sense of unity among all kinds of idealists. Just because we have to permit specialisation in boyhood, and because men's training and interests start so soon to carry them apart and keep them apart, we need some means of giving them the steady conviction that they are all engaged on the same task. Just as we need unity of purpose to get the different parts of training in right relation to each other, even more we need conscious unity of purpose to make our boys feel while they are yet together that they are fellow-workers for ever. The doctor, the business man, the artisan, the judge can at school be made to feel themselves a band of brothers working for a common object in a common spirit. The spirit will be religion—it can be nothing short of that—and the unifying idea the kingdom of God here and now. Only through this sense of common dedication can we get a sense of brotherhood running through the conflicting opinion and the different mental habits of the different kinds of workers in society. Life soon puts us into pigeon-holes. We must try to give this spirit of community in youth before the habits of selfishness and self-defence have hardened our young people, and before the more advanced stages of their training have taken them down their separate roads.

Close-fitting Aims.—We shall need to fit our expression of

ideals closely round the day's work; for each of our budding specialists must be started on the path of finding the will of God in terms of his own profession. He must be brought to set himself the task of expressing his own special work in terms of a brave and reasonable life of self-devotion, must be set at the entrance to a world of efficient and workmanlike enthusiasms, carrying with it its own joys more healthy, constant, and trustworthy than any derived from cheaper sources. The lad deciding on architecture will have his face set against the shoddy and the vulgar, and only the sound work and sincere designs will issue from his hand; the politician will be set the standard of the unflinching service of the common good; honour, chivalry, and service will mark the business man's use of his economic power. These things strike home to the young. Their minds can grasp idealism as the logic of nature. It is later that they encounter bad conventions which seem to shut off ideals into the world of pure imagination.

The Logic of Idealism.—Through all this practical idealism, with its fighting and self-sacrifice, there must move through the mind of the fighter the commanding presence of Jesus of Nazareth; for the decision he represents will have to be made sooner or later. Social progress depends on men who are prepared to break with things as they are for the sake of things as they might be. Ideals are not dreams: they are God's reasonings; they are absolute values. The universe is more or less of a system even now, and when ideals are established wholly or partially for a society they pay—pay in cash or happiness currency; but they do not pay the men who win them, for they are to be won only by fighting society for the love of society. In the growing sense of His presence idealists need to find the coming of a peace past understanding, and their reward in a friendship won by gallantly and thoroughly loving humanity.

Difficulties.—Our treatment would stand convicted of neglecting the realities of the situation if we omitted some consideration of the difficulties ahead. The realisations of our purposes demand the spirit of discipline, self-sacrifice, and a certain power of initiative or self-government. The first is fairly well provided for in our present training. The second not so well. The corporate spirit in school life develops self-sacrifice in many, but it is easy to exaggerate the amount of unselfishness required by games. Still, all team work requires some. But games will not take the place of wider enthusiasms which must arise from reading, or personal contact with inspiring personalities in class-room, school societies, or leisure.

Initiative.—The last quality, the capacity for self-government, we are just beginning to think about facing. The difficulties of making a start are enormous. The innate power of initiative and self-government is rare enough in men. Boys are even more

under the dominion of the herd instinct. They are, as men are, naturally lazy where their outlook fails, and they do not see the good of working. They are short-sighted, living very much in the present; yet hardy pioneers have made an encouraging beginning. It is the transition from one system of discipline to another that is the supreme difficulty, and it is always open to the faint-hearted or impatient to break off in the early stages with a confession of failure. But fatalism is an unsound hypothesis in dealing with human nature, which is just what we can change; and boys, it would seem, do come to appreciate the meaning of the burden being placed upon them when they are made partly responsible for their own discipline.

We may fairly begin with the assumption of the failure of the present system as a training in initiative and responsibility. Even at our public schools very few boys, comparatively, become prefects or captains of teams. The others are content with the *rôle* of hero-worship, and the interests and standards of the special herd of which they happen to find themselves members. Our present system gives very few starting points for any movements in the direction of stimulating the instinct and developing the power of self-government in boys. There is much up-hill work to be done before the need for it penetrates to the unimaginative master and the average boy. Yet of course the development of initiative is the first essential for the highest kind of moral and spiritual life. Furthermore, it is natural; and because the absence of any such training is an old established weakness of our educational system, which we venture to think is throughout rather a lazy-minded scheme, we must not infer that it lies altogether outside the possible order of things.

Examinations.—Then the examination system. Undoubtedly examinations are absolutely necessary for the average boy and the average master. What is needed here is reform in the type of examinations rather than the abolition of the system. The usual kind we have to work our boys for do not permit of master or boy showing much originality, they make all spontaneity very dangerous, and they cultivate an intellectual 'slave morality.' These memory tests are substitutes for intelligent purpose and sincere enthusiasm. They suit the mind capable of doing conscientiously what it does not see the use of, but they make impossible, or almost impossible, any devotion to the work for the work's sake.

The Parent.—Then the best work of the most inspired teacher can nearly always be swept in ruin from the child's mind by a parental breakfast table explosion. The father is the oracle, and the paternal prejudices necessarily bound most children's moral horizons. Yet human progress consists in revising our

fathers' opinions. Non-departmental schools must fear their parents unless they can agree to believe in certain things sufficiently to stand together for them. Departmental schools too often lack spiritual personality of any kind.

Expense.—Then there is expense. Our boys are apt to leave just when it becomes possible to commence their social education. The elementary stages must necessarily be preoccupied with the mechanics of learning. Little that requires reflection, comparison, or any use of abstract ideas is possible before about fifteen. We have shirked the expense and the trouble of trying to give the 'masses' a decent training in the humanities, and we are going to pay for it even in cash. Those who have ordered things exclusively so that there may never be wanting a succession of office boys will live to wish that they had been willing to pay for training citizens to deal with the larger issues of life.

Little can be done in the elementary stage to give boys an understanding of themselves or the society to which they belong. But from about sixteen one can make much the same demands from a boy's mind as from a man's. His curiosity is keener. His mind is not shut in between barriers of self-interest, his intellect is more open to new ideas than it will be after thirty. But in the case of most boys we cannot yet claim those years in which we might make the young understand what education is for.

The Right Men.—The supreme difficulty, however, has come to be recruiting the right men as teachers. The school is the most important means whereby society from one generation to another can transcend itself. From internal and external dangers the community can save itself only by the trained capacity of the average man for large ideals. These can only be communicated by those who have them ; they cannot be formally taught. Inspired teaching alone can break the entail of a community's original sin. The public schools have never lost sight of the fact that their chief purpose was to produce life of good quality. This they can only communicate from one generation to another. But they are finding it hard to staff themselves from men trained in their traditions. This, to them, is a matter of life and death. A spiritual tradition which is failing to carry itself on is not damned nor doomed—it is dying. The cause of this is the unsatisfactory economic condition of the teaching profession, made all the more bitter to the teacher because he realises the truth of the commonplaces about the responsibilities of his profession, and realises how far society is from facing the implications of the 'tags' it utters. When a man has received an education which opens out to him wide possibilities, it is hard for him to face genteel poverty, but not impossible if he can consider himself alone. But there are certain economic sacrifices which no man who marries, or who

hopes to marry, is justified in making. These involve the prospects of his children, and the health of his wife. Having had a good education himself, he demands it for his family, and a good education must always be expensive, for it means the long-continued work of highly-trained men.

Such reward is his due. Such a standard is the only condition on which we will get men who can make a difference to the spiritual life of the country. Our education system will never be efficient or sincere in this respect until our teachers are paid properly. In one department—namely, justice—the community does realise the need of transcending itself. It must add another department—education. Just as an ordinary man who becomes a judge or an Indian civil servant feels himself lifted to a high level of service by the traditions of his office, and the great common expectations of him, so the teacher, too, must be able to feel the tremendous sustaining power of a high public demand upon him, and be sustained in his standards of work by public expectation and respect. This professional status will be the chief power in selecting the men whose ideals are of the very tissue of their lives. But the meanest form of dishonesty is to take economic advantage of a man's ideals. In the classroom to-day we need the men who can win for us a worthier to-morrow. We must deal with them sincerely to get them there.

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ANOTHER STUDY IN LIFE-VALUES

SOME months ago, when collecting materials for the study of longevity published in *The Nineteenth Century* last March, it occurred to me that it might be a useful, if a tedious, task to ascertain the class of life from which distinguished men were drawn, and the trade or profession which their fathers had followed.

On thinking the matter over I realised the certainty that such an inquiry would involve a good deal of labour and the possibility that it might yield merely inconclusive results. But a preliminary investigation seemed not unpromising, and in the end I decided that it was at least worth trying.

The method adopted was simple. I wrote down first the names of such distinguished men, of any time, place, or occupation, as occurred to me, and then added a list compiled from a manual of literature, and another from a small dictionary of general biography. In each case the name selected was put in its appropriate category: poetry, philosophy, science, history, engineering, art, music, exploration, commerce, and so on.

To these were added the Archbishops of Canterbury for the last three centuries and the Lord Chancellors and Speakers for the past 150 years or so. Most of the Prime Ministers were already included among the statesmen; and I thus had a list of men who had got to the top in Church and State, as well as those who had greatly distinguished themselves in other walks of life. Otherwise very little discrimination was exercised, except that, after some hesitation, I excluded a rather promising collection of criminals and substituted a few living politicians.

These totalled altogether over 600 names, which seemed sufficient for my purpose. The list was a little overweighted with poets, and deficient in engineers, musicians, and business men; but I doubt if this made any real difference to the result, for what concerned me was the position of the father, not the achievement of the son. In very few cases did I know the occupation of the parent; and in some which I thought I knew the impression proved wrong—a lesson in the wisdom of the old saw about verifying one's references.

I then proceeded to look up the parentage of these distinguished

men in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the (in this connection at least) more reticent *Who's Who*—a dull and dusty job.

Some of the names dropped out, as the occupation of the father was not given in every case; but it will be satisfactory to the moralist that only three had to be omitted on account of illegitimacy.[1] Altogether there remained 546 names.

Of these 114 were of upper-class birth, 379 of middle-class birth, and 53 of lower-class birth.

Of the 114 upper-class representatives 48 were rather definitely aristocratic, and 66 of the squire or country gentleman type. But it was not always possible to be certain which was the more appropriate category, and this subdivision must therefore be regarded as a somewhat rough approximation.

Of the 379 men of middle-class birth 203 came from the professions and arts, 122 from trade, 32 from military or naval stock, and 22 from the farm.

Of the 53 of lower-class birth 10 were of definitely peasant stock, 7 sons of weavers, 3 of servile origin, 2 sons of sailors, and only 1 of mining ancestry. The deficiency in these last two categories was surprising; but the sailors in my middle-class list—admirals, naval captains and so on—were also deficient in famous sons. The remainder of the lower-class group were sons of artisans or others engaged in humble employment.

If the above list can be taken as typical, it would seem that, speaking generally, of 100 eminent men 20 will be of gentle birth, 43 sprung from the learned professions or fighting services, 22 of commercial stock, 10 of humble origin, and 4 of farming ancestry.

Most of the men in my list were Englishmen, but there were a considerable number of Frenchmen, a fair sprinkling of Germans, and a few Italians, Spaniards, and Russians. There were no indications that a more extended list from any of these countries would have made any perceptible difference to the result, except that a longer list of soldiers—of whom I had only 20—would slightly have increased the proportion of the upper class. On the other hand, a larger selection of Americans, particularly the Presidents—of whom I had only two, Washington and Lincoln—would have restored the preponderance of the middle class.

In order to check the trustworthiness of these results, another and much shorter list was constructed. I adopted the simple expedient of taking a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* at random and noting down practically every name, only omitting

[1] Despite the proverb, really notable bastards are few. I must have looked up altogether about a thousand of the greatest names in the world's history; the only very eminent man of illegitimate birth was Leonardo da Vinci. William the Conqueror might be added, but this inquiry is not concerned with kings.

those whose ancestry was not given or who were already in the first general list.

A total of 80 rather less eminent men was thus obtained. Of these 19 belonged to the upper class, 25 to the professional middle class, 18 to the trading middle class, 3 were sons of farmers, and 15 of humble birth.

Out of 100 eminent men in this second dredging, then, 24 would come from the upper class, 31 from the professions, 22 from trade, 19 from humble stock, and 4 from farming ancestry.

The correspondence of proportions in the two lists was sufficiently, and in some cases startlingly, close. There was clearly some definite law of selection underlying these figures.

It then occurred to me that a further check upon the figures might be provided by the Papacy—an institution which, at any rate in theory, is open to all men in a profession recruited from all classes, and in which the rule of celibacy necessarily forbids any hereditary succession.[2]

But unfortunately a reference to history showed that practice diverged rather sharply from theory. When the institution was obscure the occupant was obscure; but as the institution grew in power the Popes were drawn from a higher social rank. St. Peter was a peasant, Callistus (218) a slave, but Gregory the Great (590) a noble. After a time the Popes were either members or puppets of a ruling house; of a preliminary list of 42 I found that 31 were of noble, 7 of humble, birth, 1 the son of a doctor, and 1 of a professor. This check was therefore of no significance; the infallibility of the Pope does not extend to statistical comparisons.

The subdivisions of my list may be of interest. The order in which the professions rank as sires of distinguished sons is:

Lawyers	63
Clergy	62
Soldiers	26
Artists	16
Doctors	15
Professors and schoolmasters	14
Musicians	7
Bureaucrats	7
Sailors	5

No other category reaches 5, but if we add clerks, accountants, and other office employees to the State officials, then this class numbers 12. All my 100 odd authors, I regret to say,

[2] I discovered, however, that Innocent I. (402) was the son, and Gregory the Great (590) the grandson, of a pope. This was before the enforcement of the rule of celibacy; had it not been for that rule, the Papacy might therefore have become hereditary.

only number 3 distinguished sons between them, at which figure they tie with the publishers and booksellers.

The pre-eminence of the lawyers, however, is more apparent than real. There is no doubt that the clergy really top the list, and would have done so but for the celibacy of the Roman priesthood. The high proportion of distinguished sons of the clergy is not confined to England ; it is equally noticeable among the Scots and Germans in my list.

It is impossible to make any precise calculation of the loss which this self-imposed handicap causes France, Italy and Spain ; but my lists show that the English clergy have 56 distinguished sons to English lawyers 44. As 14 of my distinguished men were sons of Latin lawyers, a simple sum in proportion suggests that a celibate clergy has deprived the Latin countries of about 20 distinguished sons in such a list, and that had it not been for this factor the clerical total would have been 82 to the lawyers 63—a decisive superiority.

There is a popular impression that the sons of the clergy turn out badly. I investigated this belief with the callous impartiality of the statistician ; but I am bound to admit that crime is the one field of human activity in which the offspring of the Church are very defective. My museum of rogues and villains is adequate, though not exhaustive ; it contains two or three parsons—including the famous Dr. Dodd, who was hanged for forgery—but the only scoundrels with whom I can debit the sons of the clergy are Cæsar Borgia, the illegitimate son of a Pope, and Titus Oates, and there is a doubt even about his parentage.[3]

I was surprised to find that soldiers, a rather limited class of men, rank so high as sires of distinguished sons. This is partly due to the fact that soldiering is often hereditary, and war a more regular trade than it seems ; but many great men who were not soldiers have been sons of soldiers, and fighting families are often distinguished for more than military ability, but this byeway raises problems which cannot be discussed here.

My figures do the professors and schoolmasters some injustice, for a number at least of the former have suffered, like the clergy, from enforced celibacy. And a curious fact may be cited in support of this consideration. Neither Oxford nor Cambridge, for all their intellectual eminence, has produced distinguished sons. Oxford can only boast the Wartons, the sons of a professor, and Davenant, the son of an innkeeper ; and Cmbridge is in still worse case. None of its professors appears as sire ; and its solitary representative in my list is Jeremy Taylor, the son of a barber.

[3] The clergy and the lawyers are very sparsely represented in my list of criminals. The medical profession, which has produced several notable murderers, is much more fertile soil for the criminologist.

Yet British professors elsewhere—a not very numerous class—have had some brilliant sons; indeed, their children have often been better than their books, which may, or may not, be interpreted as an argument for larger families and fewer lectures. The same reason, therefore, that leads me to place the clergy above the lawyers in a corrected list as begetters of distinguished sons, compels me to rank professors and schoolmasters slightly ahead of physicians.

To me, at least, the most unexpected feature in this professional list is the low place occupied by the doctors. The profession contains about as many members as the lawyers or the clergy; and although they may have been slightly less prolific than the roomy rectories of the past, a higher percentage of doctors marry than of clergy, or, I imagine, lawyers. And, for obvious reasons, a doctor's children have a slight physical advantage over those of other men.

It will hardly be suggested that a doctor, whose training is certainly more arduous than that of a clergyman or a lawyer, is less intelligent than his fellows in those other professions; and he should therefore produce at least as famous sons. It is true that Aristotle and Darwin, both men in the supreme rank, were sons of physicians; but, apart from these assuredly magnificent exceptions, each of my lists shows that medicine is inferior to either law or the Church as a parent of genius. The dentists are not represented at all.

It does not in the least account for this curious deficiency to say that doctors often follow in their fathers' footsteps, for these hereditary tendencies are also noticeable in the other professions. Some slight influence may be accorded to the fact that the medical profession is less adequately treated in the biographical dictionaries than other vocations—every wretched little poet or essayist, for instance, is in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and the official preferments open to lawyers and ecclesiastics have no counterpart among the physicians—but this does not account for the general deficiency of doctors as sires of statesmen, artists, poets and philosophers. I am bound to record the fact; I must also admit that I have sought, and failed to find, an explanation. Perhaps the British Medical Association will suggest the answer.

The high position of the artists in my list is partly due to heredity. The son often follows, and occasionally surpasses, his father; but the artists have also produced a musician, a minor poet, 2 novelists, and even a Lord Chancellor. On the whole, and in spite of the proverbial reputation of Bohemia, an unborn celebrity might do worse than choose an artist for his father. In view of their numerical inferiority, they rank exceptionally high.

Artists, however, do not appear to beget either scientists or philosophers; and beauty is thus divorced from truth in life, if

not in poetry. The men of science are the most eclectic in my list, being derived from the gentry, farmers, parsons, lawyers, medicine, trade, and the cottage; but the clergy are decisively first as the parents of philosophers. The Church, however, would probably repudiate two at least of its metaphysical offspring, for both Hobbes and Nietzsche were sons of the clergy.

The figures for commercial parentage cannot be satisfactorily tabulated, a large number being described simply as merchants or shopkeepers. But of those who are more definitely labelled the list is headed by 13 in the drapery or clothing trade and 5 tailors: the proverb that it takes nine tailors to make a man is obviously a base libel. Hotel-keepers number 4, and barbers 3: Jeremy Taylor, J. M. W. Turner, and Mr. Sydney Webb. The provision trade seems less distinguished: there are only 2 butchers and 1 baker, and I have failed to discover a single grocer. On the other hand, the brewers have 2, and the millers have produced 2 great artists: Rembrandt and Constable.

Bankers number 4—or, if we include their predecessors the goldsmiths, 7—and stockbrokers 3; while the mighty Gibbon was the son of a successful speculator. (His father made a fortune out of the South Sea Bubble, which was confiscated; he then proceeded to make another.)

But these figures are too small to possess any real significance; and an attempt to distinguish between the producing and distributing occupations broke down entirely. Of actual producers from the soil the farmers with 22, and the peasants with 10, famous sons have no reason to be ashamed of themselves.

The despised and hated *bourgeois* may deserve all that is said of him by the satirist, but at least he has justified his existence as a father. There is a probability, which I should be inclined to estimate very roughly at about three to two, that the distinguished man will be born in the town rather than the country.

But this superiority is not, I think, due to any particular advantage of environment. It arises from the fact that the mercantile and professional classes are so largely represented as sires. Now a merchant is necessarily a townsman, at least by adoption; and, with the distinguished exception of the country clergy, professional men mostly live in cities.

But it may also be said that the towns attract the most active, energetic, and ambitious men from the countryside, and that such men are, on the whole, more likely to produce distinguished sons than the countryman who stays in his own parish. And that consideration seems, on the whole, to derive support from my lists.

I took no special note as a rule of particular towns as the birthplace of genius; it seemed to me futile to do so. But three cities simply forced themselves on my attention by their frequent

recurrence. Athens was one, Florence another, and above all others London.

London has indeed been done some injustice by its historians. They have sung its praises as the haunts of mammon, but to me it is now the city of poets. The country boy comes to London to make his fortune, but, with the exceptions of Sir Thomas Gresham and Mr. McKenna, the great financiers and business men are seldom Cockneys. The greatest sons of London town have been poets ; and a city which can claim Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Pope, Browning, Keats and Swinburne—to say nothing of such minor lights as Ben Jonson, Kyd, Dekker, Shirley, Donne, Herrick, Crashaw and Cowley—and prose-writers like Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Gibbon, Lamb, Ruskin, Newman and Huxley, assuredly need not hang its head in the republic of letters. And I must add that, for some reason which entirely escapes me, Paris, Rome, and Berlin have not played an equivalent part in the production of Continental genius. The literary glory of London is unique, incomparable, and unchallenged.

I must admit that these figures greatly surprised me. I knew, of course, that the inclusion of statesmen and great soldiers and sailors, who are largely drawn from the aristocracy and landed gentry, would give the upper classes a considerable representation. I was rather more vaguely aware that trade had given a great many distinguished sons to the arts and professions—a debt which they have not repaid to commerce ; and it was to be expected that the professions would also contribute their quota.

But I had not anticipated the extraordinary preponderance of the middle classes in my list ; and I should have guessed that far more men in so varied a collection would have risen from humble parentage. These considerations made me draw up two supplementary lists for comparison, which, as mentioned earlier, yielded very similar results, and also set me to a further scrutiny and analysis of my gallant 600.

I found that 24 out of 53 statesmen, 9 out of 20 soldiers, and 5 out of 19 sailors, in my list, were of upper-class origin, altogether 38 out of 92.

Further, 4 out of 19 archbishops, 12 out of 40 other famous ecclesiastics, 4 out of 8 great saints—founders of new orders and so on—and 4 out of 15 explorers were aristocrats.

In these categories, then, 58 out of 159 distinguished men were aristocrats, about one in three.

On the other hand, there were no aristocrats in my short lists of doctors, educationists, or musicians, and only 1 aristocrat out of 40 painters. Five of my philosophers were aristocrats—these were mainly political theorists—and 5 historians, 4 scientists, 4 novelists, and 18 poets (not all of the front rank).

In these categories, therefore, only 37 out of 264 distinguished men were aristocrats.

In the first group, then, 36 per cent. were aristocrats, in the second only 13 per cent. So great a disproportion is obviously too large to be accidental.

Now there is one thing that distinguishes the type which gravitates to the first group from that which finds its proper place in the second: the faculty of organising and taking responsibility, the gift of leading men or masses of men.

This faculty may be found in any rank of society, but it is peculiarly an attribute of the upper class. It is, in fact, very largely because the ancestors of the aristocrat possessed the faculty of leadership that he is an aristocrat at all. And the comparative figures suggest that this faculty is transmitted to, and to some extent becomes instinctive in, the following generations; obviously it influences, and in many cases it dominates, the choice of an aristocrat's career.

The upper-class type tends, then, instinctively to go for those occupations which demand personal and individual responsibility and initiative and leadership. When this faculty of leadership declines, or is, for one reason or another, not effectively exercised, then that particular aristocracy decays, and another takes its place. Its supplanter may not be openly recognised, and may not even recognise itself, as an aristocracy; but it is that nevertheless. The equality of man does not exist in human society.

The totals of my lists show a very considerable preponderance of the middle class. A careful scrutiny shows, however, that this superiority is slightly exaggerated, for the middle class alone draws recruits both from above and below. A distinguished man may, for example, be the son of a lawyer or a clergyman, but the grandson of an aristocrat; both Church and Bar owe a fair number of recruits to the landed class. (Medicine is less indebted to the territorial interest, possibly because it has fewer official appointments, and preferment and privilege can do less for the doctor than for lawyer and parson. It is not, I imagine, so much the certainty of hard work as the lack of great prizes which deters the aristocrat from the service of medicine.)

At the other end of the scale a distinguished man may be the son of a small tradesman, and thus rank as of middle-class birth; but that tradesman himself may be derived from the distinctively lower class of artisans or manual labourers.

I cannot pretend to give any precise estimate of the deduction to be made from the middle-class total under these heads; at the highest, I should not be inclined to place it at more than 10 per cent. net. The gross gain from above and below is apparently somewhat greater, but this gross total is itself subject to a deduction, for the

eminent middle-class lawyer, politician, or merchant, sooner or later joins the upper class, and his sons, if eminent, will rank as aristocrats. The Pitts, Foxes, Peels, and Selbornes are instances in point.

The most unexpected feature of my lists was the extremely small proportion of distinguished men from the lower class: 53 out of 546, or not quite one in ten.

It happens that I have known men of every class in practically every country of Europe, and I should not have suspected there was any decisive difference of mental ability between the aristocrat, the plutocrat, the shopkeeper, and the labourer. Granted that the professions are probably recruited from men slightly above the normal level of intelligence, and that into the submerged tenth there fall the bulk of those below the normal mental level, yet the average mentality of a race seemed to me fairly constant, and on the whole as likely to produce exceptional men in one rank of society as another.

At the outset of this inquiry, indeed, I had a general idea that the numerical superiority of the middle over the upper class, and the still larger numerical superiority of the lower over the middle, would fully compensate for any advantage which social position or wealth gave the aristocracy or plutocracy. The truth is very different. If my figures do nothing else, they at least show how dangerous it is to form theories in advance of facts.

Being, no doubt, an essentially prosaic individual, who is never quite happy unless evidence can be reduced to decimals, I determined to see if a closer scrutiny of the specimens in my biographical museum would throw any light on this puzzle. The quest was not altogether unprofitable.

An analysis of the individuals comprising my lists made me very doubtful whether great wealth is any real asset in the struggle for supreme distinction; on the contrary, from time to time I came across certain sinister indications that it might be a handicap. These matters lie outside the present inquiry, but it is the fact that many, I might say most, of the eminent men in my lists who came of undeniably aristocratic stock were anything but rich. It is the poorer nobility and gentry that provide the most fertile soil for distinction in this class.

Further, among the middle class the sons of professional men are hardly ever overburdened with great possessions; and the genius who comes of commercial stock is mostly of comfortable rather than wealthy parentage.

On the other hand, I had many cases of men of every type who triumphed over relative or absolute poverty and adverse circumstances. Kepler, Inigo Jones, Dickens, and Abraham Lincoln are the almost proverbial examples. Evidently, then, poverty alone will not do as an explanation, at least as a full explanation, of the

paucity of distinguished men from the lower class. It may sometimes stunt and sometimes stimulate the soul; often it obviously sharpens the wits and increases ambition.

Leaving the economic aspect of the problem, therefore, for the moment, I proceeded to inquire whether an analysis of lower-class men who had risen to fame or great position would throw any light on the problem. And now at last the pieces of the puzzle began to fit together.

Commerce was well represented, and this particular list could easily have been enlarged; but it is hardly necessary to give statistical proof that poor men sometimes make fortunes. Apart from trade, there were 4 politicians and 3 archbishops. Canterbury, to judge from my partial lists of Popes, seems slightly more democratic than Rome, but not many great ecclesiastics, either Protestant or Catholic, come from below. One great lawyer was of humble origin, but no great doctor. This last is no doubt due to the long and expensive course of training; but both law and medicine are essentially middle-class professions, with fewer attractions for the youth of the lower class than the Church.

On the more academic side of life philosophers of humble birth were few, and only redeemed by the great name of Kant; poets (not all of front rank), historians, and scientists followed in ascending order. But by far the most numerous of all were the painters, although the musicians would have 'run them close' had my lists not been deficient in that type of genius. There was not one novelist; the making of fiction is essentially a middle-class trade.

Now it can hardly be a mere coincidence that the upper class is fertile, and the lower class infertile, in statesmen, soldiers, and great ecclesiastics, or that the upper class is infertile, and the lower class fertile, in great artists.

The explanation of this distinction is not, I think, very difficult. The aristocrat, as we saw, goes for leadership by instinct; and in this quality the lower class is generally deficient. With one or two conspicuous exceptions, political, military, or religious leaders of plebeian origin are either imitative or revolutionary. Constructive work in Church or State is not, or at least has not been, their *forte*.

Art, however, is not a matter of leadership; it is the product of observation, of insight, and sometimes of imitation—in other words, of emotional perception. And in these matters the man is as good as his master.

The great genius of art and music, and to a less extent of poetry and history, is as likely to come from the lower as the middle or upper strata of society. Other factors of opportunity—will, and expression—which would take too long to analyse here, go to the fruition of genius; but the raw material, which consists of emotional perception, is not a matter of class.

It would be absurd, however, to pretend that these considerations fully explain the decisive inferiority of the lower class in my lists of distinguished men. The causes, no doubt, are many ; but three main factors seem to call for mention.

In the first place, many men of humble birth lift themselves out of the rut, but their ambitions do not rise above a certain level. They distinguish themselves above their fellows and become local lights and celebrities—in which case they gravitate towards the middle class—but fail to obtain supreme distinction. Now, my first list was confined to men of national or international reputation ; and it is significant that in each of my supplementary and shorter lists, which necessarily included men of rather less eminence, the proportion of lower-class representatives increased.

In the second place, the lower class has acquired the habit of obedience to circumstance ; the plebeian is more imitative than the aristocrat or the middle-class man. He is aware of a standard above his own, and so long as he reaches that standard is generally content to copy it. In that case, again, the exceptional lower-class man tends to be absorbed into the class above his own ; and if the family is economically or intellectually ascendant, the second generation will rank as middle class.

And thirdly, the lower class is heavily handicapped by lack of opportunity. There is not, indeed, and I doubt if there has ever been, any conspiracy to keep distinguished men of this class down—except in the case of prominent revolutionaries who attack the rights of property ; on the contrary, there have been many generous patrons who have encouraged obscure talent.

But obviously obscure talent does not always find a patron, and may frequently be discouraged as an aberration in its own narrow circle, where it has few opportunities of the solitary study that is essential to the more brooding type of genius. In that case, unless the will to succeed is quite exceptionally strong, it will wither and die unfruitful. Now the will to succeed is at bottom much the same quality as leadership ; and in this, as we have seen, the lower class is generally deficient.

To these must be added a fourth, and perhaps the most potent, cause of the failure of the lower class to produce its quota of distinguished men.

The lower class does not occupy its position from choice, but necessity. It is at the bottom of the ladder because its ancestors have failed, at least relatively, in the struggle for life ; it is the economically impotent class, which may be, but is not necessarily, the same thing as the intellectually impotent class. This means that in the majority of cases a boy of the lower class leaves school as early as possible, and is put to earn his living immediately.

If he shows talent while still at school, and also manifests quite

early a definite bent to a particular career—two things which do not always go together—he may be picked out and given special training, in which case he may or may not succeed, but at least obtains a chance of success. But if he is not precocious he is probably put to a trade at once, and the chance of distinction for that particular boy practically vanishes.

The formal education which the upper or middle-class boy obtains between fourteen and twenty-one, and which the lower-class boy loses, may be of no great value, but the expansive leisure of those years gives the mind an opportunity of developing on independent lines, which it is unlikely to obtain when the energies are concentrated on the daily task of earning a living. Darwin, for instance, and many other distinguished middle-class men, were very ordinary boys; put to earn a living at fourteen, they would probably have remained very ordinary men.

The ordinary work of the world is done in obedience to economic law, but the supreme work of the world is carried through in defiance of immediate economic considerations; and those who are compelled to bend the neck to circumstance in these formative years seldom emancipate themselves, or reach their full potential stature. Possibly not many would take advantage of, or even be capable of profiting from, a larger opportunity; but certainly not all would fail to utilise it.

Two further points in conclusion. The general results of my division into social classes suggested that, in spite of the spread of education and the at least nominal equality of modern citizenship, the proportion of men of humble ancestry and obscure birth who rise to supreme distinction is not in fact greater to-day than in ancient or mediæval history. We have our Keats, they had their Horace; we our Kant, they their Epictetus. And a reference to Mommsen and Gibbon, whose chapters contain many poor men that reached the summit of success, fully confirmed this impression. Unfortunately it was impossible, or at least I have found it impossible at present, satisfactorily to tabulate the results; but this particular inquiry produced a feeling of the permanence and continuity of essential circumstance and the limitations of human endeavour that was disquieting and not a little disillusioning.

And, finally, my researches left me with the conviction that any society which deliberately persecutes or destroys its upper and middle classes, as in Russia, ensures its own mental sterility; and it must be added that any society—such as our own—which raises the cost of education above the reach of its most intelligent citizens in the middle and lower classes, tolerates a sin, not, indeed, of commission, but of omission, which must stunt and may seriously endanger its full potential development.

A. Wyatt Tilby.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

'If Columbus discovered the new continent, they discovered the New World.' This is the distinction which Goldwin Smith drew between the Plymouth pilgrims of the *Mayflower* and the great Italian mariner. If the Northmen reached the vicinity of Massachusetts by way of Greenland, they left no more impress than a flock of seagulls. The Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru, though professing a passionate zeal for the extension of their religion, were really in search of gold. When missionary enterprise furnished an added motive, as in Paraguay and French Canada, the fur trade and traffic in rum, as well as the kingly thirst of dominion, rather than colonisation in the true sense, seem to have been the dominant motives of French enterprise. The Jesuit did not aim to found a nation. So with the settlement of Virginia, the broken-down gentlemen who were sent on Sir Walter Raleigh's romantic enterprise sought to retrieve their fortunes. They were afterwards added to by convicts who were offered their choice between the gallows and Virginia, and some chose the gallows. 'Some sustaining motive higher than gain was necessary to give man the victory and enable him to make for himself a home in the wilderness and to found a nation.' And such a motive attracted a little train of emigrants, who disembarked from the *Mayflower* on December 22, 1620, landing in midwinter on an inhospitable coast and receiving as their welcome a volley of Indian arrows.

In the voluntary compact drawn up by the pilgrims Goldwin Smith, from whom I quote, detects the seeds of revolution. It breathes, he writes, good-will to the land which the pilgrims had left, though the rulers of that land had cast them out. The Puritans did not say 'Farewell, Babylon,' but 'Farewell, dear England.' They retained not only their love of the old land, but a political tie as well. 'Herein,' he says, 'lay the fatal seeds of misunderstanding, of encroachment on the side of the home Government, a revolt on that of the growing colony, and ultimately of revolution.' Had the Pilgrim Fathers been 'like the Hellenic colonist, taking with him the sacred fire from the altar hearth of his native city,' but free of political

ties, the revolution, with all its pain and suffering, could not have occurred.

To trace the causes leading to the revolution it would be necessary to analyse more than a century of American history. A few broad facts may be lightly touched upon. Puritanism itself, to quote again, 'was everywhere in spirit republican, the tendency to political liberty going hand in hand with religious independence. Unlike the dependencies founded by France and Spain, Massachusetts was from the first practically a republic, though owing allegiance to the King of England.' Lord Say and Sele, Lord Brooke, and other Puritan noblemen were anxious that Massachusetts should institute an hereditary order of nobility and House of Lords. Massachusetts promptly refused and put an end to all hope of hereditary governments on this continent. The New World was committed to the principle of election. The sentiments of Thomas Hooker, embodied in the Constitution of Connecticut, 'the foundation of authority is laid in the free consent of the people that the choice of the public magistrates belongs to the people of God's own allowance, and that they who have the power to appoint officers and magistrates have the right also to set the bounds and limitations of the power and place unto which they call them,' seem to foreshadow some of the principles and phraseology of the Declaration of Independence though pronounced more than a hundred years before.

In 1642 we have the introduction of the federal principle in the federation of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven; the four colonies then existing for defensive purposes against the Dutch in the south, the French Canadian to the north, and the aboriginal Indian tribes. It has been remembered that the language of the instrument of federation 'implied the possession by the contracting parties of independent and sovereign power, such as would enable them to make peace or war.' With the growth of the feeling of self-reliance the strain upon the tie with England became even more perceptible. 'If we in America,' said Winthrop, 'should forbear to unite for offence and defence against a common enemy till we have leave from England, our throats might all be cut before the messenger could be half seas through.' Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut rapidly developed the same feeling of independence. The genius of independence was inherent in the colonies long before the happenings of the events to which the revolution is commonly attributed.

Under the Stuarts royal tyranny had imposed the Roman and Anglican Churches in succession on the colonists, visited them with arbitrary taxation, forced them to repurchase their lands, and subjected them to other annoying and often serious abuses.

In 1688 the tyranny of Parliament succeeded the tyranny of the King. At the dictation of the commercial interests, Parliament passed the Trade and Navigation Acts for the purpose of monopolising the trade of the colonies by keeping them out of the other markets of the world. The idea still prevailed that colonies were intended merely for the benefit of the parent State. Nor were the colonists allowed to carry on certain classes of manufacturing which might compete with the factories of England. The attempts to saddle the establishment of the Church of England on the colonists without regard to their religious preferences was another serious cause of discontent. An additional irritating factor which has not passed unnoticed, even in this country, was an air of superiority adopted towards the colonists. Goldwin Smith, to whom I will often refer, quotes Franklin as saying that every citizen of the imperial country felt himself part of a sovereign, and acted accordingly. I will go no further in referring to the causes leading up to the revolution : Grenville's fiscal laws ; restrictions on trade ; stamp duties ; Townshend's import duties—some intended in part to help pay the expenses of the colonial wars. At last came the tax on tea and the ' Boston Tea Party ' ; but these little events were but the occasion of an outbreak the cause of which had been operating long before.

It has been said that the American Revolution was merely a phase of English party politics in the eighteenth century. W. Stewart Wallace, in his little book *The United Empire Loyalists*, issued in the ' Chronicles of Canada ' series, recalls this remark of John Fisk. The revolution, he adds, was a struggle within the British Empire in which were aligned on one side the American Whigs, supported by the English Whigs, and on the other side the English Tories, supported by the American Tories. The leaders of the Whig Party in England—Charles James Fox, Edmund Burke, Colonel Barre, the great Chatham himself—all championed the cause of the American revolutionists in the English Parliament. There were many cases of Whig officers who refused to serve against the rebels in America. On the other hand, there were thousands of Tories who took a service under the King's banner, and some of the severest defeats which the rebel forces suffered were encountered at their hands. When we add to political antipathies the hatreds aroused by civil war, it becomes easier to understand not only the bitterness of the revolution itself, but the vindictiveness which afterwards refused elementary justice to the defeated Loyalists, robbed them of their property, subjected them to every kind of indignity as well as suffering, and drove them from their homes out to sea or into the wilderness.

It has been said that the War of Independence was not a

revolution, but a war of separation. The distinction seems too fine to be appreciable. While it was an uprising against constituted authority, the Parliament in England was as badly divided as were the colonists themselves. 'Colonial rights, as has been said, had powerful advocates in Parliament. It had Rockingham with Burke at his side. It had Chatham whenever he should emerge from the clouds. British merchants had thronged the lobbies of the House of Commons on the night of the repeal of the Stamp Act and hailed Conway, who moved the repeal, as a delivering angel.' But that was not all. The King was without a general, a War Minister, or an army. Howe, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, though brave, has been described as torpid and half-hearted. Besides, as member of Parliament, he had pledged himself not to fight the Americans. Chatham's place had been filled by Lord George Germains, who was both narrow-minded and bad-tempered. The continental or colonial wars had overwhelmed the nation with a debt of 135 million pounds sterling. England could boast but 16,000 sailors and 17,500 soldiers. The determination of George III. and Lord North to suppress the Americans at any cost was unpopular. An army could not be raised in England, and the King was forced to hire Hessians, foreigners sold by sordid potentates to the British causes to be used against men of British blood. The situation was not unknown to the courts of Europe. France, smarting from the loss of Canada, lost no time in coming to the assistance of the colonies. Spain could not resist striking in the hope of recovering Gibraltar, and Holland, urged on by her maritime jealousies, joined England's foes. Against her were arrayed not only her rebellious colonies, but the greatest military and the three greatest naval Powers of Europe.

We are concerned, however, not so much with the general history of the revolution as with the effect upon the 'friends of the Government,' or 'Loyalists,' as they called themselves—the 'Tories,' as they were stigmatised by the revolutionists. As a struggle between the British and American sections of the Anglo-Saxon race the revolution was marked by all the distressing elements of civil war; as a struggle to the death between fellow-colonists of opposing views it became fratricidal. In intensifying hatred it anticipated many of the features of the civil war which was to follow nearly a century later. At least 50,000 colonists fought on the side of the Crown, and raised their well-known battle cry, '*Pro Rege et Patria*' ('For King and Country'). Interposing themselves between their fellow-colonists and the enemy, as the revolutionists now regarded the Mother Country, they naturally became the object of revolutionist ferocity. The Loyalists did not remain silent under the abuses heaped upon

them. It is recounted in Trevelyan's *American Revolution* that one Loyalist hoped the rebels would swing, another wanted to see blood streaming from the hearts of the rebel leaders, but, failing that, would be content to see them as turnspits in the house of some English noble. The aristocratic Tory Madam Higginson declared that it would be a joy to her to ride through American blood to the hubs of her chariot wheels. 'These partizan amenities,' remarked Goldwin Smith, 'were soon noised abroad, and had no small part in creating the terrible breach in the social union which arrayed father against son, and brother against brother.'

Had an amnesty followed the conclusion of the war, a page of infamy would never have been written. The Loyalists, as was natural, suffered degradations and humiliations and were subjected to many forms of contumely during the various stages of the revolution, but, on the whole, the colonists behaved with restraint and consideration. The holocaust came after they emerged victorious from the struggle, when magnanimity towards the vanquished, besides costing nothing, would have crowned the struggle of the revolutionists with an aureole of light instead of incurring for it the anathema of mankind. Let me again quote my favourite authority:

Civil war as well as international war there will sometimes be, but it ought always to be closed by amnesty. For amnesty Cromwell declared on the morrow of Worcester. Amnesty followed the second civil war in America. The first civil war was followed not by amnesty, but by an outpouring of the vengeance of the victors upon the fallen. Some Royalists were put to death. Many others were despoiled of all they had and driven from their country. Several thousands left New York when it was evacuated by the King's troops. Those who remained underwent violent persecution. Massachusetts banished by name 308 of her people, making death the penalty for a second return; New Hampshire proscribed seventy-six; Pennsylvania attainted nearly 500; Delaware confiscated the property of forty-six; North Carolina of sixty-five and of four mercantile firms; Georgia also passed an Act of Confiscation; that of Maryland was still more sweeping. South Carolina divided the Loyalists into four classes, inflicting a different punishment upon each. Of fifty-nine persons attainted by New York three were married women, guilty probably of nothing but adhering to their husbands, and members of the Council or law officers who were bound in personal honour to be faithful to the Crown. Upon the evacuation of Charleston, as a British officer who was upon the spot stated, the Loyalists were imprisoned, whipped, tarred and feathered, dragged through horse ponds, and carried about the town with 'Tory' on their breasts. All of them were turned out of their houses and plundered, twenty-four of them were hanged upon a gallows facing the quay in sight of the British fleet with the army and refugees on board. Such was the statement of a British officer who was upon the spot, ashore and an eye-witness to the whole. Some of these men, such as Johnson the guerilla leader and Butler, the author of the attack on Wyoming, had been guilty of crimes for which they might justly have suffered under the common law,

though they could not have suffered more justly than some ruffians on the other side. But the mass had been guilty of nothing but fidelity to a lost cause. Honour, we will say with Mr. Sabine, to those who protested; to General Greene, who said that it would be the 'excess of intolerance to persecute men for opinions which twenty years before had been the universal belief of every class of society'; to Alexander Hamilton, who nobly stood up against the torrent of hatred as the advocate of its victims in New York; to John Jay, who said that he 'had no desire to conceal the opinion that to involve the Tories in indiscriminate punishment and ruin would be an instance of unnecessary rigour and unmanly revenge without a parallel except in the annals of religious rage in the time of bigotry and blindness.'

Not satisfied with persecution, the victorious colonists now drove the Loyalists into exile. Eight of the States formally banished prominent Tories by name. Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia took the same course indirectly. If laws were not passed, business and social ostracism were employed with the same end in view. The property of the refugees was confiscated to help out the American cause. The most prominent, which embraced many of the official class, returned to England. Others found refuge in the West Indies, the Bahamas, Canada, New York, Charleston, and other places still under British control. Sixty thousand in all went into exile from 1775 to 1787. The great majority found new homes in Nova Scotia and in Upper and Lower Canada. At the Council Chamber at Quebec on November 9, 1789, during the governorship of Lord Dorchester, an order was passed commanding the various Land Boards to make a register of the names of all persons who had joined the Royal Standard in America before the Treaty of Separation in 1787, as a mark of honour upon the families who had adhered to the unity of the Empire. The 'Old United Empire List' is preserved in the Crown Lands Department at Toronto.

Let me now describe the treck of the exiled Loyalists as they were forced to disperse themselves over the surface of the earth.

When the terms of peace became known, [writes W. Stewart Wallace] tens of thousands of the Loyalists shook the dust of their ungrateful country from their feet, never to return. Of these the more influential part, both during and after the war, sailed for England. The royal officials, the wealthy merchants, landowners, and professional men, the high military officers—these went to England to press their claims for compensation and preferment. The humbler element, for the most part, migrated to the remaining British colonies in North America. About 200 families went to the West Indies, a few to Newfoundland, many to what were afterwards called Upper and Lower Canada, and a vast army to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Referring more particularly to the Empire Loyalists of Ontario, I cannot do better than quote from the late Hon. G. W. Allan's

address during the United Empire Loyalist Centennial Celebration at Toronto, July 3, 1884:

> From whatever point they came, long and weary was the journey which the refugees had to perform before they reached British territory. The majority of them travelled on foot; others who were better off carried their little effects and young children on pack-horses, sometimes bringing their cattle with them. Many bands made their way to Canada by Whitehall, Lake Champlain, Ticonderoga, and Plattsburg, and then, turning southward, proceeded to Cornwall, thence ascending the St. Lawrence, along the north shore of which many of them settled. Some among the earliest of the refugees had sailed round the coast of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and up the St. Lawrence to Sorel, wintering there, and the following spring prosecuting their voyage in boats, until they reached their destination at Kingston, then called Cataraqui. But the most common route from New York and that part of the States taken by the Loyalists was on the Hudson River to Albany, then up a branch of the Hudson called the Mohawk, and by a branch of that river, called Wood Creek, to Oneida Lake, and from Oneida Lake to Lake Ontario, by the Oswego River. Flat bottomed boats, built or purchased by the Loyalists for the purpose, were used for the journey, and some idea may be formed of the arduous nature of that journey when we remember that the boats themselves had to be hauled and all their contents carried over the various portages, which are stated to have amounted altogether, on the whole journey, to more than thirty miles in extent. From Oswego some of the Loyalists coasted along the eastern shore of Lake Ontario to Kingston, and then up the Bay of Quinte; others went westward along the south shore of the lake to Niagara and Queenston; some pursued their course to the head of the lake at Burlington; others made their way up the Niagara River to Queenston, conveyed their boats over the portage of ten or twelve miles to Chippewa, thence up the river and into Lake Erie, and settled in what was called the Long Point country, now the county of Norfolk. The Bay of Quinte was, I believe, among the first to be surveyed and settled, and the settlement of what was then called the Midland District commenced in the summer of 1786.

The articles of peace were signed at Versailles on September 3, 1783. At the capitulation of Yorktown, Washington refused to treat the Loyalists on the same terms as the British regulars, and Cornwallis was forced to smuggle his Loyalist levies out of Yorktown on the ship that carried the news of his surrender to New York.

In the negotiations leading up to the Treaty of Versailles the British Commissioners asked for the complete amnesty for the Loyalists and restitution of their property. The French Minister made the same request. But, as Wallace says, 'success had not taught the rebels the grace of forgiveness.' Both requests were refused. The American Commissioners agreed earnestly to 'recommend to the Legislatures of the respective States a policy of amnesty and restitution.' This was merely a form of words that meant nothing. The American Commissioners were hypocritical, and the British Commissioners spineless. 'In ancient or

in modern history,' said Lord Loughborough in the House of Lords, 'there cannot be found an instance of so shameful a desertion of men who had sacrificed all to their duty and to their reliance upon our faith.' 'It is impossible,' says Wallace, 'not to convict the British Commissioners of betrayal of the Loyalists.' The clauses in the Treaty in favour of the Loyalists were treated as a 'scrap of paper,' and the persecutions became even more bitter than before. It was at this time that Washington said 'he could see nothing better for them than to commit suicide.' If this was the attitude of Washington, not much was to be expected from a nation which had lashed itself into a fury against the 'friends of the Government.'

Something had to be done. 'It is utterly impossible,' wrote Sir Guy Carleton, 'to leave exposed to the rage and violence of these people men of character whose only offence has been their attachment to the King's service.' The British Government had to act, and to act quickly. A Commission was appointed to inquire into the sufferings of the Loyalists for the purpose of affording some of the alleviations which the Americans refused. Many of the most prominent received offices under the Crown. Every Loyalist who wished to do so received a grant of land: each field officer, 5000 acres; each captain, 3000 acres; each subaltern, 2000 acres; and each non-commissioned officer and private, 200 acres. In what was eventually Upper Canada, 3.200,000 acres were granted before 1787. They were clothed and fed as well. Claims were allowed by the Commissioners to the amount of 3,112,455*l*., and it is estimated that Great Britain's outlay on account of the Loyalists, apart altogether from land grants, amounted to 6,000,000*l*. Lord Dorchester (formerly Sir Guy Carleton), in order to put a mark of honour upon the families of Loyalists, proposed in 1789 that all Loyalists were 'to be distinguished by the letters U.E. affixed to their names, alluding to their great principle, the unity of the Empire'; and this was done. England went far to atone for her recreant Commissioners who negotiated the Peace of Versailles.

To estimate the influence exercised by the United Empire Loyalists upon the history of Canada would be to canvass almost every phase of Canadian history since 1784. At the Centennial Celebration before referred to Lieut.-Colonel George T. Denison said, 'It must not be forgotten that all the advantages we have to-day we owe to our ancestors, the United Empire Loyalists'; and I have no doubt that that was his honest conviction. 'In 1812,' he says, 'an attempt was made to annex this country by the people of the United States, and to make us a republican people.' This was a repetition of the struggle between the two forms of government. At that time Upper Canada was a sparsely

settled community, and had about 80,000 population, almost altogether consisting of United Empire Loyalists and their descendants, while the United States had a population of something like ten millions. 'At the end of the fight we had lost not a single inch of Canadian territory, while we had the State of Michigan, and had burned the capital city of our enemies.' There can be no doubt that Canada owes much to the United Empire Loyalists—how much it would be difficult to measure. On the other hand, it is equally without doubt that a great landed aristocracy, an office-holding aristocracy to some extent, was not likely to understand and appreciate the spirit of reform which swept over both Upper and Lower Canada at a later date, and precipitated a serious crisis in our history. The idea that most of the Loyalists were aristocrats has, like the giants of mythology, grown with time. The great majority were of humble origin, and many were illiterate. 'The aristocrats of the "Family Compact" party,' writes Wallace, 'did not come to Canada with the Loyalists in 1783; they came in most cases after 1791, some of them from Britain, such as Bishop Strachan, and some of them from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, such as the Jarvises and the Robinsons. This fact,' he adds, 'is one which serves to explain a great deal in Upper Canadian history.'

The mention of the 'Family Compact' recalls a long period of struggle in our history for constitutional reform, during which the United Empire Loyalists were not all nor always to be found on the side of the people, but under the banner of oligarchy and despotism.

Reading the history of the American revolutionists by the light of Canadian experiences ending in the rebellion of 1837, we may be prepared to make some allowance for their attitude towards the great office-holding class who opposed the separation. On the whole, however, while it is impossible to go as far as Colonel Denison, it will be cheerfully and enthusiastically admitted that we owe to that sturdy stock the very preservation of Canada in the earlier stages of our history, as well as a great deal of the stability of purpose which has placed us where we are, and is reflected in the part our beloved Canada played in the Great War.

F. C. WADE.

CHINA AND THE SPECIAL TARIFF CONFERENCE

THE Washington Conference raised high expectations in China. The Chinese Government sent an imposing delegation, and the Chinese case was well presented and sympathetically received. The resolutions adopted, albeit tentative and cautious, cleared the ground for real progress in the direction of fiscal and administrative reform. If performance has halted on fair promise, the reason must be sought in the conditions obtaining in China, which at the Conference were imperfectly understood. Whether there is any acute feeling of disappointment in the country at large over the actual results obtained from the Conference it would be difficult to say. The Chinese are a patient people, and are not accustomed to look for quick returns. Chinese statesmen, who have nothing to learn in the art of negotiation, probably asked for more than they expected to receive. Certainly, when the Conference ended, there was a general feeling of satisfaction, and if China had gained no more than the settlement of the Shantung question the Conference would have been worth while.

In the matter of the Special Tariff Conference, however, China feels that she has a grievance. She sent her delegates to Washington with very definite ideas on the subject of tariff autonomy. The Washington Conference, attended by foreign statesmen and economists to whom China's flat rate and ridiculously unscientific tariff must have appeared the height of fiscal absurdity, was at least expected to provide a solution more in accordance with modern requirements. This was not even attempted. On the contrary, Washington nailed down the flat rate more securely than before, and the Chinese delegates came back with the conditional promise of half a loaf in the shape of an immediate surtax to be placed on the table with that standing dish the abolition of likin. Needless to say, all China was eager to partake of the promised fare.

The delegates to Washington had hardly dispersed when proposals for the spending of the surtax—altogether premature, seeing that the Special Tariff Conference itself will decide how the collection shall be applied—came thick and fast from many

quarters. Never was there such a counting of unhatched chickens. The Chinese can hardly be blamed for feeling disappointed. Ratification by the contracting Powers of the Treaty relating to the Chinese Customs Tariff was expected to take place as a matter of course without undue delay. Two years and a half have elapsed since the Treaty was signed, and it is not yet ratified by all the signatories. Until all have ratified the Special Tariff Conference cannot assemble. The delay has been unfortunate, because Chinese public opinion has crystallised in the conviction that, on one pretext or another, ratification will be withheld in order to force irrelevant issues and that the Powers were not serious in their promises at Washington. Foreign opinion in China is divided: there are many who deplore the delay which has taken place; others, and possibly the majority, restive in conditions which give cause for much anxiety and not a little resentment, advocate the withholding of the Conference as a lever to enforce good behaviour. This view is general in foreign mercantile quarters and is supported by a considerable section of the foreign Press. Meanwhile the Chinese, disappointed and impatient, have put forward the proposal to hold a preliminary conference pending ratification of the Washington Treaty, and this proposal is now under consideration.

I am not of those who stand on the side of further delay. The advantages of a conference, preliminary or special, in which important questions affecting trade and intercourse will be fully ventilated, seem to be so patent that it is extraordinary that foreign pressure, instead of Chinese impatience, has not been the impelling force. The surtax, if granted and properly expended, cannot but have far-reaching effects of a nature beneficial to Chinese and foreigners alike. The notion that a surtax of 2½ *per centum ad valorem* on foreign imports uniformly collected, every cent of which will ultimately be paid by Chinese consumers, can have any harmful effect on foreign trade is belied by all experience. One advantage, at any rate, pertaining to a small flat rate of duty—and so far as can be seen the only advantage it possesses—is that it enables that rate to be raised with safety within a very wide margin without any danger of affecting appreciably the volume of trade. The surtax, however, and the uses to which it may be put do not lie within the scope of the present article. The subject is already highly controversial, and discussion before the Conference meets would be premature.

Underlying the whole proposal is the question of the abolition of likin, and discussion of the interim provisions to be applied prior to the abolition of likin is not premature. On the contrary, there is no subject on which discussion and clear thinking are more desirable. It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable that atten-

tion has hitherto been directed almost exclusively to the surtax and its employment.

Likin, originally a tax of one-tenth of 1 per cent. on goods in transit, collected as often and at as many points as long-suffering traders will consent to pay, was imposed during the reign of the last dynasty to replenish an exchequer exhausted by the ravages of the Taiping rebellion. Likin furnishes a familiar example of the ease with which indirect taxation can be imposed in China and the difficulty of abolishing a charge which, intended to be temporary, has become established. Probably no word is so familiar to foreign readers of things Chinese as this word 'likin.' It is commonly supposed to be the root of all the evils to which foreign mercantile flesh in China is heir. While this is an exaggeration, likin undoubtedly has been at the bottom of most of the Treaty port disputes between foreign consuls and Chinese local authorities in the past sixty years. Blue-books innumerable have been written on the subject. The archives of every legation, consulate, chamber of commerce, and custom-house in China are swollen with the controversies likin has raised. Several attempts have been made to solve the problem, and all have been equally futile.

Is it possible to abolish likin? No question is more frequently put to those who have any knowledge of Chinese affairs. The answer depends on what is meant by the abolition of likin. If by this phrase is meant the withdrawal by administrative act of the Central Government of the right of provincial authorities to tax goods in transit and *in situ*, the answer is unquestionably No. If, on the other hand, all that is meant is protection for foreign imports from the vexatious delays, unauthorised exactions, uncertainty, and other abuses inherent in this system of taxation, the answer is just as unquestionably in the affirmative—*provided that the mistake initiated by the framers of the* 1858 *Treaties and persisted in for six decades be now corrected.* The proviso has been italicised, because it contains the crux of the whole question, but to understand it a brief digression is necessary.

Previous to the conclusion of treaties with foreign States regulating sea-borne commerce, about the middle of last century, there was no well-defined distinction, in the modern sense, between Central Government and provincial finance. In theory all revenues belonged to the Emperor, but the system of decentralisation pursued under the dynasty, while placing on the provinces the responsibility of raising funds in all national emergencies, allowed to provincial authorities a measure of financial independence which practically amounted to fiscal autonomy. Tribute, in kind and in specie, was remitted at regular periods by the provinces for the expenses of the capital, but at this period China

had contracted no State obligations, foreign or domestic, and the needs of Peking were comparatively few. The provinces rendered statements of revenue drawn up with extraordinary *minutiæ*, fractions of a tael being carried to as many as eight decimal places; these statements, however, were more in the nature of estimates than accounts of cash receipts. So long as reported collections did not show any serious falling off in comparison with the conventional estimate for the revenue concerned, the Board of Revenue was content and no questions were asked. The Board of Revenue functioned rather as a board of audit than a State treasury, and there was no well-marked distinction between the national and the provincial exchequer.

The creation, purely fortuitous, of the Imperial Maritime Customs Administration in 1854 introduced a change, hardly noticed at first, in the financial relations of the provinces with Peking. The revenue it collected flowed into the provincial treasuries it is true, and was reported by provincial treasurers to the Board of Revenue with other revenue collections, but the Maritime Customs rendered statements of cash receipts as opposed to conventional estimates and the foreign inspector-general submitted and published entirely independent returns. It did not take long for the Court to appreciate the fact that here was a golden goose industriously laying eggs in ever-increasing number, unhampered by any conventional restrictions, whose well-being it would be good policy to cherish. Nor were the provincial authorities slow to perceive that an institution set up in their midst and constituting a virtual *imperium in imperio*, whose methods made it possible for Peking to call receipts to their uttermost copper cash, if it were necessary or expedient to do so, might have a very disturbing effect on provincial finance. Not that the Court was exigent: the Maritime Customs receipts remained to a very considerable extent at the disposal of the provincial authorities. But accurate returns, founded on fact instead of fancy, presented possibilities which had not previously entered into the calculations of provincial treasurers, and for the first time set up a well-marked distinction between the provincial and the national exchequer.

By the time that the Treaties of Tientsin were ready for signature the Imperial Maritime Customs Administration was four years old and showed every sign of vigorous growth. The late Sir Robert Hart, who for fifty years was to mould and guide its destinies, was about to take up an important post in the service. The Treaties recognised the existence of this anomalous institution, and it was generally felt that on it depended the proper fulfilment of those clauses which dealt with the conduct of trade. It may with confidence be assumed that the foreign negotiators regarded the Maritime Customs as a State rather than

a provincial administration. Of all the stipulations contained in the Treaties of Tientsin none had perhaps so much interest for the foreign mercantile community in China as those which governed the transit of merchandise inwards and outwards. In the interval between the ratification of the Treaty of Nanking (1843) and the Treaties of Tientsin (1858) the bugbear likin had raised its head. Complaints were numerous and loudly voiced. To protect foreign imports proceeding to the interior and native goods purchased in the interior for export to foreign countries the transit pass clauses in the Treaties of Tientsin were specially devised. Foreign merchants were given the option of taking out a transit pass at the Maritime Customs on payment of dues equivalent to half the general tariff duty, or of paying inland charges at each and every barrier passed. This compounding for provincial taxation might conceivably have attained the object which the negotiators had in view, if the Treaties had stipulated, in clear and unmistakable terms, that the transit dues were provincial revenue collected on behalf of the provincial exchequer as a matter of administrative convenience by the Imperial Maritime Customs, and that in no circumstances would they form part of, or be included in, the Maritime Customs revenue collection. No such stipulation was made. The foreign negotiators who dictated the text of the Treaties were evidently unaware, in the light of the information at their command concerning Chinese fiscal arrangements, that they were inaugurating a conflict between the provincial exchequer and a potential rival in the shape of a national treasury.

What is remarkable is that this initial mistake has been confirmed and persisted in for sixty years in respect to general merchandise, in spite of remonstrance from foreign merchants themselves and of the fact that, where it was avoided, as in the case of the special article opium, none of the evils attributed to the likin system was experienced.

Ten years after the signing of the Treaties of Tientsin the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce—in those days there were no Chinese chambers of commerce—put its finger on the spot in a weighty and carefully-reasoned document which was submitted to the British Minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, then engaged in negotiations for the revision of the British Treaty of Tientsin. The root of the likin evil lay, according to the view of the Chamber of Commerce, in the fact that the collection of what was essentially a provincial revenue had been entrusted, without qualification, to a Central Government administration.

Later on, when difficulties arising from the smuggling of foreign opium called for special arrangements for its entry into and transiting throughout China, the negotiators of the additional

article to the Chefoo Convention (1885) avoided the mistake made by their predecessors. The increased charge imposed on foreign opium, the collection of which was entrusted to the Imperial Maritime Customs, was boldly labelled likin. Thereafter foreign opium penetrated to every corner of the Chinese Empire under special transit passes and labels issued by the Imperial Maritime Customs. These passes, unlike the transit passes issued to cover general merchandise, were scrupulously respected by inland revenue administrations, and, so far as the writer's own experience enables him to judge, there were never any complaints.

Fundamentally nothing changes very much in China. The financial relations between the provinces and the Central Government are to-day very much what they were in Imperial times. China has, however, in recent years contracted what is for her a very considerable foreign and domestic debt, and has had to set up as best she could a machinery to deal with it. In Imperial times the process was a comparatively simple one. Imperial edicts saddled the provinces with the service of the foreign loans and the Boxer indemnity, and in this way spread the responsibility of meeting State obligations. Having issued the necessary edicts, the Court more or less washed its hands of the matter. Possessing no Central Government treasury that was capable of meeting calls of such magnitude, the rulers of China shifted the burden on to the shoulders of the nation as a whole, and in doing so followed the custom of centuries. Foreign creditors, however, would not be satisfied with Imperial edicts unsupported by definite security, and their representatives who negotiated loans were particular in securing them on the only revenue which at that time was regarded as peculiarly a State revenue. Until, however, the revolution of 1911-12 dislocated all existing financial arrangements in China no special care was taken to apply Maritime Customs revenue to loan service. So long as loan instalments were punctually paid the foreign receiving banks asked no questions as to where the money came from.

The revolution changed all this. Maritime Customs revenue, till then collected and accounted for but not directly handled by the foreign side of the Maritime Customs administration, came under strict control and was taken completely out of provincial hands. The Maritime Customs collection became identified as a Central Government fund in a way unknown before. President Yuan Shih Kai, in the full tide of his centralising policy, attempted to do the same with the salt revenue, hitherto regarded as the mainstay of provincial finance, and for a time he succeeded. The salt revenue was pledged as security for two foreign loans, foreign control of receipts was introduced, and these receipts were definitely earmarked as Central Government funds. A similar

policy was pursued in the case of other inland revenues, notably the wine and tobacco revenue and the stamp duty. The provinces were left to fill the vacuum caused by the withdrawal of these revenues as best they could. Another turn was given to the likin screw, recourse was had to usurious loans, and other even more questionable means for raising the wind were employed. But the vacuum was too great to be filled, and the inevitable results of building on an insecure foundation were not long in showing themselves. The financial structure of the State, never at the best of times very coherent, began to creak, and ere long it collapsed altogether. The Imperial Government had followed precedent and sound policy in placing responsibility in hands which held the power. It had imposed the burden of supporting the State debt on provincial shoulders and had been careful not to sap the financial strength of the provinces by too sudden a reversal of a highly decentralised system of administration which had endured for ages. The Republican Government, reacting to foreign impulses, in its haste to centralise authority, has thrown the machine out of gear. It has assumed the responsibility for State obligations without the power to meet that responsibility. Power has always been vested in the provinces, and there it will remain. Already the provincial authorities have resumed control over a large portion of the salt revenue and all but an insignificant fraction of the wine and tobacco revenue and the stamp duty. Alone of all the so-called Central Government revenues, the Maritime Customs collections remain intact. The divorce of responsibility from power has produced the situation in China which confronts the world to-day—an empty State treasury and a pile of debt.

To assume from this that China is bankrupt is a half-truth which is as misleading as such statements usually are. The Far East has aptly been termed the home of paradox. At no period in the history of China has so much money been made by her industrious sons, or has so much revenue been exacted from her long-suffering traders—and wasted. Underneath the surface of financial muddle, military misrule, and political cross purposes the structure is essentially sound; Chinese banking institutions are multiplying daily, factories are springing up in all directions of the very existence of which the treaty port dweller is unaware; everywhere throughout the length and breadth of this vast land there is a steady development in the production of wealth.

And it is just at this juncture, when so much might be done to point the way towards financial reform, to dispel illusions, and to show up facts in their relation with theories, that the Special Tariff Conference is blocked because this Power or that has a special axe to grind, or because foreign mercantile interests,

despairing of improvement initiated from above, are fearful of opening a door which might lead to improvement from below. Government finance is the ultimate and dominating factor in China's present plight, and the Special Tariff Conference, if it were to achieve nothing else, would serve a useful purpose in bringing many obscure features into the glare of publicity.

It would, however, serve a much more useful purpose, and one strictly within the agenda of the Washington resolutions. It would provide the State treasury with funds which are badly wanted, no matter what conditions may be attached to their disposal, and unquestionably it might be made to pave the way for the abolition of likin. An opportunity, which has not presented itself in so favourable a form since the Boxer uprising opened the door to treaty revision, is now given to correct a mistake that has persisted for considerably more than half a century, and to set inward and outward transit trade at the eleventh hour on the right road—in a word, to eliminate once for all the conflict between two rival exchequer systems. The remedy, like all true remedies, is a very simple one, though in beneficial effects it would be far reaching. It is within the competence of the Central Government to apply it, and believe that the Government would not be indisposed to do so. It may be stated in two short clauses:

(1) Remove all restrictions, whether imposed by treaty or by the Chinese Government, on the taking out and use of transit passes;

(2) While retaining in Maritime Customs hands the issue of transit passes, and the duty of collecting the transit dues, definitely allocate to the provincial exchequer the entire transit dues collection under some arrangement for *pro rata* distribution.

In regard to (1) the restrictions are many and various. Treaties confine the issue of transit passes to foreign goods going inland, and to native goods from the interior purchased for export abroad. These restrictions should be removed. All goods, irrespective of their provenance and ultimate disposal, should be allowed the protection of the transit pass. The Chinese Government restricts the use of outward transit passes to certain limited classes of goods. This restriction, imposed in the interests of the likin collectorate, provokes never-ending disputes with foreign Powers. Apart from this restriction, the provincial Governments endeavour to limit the use of transit passes by all manner of devices in their eagerness to exclude an unwelcome competitor. In regions where likin barriers luxuriate, those teeming and fertile lands intersected by water communications, they maintain likin tariffs at a rate slightly below the legal transit dues to induce the foreign merchant to avail himself of his option to pay likin at every

barrier passed. They pass the word to likin underlings to be strict in the examination of transit pass cargo, and hints of this description are acted and improved upon.

Competition of this kind is the death of trade. Remove it, and what will happen? The provincial authorities are too sensible to maintain a costly and somewhat inefficient administration to collect a revenue which can be collected for them without any trouble or cost; transit dues will take the place of likin, which they really are, and they will be collected by an efficient administration with a minimum of friction. All will be encouraged to take out transit passes, and Chinese traders will need no encouragement when they realise that these passes are regarded with favour instead of frowns by provincial underlings. The word will go forth to expedite the passage of transit pass goods and the bottom will fall out of the likin bucket.

The financial sacrifice to be made by the Central Government would not be great. Transit dues collected by the Maritime Customs do not exceed $4,500,000 annually, and the benefit from ultimately increased revenue, if this cog on the wheels of trade could be removed, would be out of all proportion to the sums involved.

It is not to be supposed that the measures here outlined will remove all foreign complaints provoked by the incidence of inland taxation, or attain all the objects aimed at in Article VIII. of the Mackay Treaty of 1902—an article which remains inoperative. But they might well be considered in connection with the interim provisions to be applied prior to the abolition of likin, as called for by Article III. of the Nine Power Treaty relating to the Chinese Customs Tariff. If adopted they will go far towards solving the problem of the abolition of likin.

For convenience of reference the articles of the Nine Power Treaty referred to in this paper are appended.

APPENDIX

Treaty between the Nine Powers relating to Chinese Customs Tariff

Article II.

Immediate steps shall be taken, through a Special Conference, to prepare the way for the speedy abolition of likin and for the fulfilment of the other conditions laid down in Article VIII. of the Treaty of 5th September, 1902, between Great Britain and China, in Articles IV. and V. of the Treaty of 8th October, 1903, between the United States and China, and in Article I. of the Supplementary Treaty of 8th October, 1903, between Japan and China, with a view to levying the surtaxes provided for in those articles.

The Special Conference shall be composed of representatives of the signatory Powers, and of such other Powers as may desire to participate

and may adhere to the present Treaty, in accordance with the provisions of Article VIII., in sufficient time to allow their representatives to take part. It shall meet in China within three months after the coming into force of the present Treaty, on a day and at a place to be designated by the Chinese Government.

Article III.

The Special Conference provided for in Article II. shall consider the interim provisions to be applied prior to the abolition of likin and the fulfilment of the other conditions laid down in the articles of the treaties mentioned in Article II.; and it shall authorise the levying of a surtax on dutiable imports as from such date, for such purposes, and subject to such conditions as it may determine.

The surtax shall be at a uniform rate of 2½ per centum *ad valorem*, provided that in case of certain articles of luxury which, in the opinion of the Special Conference, can bear a greater increase without unduly impeding trade, the total surtax may be increased but may not exceed 5 per centum *ad valorem*.

F. A. AGLEN.

UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

UNEMPLOYMENT insurance provides probably the most interesting phase in our legislative social development. It may, therefore, be of advantage if we examine whether we are on the right lines in order to secure the best results for the beneficiaries under the scheme.

In my opinion we are not. The scheme is unwieldy, expensive, and impossible. Instead of being regarded as an insurance scheme, many workers regard the payments received as a dole. Instead of regarding payments received as a return for his own subscriptions, too often the worker regards the payments received as manna dropped from heaven, a blessing provided from the bottomless pocket of the State. Instead of being based on the sound advice of the actuary with benefits calculated on sound financial lines, the whole scheme has unfortunately sunk into the cockpit of party politics.

When in Opposition the Labour Party fought hard to increase benefits under the scheme without any idea whether the fund based on the present contributions could stand them. When fighting the last election they put 'work or maintenance' in the forefront of their programme, with main emphasis on the 'work.' Now, not being able to produce the 'rabbits out of the hat,' they are producing their scheme of full maintenance. It is just as well that the public should know exactly what this means and where we stand. The unemployment insurance scheme has been carrying on during the past two years only with the help of a large overdraft from the Treasury. At the moment this overdraft stands at about 9,000,000*l*. With this fact before our eyes we should examine carefully the actuaries' report presented as a White Paper to the House of Commons on the new Unemployment Insurance Bill. This report briefly tells us that, though the contributions are as large as thirty millions annually, the benefits now being proposed will absorb all except 100,000*l*. This calculation is arrived at without making any allowance for the proposed abolition of the strike disqualification, which the actuaries state is 'insusceptible of calculation.' What, therefore, does this actuaries' report mean? Surely, that on the present basis of

calculation the scheme is financially unsound, and the only way it can be continued is by largely increasing the Treasury overdraft.

This unpleasant fact comes to our notice at a moment when, being in the summer months, we expect a reduction of unemployment figures, but actually we find so large an increase as 25,000 in two recent successive weeks. The Labour Party programme of 'work or maintenance' means quite clearly that benefits under the unemployment insurance scheme shall have no relation to contributions. They frankly disliked the contributory scheme when it was introduced first. Their real motive as expressed from the back benches is to wreck the contributory scheme. Their ultimate object is to provide full maintenance of the unemployed and secure the finance from the Treasury.

Now I do not think the ideas of the scheme or the benefits proposed are wrong, but I do think the whole trouble is that the management is on the wrong lines. The National Insurance scheme is failing, as State enterprises always will fail and always have failed, through sheer incompetence on the part of the State to carry through such enterprises. The Labour Ministry management through the Labour Exchanges is extravagant and unwieldy. Look also at what happens every week when the unfortunate unemployed men and women sign on. Could anything be more demoralising than the long queues waiting for hours at a time outside the Labour Exchanges? I feel sure that nothing causes so much discontent and dissatisfaction among the workers. They rightly regard the whole business as degrading to their self-respect. Of all the reforms necessary in our present scheme this should receive our first attention. These queues are one of the most poisonous sources of discontent among our people. Men and women, respectable and hardworking, genuinely desirous of obtaining work, are made to associate with others who we know, unhappily, exist with very different ideas in life. The effect on our boys and girls on the threshold of life brought to this manifestation of their unhappy fate is incalculably serious. It is the duty of our statesmen to find a method of remedying this evil.

I am quite certain that any insurance company would be only too glad to make a substantial payment to the State for the privilege of carrying on this insurance business. Properly managed, I believe the new proposed benefits could be paid, and probably increased. The contributions could be reduced and all the wretched discomfort of queues could be abolished. This view cannot be dismissed as a mere 'bee in the bonnet' of one who is violently opposed to nationalisation. My views on the subject of nationalisation have always been based on expediency. If I believed that nationalisation really could produce profits or advantages for the community, such proposals would receive my

support'; it is precisely because nationalisation produces losses and disadvantages that they receive my strenuous opposition. The National Insurance unemployment scheme presents our best case.

In the original Unemployment Insurance Act a scheme of 'contracting out' was provided which was taken advantage of by several important industrial concerns. Some of the most important were the South Metropolitan Gas Company, the Bradford Dyers' Association, and Messrs. I. and I. Taylor, of Batley. Look at the South Metropolitan Gas Company's scheme for a moment and see how it has worked. The unemployment scheme is worked by a joint board of employers and employed. The unemployment has been reduced to under 1 per cent., the benefits are 7*s.* 6*d.* higher than under the national scheme, and the whole of the State contributions have been saved. Furthermore, the objectionable practice of signing on at the Labour Exchange with the consequent queues, has been avoided. Any man in the South Metropolitan Gas Company undertaking who is unfortunately unemployed can sign on within ten minutes. How has this happy state of affairs been arrived at? Solely by efficient management. If a man has to be discharged, there is a really intensive effort made to find him new work instead of simply allowing him to become chargeable on their fund. Both employer and employed realise that their scheme is an insurance scheme. They are brought face to face with economic facts, and they can see that any man unnecessarily thrown out of work is an avoidable charge on their funds. There is also the check on fraud. This scheme, managed as it is by the workers themselves, provides its own check. They take care that no man deliberately becomes unemployed. They take care that the contributions they make are not frittered away by paying benefits to fraudulent claimants or shirkers.

This question of fraud must alarm people of all shades of opinion. The number of convictions last year reached an appalling total, but there is something even more serious. There is a class of worker who does not want regular work. There is the man who after three months' work deliberately sets his mind to getting himself discharged in order to have a month's holiday on the 'dole.' This is the class of man who has brought so much odium on the unemployment scheme. They are, of course, an insignificant minority of the workers, and there are plenty of signs of resentment among decent respectable working men at these shirkers frittering away the contributions subscribed by them. These men are soon dealt with by their colleagues in an outside scheme. In every case the schemes which have 'contracted out' have been successful.

With reference to the scheme of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, it should be noted that the gas industry is one which has violent fluctuations in the demands made upon its resources of labour. In the summer there is a small demand, and in the winter a heavy demand. It is therefore a remarkable fact that the unemployment figures should have been reduced to as low as 1 per cent. Messrs. Taylors' scheme at Batley has been remarkably successful also. Here, owing to trade vicissitudes, one of their works had to close down altogether for a lengthy period, and there was prolonged unemployment. Yet, in spite of that fact, their fund is solvent and the same advantages accrue without any State contributions.

My readers may be wondering where the 'snag' comes in, and perhaps it may be of advantage to give the arguments which are made against 'contracting out' by Dr. Macnamara, Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, and Mr. Thomas Shaw—a truly remarkable coalition. These gentlemen say that if you have 'contracting out' all the best business gets contracted out, and the State is left with all the unprofitable business. There is, of course, much weight in this argument if a national scheme on the present lines is to be continued. But surely there is sufficient weight of evidence from what has actually been done by these various outside schemes for a searching inquiry. It would be of interest to see whether it would be practical to make it compulsory on all firms to have an unemployed insurance scheme attached to their business managed by workers and employers. Such a scheme would have far-reaching possibilities, and it would lead to closer co-operation between employed and employer. Would it not help to dissipate the unhappy opinions so often expressed about the 'hated capitalist'? Would it not help us to arrive at the juncture when all would realise the identical interest of capital and labour? I should like to see these committees managing unemployment insurance schemes develop into something much bigger. This is the spirit of Whitleyism. It has always been my view that the Joint Industrial Council, for so long associated with the name of the present Speaker of the House of Commons, can best be developed by means of small factory committees rather than on large national lines. The large industrial councils have many useful qualities, but in some cases they have developed into academic debating societies. The real value of these committees is to enable the worker to know the real worth of the employer and, what is even more important, to enable the employer to understand the aspirations and thoughts of the worker. After all, one of the real difficulties of our industrial situation is caused because so many employers do not take the trouble to study the grievances of those they employ.

Deep down in the mind of the worker lies this very grave problem of unemployment. In so many factories, particularly of the large limited liability type, the worker is a mere cypher with a number who clocks on each morning, clocks off each evening, and receives as little as possible on pay-day. Then when the unhappy day of bad trade comes he is pushed off on to the unemployment mud heap and forgotten. Believe me, that is the manure upon which the seed of Communist oratory is sown. Such a description is, of course, not true of all employers, or even of the majority, but it is certainly true of some. There are black sheep in every fold, and that is why measures of compulsion in this matter of unemployment insurance are necessary. Surely if instead of a national scheme each firm had its own scheme managed on the lines I have indicated, it would bring home to both employer and employed many things. It would demonstrate to employers and employed some of the root causes of unemployment. We hear many complaints about sweated foreign competition. If we had works committees they would study the truth or otherwise of these complaints. In the silk trade inquiry recently, the Joint Industrial Council for that trade gave evidence before the Departmental Committee set up by the House of Commons. The most remarkable evidence was that by the two representatives of the workers who were members of that Industrial Council. Surely this sort of thing is all to the good; workers should study all matters affecting the welfare of their trade. If trade is improved it should be to the advantage of all.

We hear many statements from time to time that some of our factories are inefficient and that their machinery is out of date. There is doubtless some truth in this. If it is a cause of unemployment, a study of it would doubtless be made in all its aspects. In many cases ideas for reducing factory costs and improving factory methods never receive the light of day because there exists no liaison between employed and employer. These and many other matters would come forward for consideration by such committees.

But to return to the main question of unemployment insurance, are there not two main considerations which must be kept in the forefront if a scheme is to be placed on a sound economic basis? First, that the cost of running a scheme shall be on the lowest possible level, and, second, that the state of unemployment shall be improved. I have said much of the expensive administration of the Labour Exchanges under this scheme. No reform which will ever be introduced will improve that. Based on its present lines our unemployment insurance scheme is doomed to failure. Every large business which attempts to administer a scheme from an office in Whitehall is doomed at its commencement.

However able the superman may be at the head of affairs, it would be certain to bring discredit to him in its train. All the detailed information which passes from Whitehall to the hundreds of Labour Exchanges daily should, and could, be cut out. In fact I see no reason why, under the scheme I am developing, the Labour Exchanges could not be abolished altogether, and in any event their staffs could be materially reduced. Think of the mass of detail work which is involved in recording such a huge total of subscriptions as thirty millions sterling annually, made up of small weekly amounts. The work is probably done as efficiently and as economically as possible, but it can all be cut out. Under the plan I have outlined the whole of the work would be done by the firms themselves, and only a small Government staff would be required.

That is the state of affairs with those firms who have 'contracted out.' There is no Government staff required; there is a saving not only of the State contributions, but also in the cost of administration. In my view, in this matter we have been too much in a hurry. The whole thing has been done without sufficient thought, and we are still going on in the same way. The unemployment insurance scheme is a complete hotch-potch. We have had four Bills of an amending character in this session of Parliament. We have had no fewer than twelve Bills on this subject in four years—Bills to amend obvious defects, Bills to extend benefits, Bills to deal with abnormal situations which have arisen since the war. They have all been Bills which were very necessary, but only nibbling at the problem.

Take one important problem which lies before us—decasualisation of labour at the docks. There is no problem so urgent of solution, as was shown emphatically during the recent dock strike. How can we have decasualisation of dock labour unless there is some kind of contracting out of unemployment insurance at the docks? The Labour members who introduced the private Bill now before the House recognise this by including a clause to this effect in the Bill. I think, however, I have said enough to show the necessity for the fullest inquiry into the whole situation. The Unemployment Insurance No. 2 Bill now passing through Parliament has been limited in its operation to June 1926. We ought before that date to have a Royal Commission to inquire into all the details of this problem, including those outlined in this article. We all want to do what is best for those unfortunate people who are unemployed. My opposition to the present Bill is purely on the ground of the method. I think we are doing the right thing in the wrong way. But of one thing I am certain: the kind of Dutch auction which has been going on among political parties on vote-catching expeditions is

very bad for the scheme and worse for the unemployed. Vote-catching 'stunts' never do anybody any good, and I have strenuously avoided them. Cannot we frame a scheme on national lines free from party bias? If the scheme is to be ultimately successful, all parties must join in its evolution, and it must be carefully considered in the light of the best actuarial advice.

All parties, including my own, are considering schemes for development of insurance to include old age and widows' pensions. The great objection to the present old age pensions scheme is the miserable pittance provided. The widows' pension scheme is one which I have always had near to my heart. There is nothing so distressing as to think of the woman whose bread-winner has been taken away in the prime of life leaving her with the care of three or four small children. She can at present exist only on the charity of her relatives or friends, and in some cases the big-hearted fellow-feeling of her late husband's colleagues comes to the rescue. One of the finest things to be found among our working people is this generosity for their fellow-workers in distress. Very often quite large sums are collected for genuine cases of hardship, subscribed by people who can ill afford to give anything. I have known many such cases in my own business and political career. Charity is the most noble thing in life for the giver, but these people are entitled to a greater sense of security and independence. When, however, this scheme comes to be considered I shall press that it should not be on the lines of a great elaborate scheme administered from Whitehall. If it is done on those lines, it is, in my opinion, doomed to failure, exactly as the present unemployment insurance is doomed. If a great comprehensive scheme is to succeed it must be administered in the factories by the workers and employers jointly.

I do not wish to enter into small technical difficulties, as these difficulties can all be overcome. Difficulties after all, to a determined man, are only made to be overcome. There is one which, however, must be briefly mentioned. We will be told that while in the big factories this scheme is easy to administer, the real difficulty will be with the small employer with one, two, or three workmen. Surely in such cases a grouping scheme could be arranged. The arguments in favour of insurance by industry instead of by the State are so overwhelming that minor difficulties must not be allowed to stand in the way. Within the next two years all our best brains should get to work in order that the best advantages can be worked out for the workers. We want no further half-hearted attempts to solve this problem. We must get to work to arrive at a final solution.

JOHN R. REMER.

THE APHRODITE ANADYÒMENE OF THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN

WHEN Cimabue painted his *Madonna* for the Rucellai Chapel in Santa Maria Novella in Florence, says Vasari, the great historian of Italian painting, it was so much admired by the people of that age as surpassing, in its happy combination of the ancient with the modern, anything that had yet been seen in pictures, that it was carried from the artist's house to the church in a solemn procession with trumpets and rejoicings. When Sixtus V., says Ranke in his *History of the Popes*, moved the great obelisk now set up in Rome in the piazza of St. Peter's all the bells in the city rang; when it was set up where it still remains 'the exultation of the people was indescribable.' The Pope caused medals commemorating it to be struck and received congratulatory poems in every language. This was in 1586. Such was the enthusiasm for artistic achievement that moved the Italian people in the days when art and religion were united. And it is traditionally supposed that some eagerness of the same kind inspired the Gothic builders of the Middle Ages. But in these days even the greatest discoveries are known to few, and new masterpieces reveal themselves unnoticed.

No noise of admiration, even in Rome itself, greeted the arrival of the *Venus* of Cyrene when, seven or eight years ago, dug from Libyan sands by Italian archæologists, it was brought to the great metropolitan museum of sculpture of the country which now shares its capital with Catholicism. So little has the great discovery been discussed that the world at large knows nothing of it. It does not yet exact from the flock of tourists that moment of homage which even the most hasty give in Paris to the *Venus de Milo* and the *Winged Victory* of Samothrace, and in Florence to the *David* of Michelangelo, the *Perseus* of Benvenuto Cellini and Canova's bust of Napoleon, and the *Mercury* or *Athletes* of the Naples Collection. Even in Rome itself the *Apollo Belvedere*, the *Laocoon*, or the Vatican *Torso* are still more readily sought out than this, acclaimed as it is by many masters as the crowning achievement of Hellenic sculpture. No wonder, then, that it is not yet known in England or America, even by name, except to a

few classic scholars and sculptors, and that reproductions of it here have hardly yet been seen.

In the cloister of the Museo delle Terme, which the present Government of Italy appropriated from the Carthusians, are gathered together some of the most recent discoveries of highest merit. The collection had long been famous for the many masterpieces, to which it added in 1900 the long famous collection commenced by Cardinal Ludovico Ludovisi. Among its treasures were the *Running Boy* from Nero's villa at Subiaco, the *Erinys Sleeping*, the Ludovisi *Juno*, the *Dying Persian* of the School of Pergamos, and the *Maid* of Anzio (held by some to be a boy). To these were added an *Apollo* and a *Niobe* (given by the Banca Commerciale Italiana), of not less excellent merit: these adorn the ante-chamber to where the Greek goddess of Love and Beauty reigns alone in what was once the cell of a monk practising the strictest discipline of Christian austerity.

The painter Botticelli, in one of the most famous pictures of the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, depicted Aphrodite issuing from the waves in her full stature and standing on a pearly shell, the new-born daughter of Heaven and the Sea. Two spirits of the wind with filled cheeks are blowing her to the land where a damsel awaits her with a garment. The air over earth and sea is filled with falling flowers. Such was Botticelli's application of the beautiful myth repeated by both Hesiod and Homer. The same idea was, nearly two thousand years earlier, the theme of the *Aphrodite Anadyomene* of the Baths of Diocletian. The new-created daughter of the gods has issued from the water: she is on neither wave nor shell; but, setting foot for the first time on the substantial world, she employs a marble dolphin, suborned in the very moment of greedily swallowing a fish, to hold the simple robe she will presently put on. She pauses for a moment, perhaps to comb her hair before the mirror of the water. She rests lightly upon one hip, and the other knee turns gently forward. At that moment the sculptor has portrayed her, graceful and unself-conscious, in the marvellous beauty of her youthful but dignified and satisfying proportions. He has carved her in a Parian marble of a soft, warm colour which now, due doubtless in part to the action of the golden sands of Libya, faintly suggests the tingle of blood beneath the skin, and the marble brings to a conventional finality the firmness of the flesh. She remains in her arresting excellence of beauty: a riddle of dignity to us all and a riddle of attraction—fit type and portrait of Aphrodite; the lovely grace of a woman's form sublimed to an Olympian perfection—the representative of feminine beauty and attraction in the assemblage of gods immortal.

It is no idle question how this can be the result of a piece of

carving which simply portrays the legs and trunk of a young woman, for even head and arms are lost. What do we mean by beauty, and why do we find beauty in undraped human contours? Sculpture, moreover, is one of the most constrained of the arts. It lacks, in what we accept as its masterpieces, both luminance and colour: the texture of skin, the delicacy of hair and eyebrow, the richness of fabrics. It lacks the vastness, the fancifulness, the usefulness, and the fixed order imposed by the human mind in architectural art: it gives, therefore, small scope for composition, and that composition of movement which we see in music. It bears no comparison with the complicated and various compositions of good prose or poetry. It might seem almost more in its fixity, its severity, and its chill an art rather of death than of life. And yet because it is in three dimensions, because it offers something to the touch, and to the memory and psychology of touch, because it gives a different aspect from innumerable angles, it is the most sensuous of the arts. The sensuousness of art is so strongly felt by the Moslem religion that it forbids the portrayal of any living creature, under the plea that it might encourage idolatry. That is why in the Taj Mahal the exquisite decoration is constrained to conventional convolutions in fretted stone and to bas reliefs of the lotus and the lily, as palms and trees mingle with other conventional designs in the charming fretted windows of the Sidi Said mosque at Ahmedabad. The Christian Church looked with a more unflinching eye at the allurements of the senses, and from the time of Nicolo Pisano to Bernini showed that she could produce a spiritual rather than a sensuous sculpture.

But sculpture, both in bas relief and in the three-dimensioned marble, reached that height which its most trained admirers insisted to be its culmination among the Hellenic sculptors some centuries before Christ. Then it was sensuous, as it must always be, and passionate, but it was excellently restrained; it was significant of inward life: beneath the lovingly carved forms of flesh there breathed the spirit's life in art. For what is art? A record of experience. It is that device which, under the constraints of convention imposed by the medium, and of the laws of mind, depicts beauty in its portrayal of nature and life: it is the voice by which an object, a contriver, and a beholder commune in terms of one another. A language in which the Greeks were most eloquent was the human body: not the human face, for when all is said even of the *Venus de Milo* and the *Dying Gaul*, sculpture does not best lend itself to that. For it (at least as we admire it now) the eye does not shine, the flesh does not glow, the lips do not redden, the skin does not darken, the eyebrows and the hair lose their delicacy; only those busts are successful where

faces depend for their character on strongly marked features and distinct planes, or on round contours and tranquillity of expression. In faces of the classic type, noble in line and true in proportion, it has attained to truth of imitation. Napoleon, as we have seen, and certain of the Roman emperors have been well portrayed in bronze and marble, and there is genuine charm in the face of Lord Leconfield's *Venus* at Petworth. But in the mystery and movement of expression sculpture is quite imperfect. What we seek of the energy of character, of the lights and shades of personality, of thoughts and feelings, either evanescent, or in their promises and records, from our study of the human countenance—and nowhere as there are temperament and character, either in moods or trends, so warmly, so intimately, revealed, nowhere is life so inwardly itself—we must not ask from sculpture. In turning muscle and eye and hair to the stillness of bronze or clay it must portray a face almost as constrainedly as when it arrays the grape and vine leaf in a rhythmic pattern: it turns still, cold and clear the most mobile and elusive object of the eye's attention.

But if the human countenance is not yet, in spite of some successful examples, the field of the sculptor's triumphs, sculpture still reigns in its profound expressiveness over the forms of animals and men. Here its very limitations give it an advantage. Art is not reproduction: it is a self-expression through more or less conventional devices of representation; and its first object will be what Aristotle said was to imitate, meaning to represent, what the artist has seen. The artist can conventionalise from life into line, and idealise from nature to a type. He can plead that he has attained an artistic effect, or that he has given a conventional rendering, or that he has expressed something nobler than what he had before him: that in any case he has compensated himself for his limitations by taking advantage of them. But his object must be truth to life, as far as his constraint allows him. One may presume that it has never been the custom of people to speak the language of affairs in metre; but we will accept the metrical play in so far as within the constraints of metre the artist expresses character, or provides interest, or attains a noble effect. But if his eye wanders from truth, if his device distracts him from the actual nature of men and things, even when he is still able to express it, he will be at best fanciful, and soon grotesque. His characters will become mechanical, his interest will flag, and his effect will be trivial, vulgar, or repellent. If, on the other hand, an artistic work is true to life, it will please by its excellence of imitation, by the mere cunning of its device, for workmanship always gives that sense of satisfaction: it appeals to that sub-conscious instinct of imitation within us by which we

learn everything that we know and evolve everything that we are.

So sculpture which expresses the mobile human form in wood, or stone, or metal, or clay, and must therefore adapt the contours of the flesh to the planes of these hard substances, must yet retain, in whatever convention it still chooses to express itself, a faithful regard to its original. After this it will depend for its excellence of beauty on not only its artistic convention, but on the model and on the personal appreciation it expresses.

Personal appreciation is the secret both of temperament and of skill. For we see in one sense what we can and in another what we will; and we remember that which is congenial to us. The artist who having chosen has first to see his model, sees there according to his energy and his desire. Not only is his wish father to his thought, but his thought, which is both habit and inclination, is father to his perceptions. And when he has perceived, he must perform a thousand acts of memory in transferring his perception to his work, and in each act of memory his temperament will again assert itself.

Such are the principles which, sometimes more and sometimes less clearly understood, have informed the appreciation of art in Europe from the time of Aristotle to the present; or at least until the time, well within our memories, when a school of art arose which was founded on having no foundations. But if Wisdom, who is justified of her children, has not yet claimed to be the parent of the futurists, there is no cubic crudity of planes in the *Venus* of Cyrene. This sublime conception was realised at a time when sculpture, which was always the highest of the imitative arts among the Hellenes, was at the period of its most faultless form.

The climate and the games of Greece gave her early inhabitants opportunities of studying the human form which have been since unrivalled. Their eyes were trained to beauty by the harmonies of the scene in which they lived, and the taste so cultivated was refined with the development of thought to a profound and passionate philosophy of beauty. The fascination of the human form, which appeals to the senses by its intrinsic nature and to the mind by the intricate excellence of its construction, was displayed without concealment in the most alluring circumstances by young athletes at their exercises. Here the delightful qualities of health and youth, of strength and grace, were displayed in an endless variety of symmetry and rhythm. The Hellenes had but to look and they must perforce learn the harmonies of which the body was the instrument. Such were the multitude of models from which they learnt what to express in marble or in bronze.

Sometimes they were content merely to portray the naked athlete; but often they sought to express their ideals by giving him the qualities of a divine being. Then in the mould of muscles, in balance of proportions, in symmetry of pose, they expressed the life of the gods upon Olympus. Greatest of these, we are told, was Pheidias, whom Pausanias and Lucian, Plutarch and Pliny praised among the ancients. He among them all was said not only to have been the first to reveal the possibilities of sculpture, but to have excelled in the sublimity of his conception. The majesty of his art, said Quintilian, was adequate to the gods, as was seen by his *Athene* at Athens and his *Zeus* at Elis. But Pliny tells us, though in a story of doubtful value, that in the temple of Artemis at Ephesus the statues of the Amazons by Polycleitos were preferred to those of Pheidias. Polycleitos excelled in the charm and the proportion of his figures—he forfeited majesty to an exquisite sensitiveness to the human body's own attraction. But the great age of Praxiteles, Scopas, and Euphranor was seventy to a hundred years later, in the middle of the fourth century, and it was some time in this period probably that a master executed the *Aphrodite* of Cyrene. It was not Praxiteles, for the perfect roundness of this figure is emancipated from his convention. It is hardly likely to have been Scopas, for though, like Praxiteles, he executed an Aphrodite that seemed a marvel among the representations of gods and men, his spirit was too wild and poignant for so serene a work. Might it not have been Euphranor? who is described by Pliny as excellent with an even excellence in everything he touched, who was a master of symmetry and first delineated the dignity of heroes. Here is one, furthermore, who was careless, as the carver of this Aphrodite was careless of ankles and feet. But was even his art equal to this finish of technique, this skill and delicacy of workmanship, or is it a masterpiece from a later age?

For the more fully we consider it, the more completely does it answer to all that we demand from the art of statuary. That the head is wanting releases us from being tormented by the too obvious deficiencies of sculpture; at the same time it assists the symmetry of the composition, for the model is unusually tall. The eye, being undistracted by the face, is free to observe at a glance the beautiful contours of the torso and the lower limbs, for they are so beautiful that even the missing arms, which might have played so great a part in the rhythm of the piece, are unnecessary. As it is, the statue is perfection. The balance of the arms is atoned for by the dolphin which forms the pedestal and carries the fringed garment of the goddess. It is indeed in this that the unknown sculptor has displayed his genius for composition.

Rising, as it does, to the hips of the figure, just an inch more than half way from the sole of the foot to the neck, it compensates the eye for the missing head, while throwing emphasis on the roundest, and therefore the most beautiful, curves of the body. It also balances the projecting knee, which is the same height as the twist of the dolphin's tail. It throws, therefore, into prominence the delicate ripple of muscle just above the straight knee. The deep shadow, which the robe throws over the dolphin, accentuates the planes of light on the figure, as the sharp twist and bloated form of the dolphin contrast with the delicate outlines of the young human form. The contrast in sentiment is even sharper. Both fish and dolphin are allowed their eyes. The head of the fish expresses helpless agony, that of the dolphin a triumph of cruelty and greed. These passions of animal weakness and animal impulse reveal the noble calm of Aphrodite Urania, as this statue surely is, and not that lower goddess who expresses the appreciation of love and beauty felt by earthly spirits.

What the two animals do in the sphere of sentiment is done solely, or almost solely, in the pure sphere of art by the drapery they carry. That the drapery should be beside the figure is itself a subtle consummation. It leaves the naked form its full openness of majesty while introducing both the idea of clothing and the folds of drapery. These are arranged firstly to form a singularly attractive subject in themselves in their delightful lines and intricate diversities of light and shade, and secondly with the diagonal trend of their curves to give the eye the fullest freedom to realise the rich simplicity of this Olympian creature's dignity and freshness.

There is a mystery in proportion ; for proportion is not in its beauty mathematical, but is a concession to our way of seeing, and the eye regards it with a tireless fascination. Far more interesting than the best draperies is the human body. This figure is among the most beautiful of them all. A taste was not uncommon among the ancients to find the culmination of physical beauty in a form between that of the man and the woman. Sometimes they boldly called their ideal in memory of that mythic son of Hermes and Aphrodite who bathed with the nymph Salmacis in a fountain till her characteristics became his. More often Hermes had a girlish delicacy and a girlish grace such as we see in the *Apollo Belvedere*. In this statue the goddess has in her slim feminine muscles the firmness and the strength of a boy who is becoming a man. This gives the triple division of shadow on the abdomen and the quadruple division of the shoulders to the waist ; and it is something of the same kind which restrains the breasts to two firm cones and clearly distinguishes the thighs between hip and knee. This goddess is a woman, but a woman at the threshold of

her womanhood, active in exercise and virginal, with some of the distinctive qualities of a boy. Yet she has none which are to mar her womanhood and turn her, by being nearer a man, into a monstrosity.

But still more noticeable is her simple dignity. She arrests us as a woman become a goddess, and as such she triumphs. She satisfies both the senses and the soul, because she consummates both a truth and an ideal. She is another example of the great principle of art which Henry James, in connection with Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia*, discussed in the sketch James called *The Madonna of the Future*. Raphael's Madonna was a portrait of a woman, but at the same time it paid her an exquisite compliment, for it painted her as conceived through the months he worked, the embodiment of an inspiration. True to its original, it yet expressed the sublime conception with which it was associated in its creator's mind. While looking at nature, he looked through nature to a view of an ideal.

R. E. Gordon George.

PETRARCH AND LAURA AT VAUCLUSE

Morning is late at Vaucluse, for a great rock shuts off the east. Out of the rock, or rather from under it, floods forth unceasingly a great volume of 'clear, fresh, and sweet waters'; the river Sorgue takes its rise full-grown at birth. It has a birth as grand as death, welling upward from an abyss no plummet has ever sounded, blue and still, without sound or foam, ever increasing, never changing; it comes forth from the hidden heart of the world, forever spending, forever unspent, like the love of God.

Some yards away the waters break in white confusion as they tumble downward on the rock-strewn way to the Rhone. They surge in long green channels, they roar through defiles. But at the fountain itself there is peace. The closing rock, hundreds of feet high, worn inward by water through the ages, broods over the flood a half-formed brown dome, and on each hand rise other cliffs like walls of a natural temple. Sunbeams from a hidden sun shine aloft on flowers and bees, and in the column of air over the still blue of the water dance the birds.

It was here on a certain morning in 1328 that the poet Petrarch saw a fair form arise, superbly beautiful, pure and inviolable—his human Madonna, the Laura of his dreams and inspiration. He had seen her first in a church porch at Avignon. She reappeared to him in his retreat, far from pleasure and the haunts of men. Out of the mirror depths of the beautiful and serene fountain she arose. Petrarch, enchanted, thought to die then and there at Vaucluse. She whom he saw surely was born in Paradise.

The vision faded; Petrarch did not die. In strange solitude he roamed the hills, he climbed the great cliffs, 'pen in one hand, a sheet of paper in the other,' so he wrote. He lost himself in the woods, or sitting on rocks in the sun he lost himself equally in his thoughts. In strange seclusion, he lived in an old stone house in the midst of shelf upon shelf of old Latin books, loved books which he prized more than life: had he not ransacked the libraries and monasteries of Europe for them, and by them raised Latin from the dead? All day he fasted, supped frugally at night, and by dim light of candles, pored over old tomes. To the peasants and those who served him he was an enigma. They could

not understand his ways—that a man should forego pleasure and the material happiness of the body, yet not a monk; a famous man, yet a recluse.

An exile from Italy, he was born in exile. That made a great difference in his soul. He was a born exile, soul in exile, spirit in exile, body in exile. His poems to Laura are the poems of spiritual exile. In the great rock of the Fountain of Vaucluse he saw the rock whose 'back was to Rome,' the rock which separated him from Laura. Laura may be Laura de Noves, or the laurel of fame, or it may mean God, or it may mean Italy or ancient Rome. He loved 'Laura'; he loved Rome not less. The greatest moment of his life was when they called him out of exile to Rome and crowned him there with *laurel* the universal king of letters in his age.

Avignon he hated. It was to him the Babylon of the Apocalypse. He never ceased to think the Popes, chased from Rome, were wrong to take up their abode on the banks of the Rhone. He cursed the pontifical court for its vice and corruption. The Pope was glad to have Petrarch in his entourage; it heightened even a Pope's prestige to have such a poet near him. The Pope supported him, for Petrarch was poor. But the poet nevertheless raged always and exceedingly against the 'other Rome.' He was jealous for Rome. It was almost as if he foresaw the great coming schism which was to rend the Catholic Church in parts, when Europe was to have three Popes at the same time, anathematising and excommunicating one another—Pope of Rome, Pope of Avignon, Pope of Pisa.

But he was a mystic and a poet before he was a politician; he was the inspiration of thousands, not in his own age alone, but in succeeding ages. Something of the quality of the fountain where he saw Laura was in the actual genius of the poet himself.

The 'shut valley' of Vaucluse may well remain sacred to the memory of Petrarch; God does not always grant each man some spot to love, but He grants to Petrarch and Laura and their heirs in perpetuity a sacred memory at the Fountain of Vaucluse.

Nine centuries pass, and a people arise who know not Petrarch, but we remember that the people who were there in his day did not understand him then. All things have changed, but it is not different at the fountain. Still the well of water undefiled rises upward, an ever-present marvel and mystery, out of the hidden depths, out of the same heart of the world, upward blue and brimming. High among the cliffs you hear a murmur; it is the harmonised echoing of the sound of the waters as they break lower down in the rocks of the valley. The birds dance in the air. There is stillness and mystery as of old.

The village of Vaucluse, which has not grown to be a town, is

featured by a public place in the midst of which is a high stone column inscribed 'HOMMAGE À PETRARQUE,' opposite which a stone bridge crosses the Sorgue and rock stairs climb upward toward the ruins of a medieval castle. From the castle wall there is a sheer drop of 150 feet, but skirting the abyss in loveliness undisturbed one may climb to a great height. The air is pungent with herbs and spices, and especially with the odours of wild thyme and rosemary. The bee orchis is so common, one treads on it by accident. Wild lilies lift beautiful buds under the silver-green shade of olives. Lying on a ledge and looking down at the fountain one listens to the song of birds. A lark soaring towards the sky comes to rest on the leaning cypress which shades you from the sun and pours forth pure happiness to your ears. Down below in the place, beside the Petrarch column, there may be pandemonium of trippers and hawkers, motor-horns and barks of dogs. But rarely, rarely does anyone mount to this height. Petrarch lay up here in the sun and shade. But there are no Petrarchs now.

There is, however, a 'Café of Petrarch and Laura'! Devastating modern accident . . . as if he met her there! They meet their Lauras nowadays at *cafés*, if at all. There is a 'Grand Hotel de Petrarque et Laure' (fishing rights reserved) which is not too grand. There is a 'bateau automobile Laure'—but I say too much. There are picture postcards showing Petrarch meeting Laura. It is felt that Petrarch and Laura are the mysterious presiding angels of the place. It is the place of their *romance*. Yes, that is it—the 'great lovers.'

On Sundays and on days of *fête* the charabancs arrive, tooting and roaring, full of men and women of the Provençal industrialism—drab men and lively girls. The mechanical band set up under one of the great shady sycamores of the place brays forth the strains of *Madelon* or the *Brise provençale*. Under broad awnings Spanish workmen are playing cards. Hawkers of trumpets, favours, revolving coloured discs and *berlingots* cry their wares. The old town-crier, with braided hat and silver-mounted cane, smokes a cigar and struts. Arrive the two Avignon excursions; arrive the omnibuses from L'Isle sur Sorgue, and the horseshays from Cavaillon and Carpentras! Out tumble the trippers. *Eh voila! La fontaine!* With diverse racket arrive in streams the tin-can little cars—the one-seaters, the two-seaters—and with aplomb and processional dust the heavy six-seaters and tourers from Nice, from Cannes, from God-knows-where. The women are more remarkable than the men—as if there were more potential Lauras than potential Petrarchs: women in leather hats, in picture hats, in Provençal bonnets, in jockey hats; women in neat silk jumpers and slight skirts—neat, svelte, chic;

richer and grander women in black with black veils ; poor and more rustic ones in lurid cottons. Except for the picturesque wastrels of the village, one's eyes rest seldom on the men. They are weedy, they are squat and expressionless, or noisy, rowdy, loquacious. They go to the fountain, throw a stone in it and return, eat fried eels with red wine under the awnings of the *cafés* under the great trees, stare at the dusty ancient laurel wreaths at the base of Petrarch's column, listen to *Madelon*, lift their eyes to the ruins of the castle of the Cardinal de Cabassole and to the eagle's eyrie of the great eastern rock. Something is missing. There is a *jeu aux flèches*, and youths compete before the targets for a bottle of champagne. Many misses ! Many outers ! Comes forth the town-crier, laconically, raises his little horn in the palm of his hand and blows it, then without lifting his voice he enunciates something— '*Paup, paup, paup* . . . Messieurs, Mesdames . . .'

All the children run to him and collect around him ; the dogs bark, the motors toot, the musical box blares on, the diners lift their asparagus stalks and pause. He is saying something, but no one can tell what.

The promenade to the fountain goes on, and men and women in twos step gingerly up the rocky trail. There is a mystery about the place which has nothing to do with the heavy fumes of chlorine from the paper factories or with the rag warehouses or the climbing chimney-stacks. Up the rocky way they go to where in solitude the voice of seven silent centuries was silent again before his vision of the Ideal.

The factory owners are freeholders of all the land—except the precincts of the fountain. *Lieu historique*—it belongs to the commune of Vaucluse and to the French nation. The visitors stand on the rocks, bemused, like sleeping gulls poised on single legs. It is a shut valley—a blind alley, a *ne plus ultra*—and all must turn back, must retrace their steps. 'How beautiful it is, how sad,' they say, and, solemn for a moment, turn upon their steps and return . . . And all the evening they will dance together in the place, wearing coloured paper frills and favours and bearing paper discs which revolve in the wind.

Night puts its starry ceiling on the temple. And far from towns the village lights twinkle, and at the many tables of the *cafés* Provençal *patois* outrumbles the polite French of the visitors. The excursionists pack up and go. Goes the Avignon carry-all and L'Express de la Fontaine and the horse-shays and the Citroens. The slow moon climbs over the rocks and pensively looks down, and the man in the moon reclining on her shoulder looks down also to the dark fountain below.

The rocks are gigantesque at night, and their black shadows have a precipice edge where they give way to the silver of the

moonlight. There is a loneliness there at night as if only one person were there, and that one jealous of his solitude and of his possession. The fountain seems black and opaque and obscure. The dome above it is not lighted by the moon, and you cannot see into the recesses. It is there, perhaps, that Petrarch waits—waits for you to be gone. There will be moonlight and starlight when you are gone, and star reflections in the water. There will be cautious steps in the dark and a peering of old eyes and a whisper, a voice murmuring in Italian :

> Where art thou, my beloved ?
> Wilt thou not come again,
> As once thou didst come,
> Like a flower-laden tree,
> Shedding petals and fragrance on thy way ?

Sleeps Vaucluse, and France and Italy sleep and the old Popes and Petrarch in his coffin of stone. Laura is among the stars. The lovers have gone home ; the dancers have ceased dancing and the mechanical band is silent. The missed target of the *jeu aux flèches* remains. The chairs of the *café* of Petrarch and Laura have been piled on the tables. All has gone quiet in the shut valley—all except the Sorgue, which, departing from its pure source, rolls tumultuously on, eager to reach the Rhone and the sea.

There is a silence beloved of ruins and of the past, and the moon pouring downward distils a pure romance in which it seems no human beings of to-day can share. Thus Sunday and its pilgrimage to the fountain ends. The jealous age in which we live soon makes its clamorous demands, yelling through the valley, from factory to factory. Sirens howl from dawn to men's beds and their minds and their hands. Back Patrarch ! Perish Laura !

'He—ll,' they shriek through the valley, and in response a tableau of the life of our age is shown when dowdy girls and men in ragged and dusty overalls slouch to the bridges. Dogs whimper and children cry at the sound of the sirens, these terrific bugles of industrialism.

As I sat at the *café* on the Monday morning, listening to the whirr of the machines, I observed that the hotel proprietor had used the column of homage to Petrarch, the noble pillar in the midst of the place, as a post to which to tie his awnings. Eight ropes and chains bound the *café* to Petrarch's monument, and the fame of the poet is symbolically fettered at his own fountain.

Yet, having lain where he lay among the flowers and dreamed where he dreamed, I affirm Petrarch and his vision as a greater reality than the factories, his poetry than the urgency of their siren calls, his Laura more real than the Lauras of the *cafés* and our age.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

LIFE

THE past is ever present, the present never past,
Our deeds encompass us from first to last,
Our thoughts become ourselves, our loves our guides,
For good or bad our spoken word abides,
And we show forth the consequence of all,
A slow advancement or a certain fall.

By that we worship so the mesh we weave,
The hopes we form, the wonders we believe;
By those incentives which direct, compel,
We shall enlarge a Heaven or make a Hell.

W. M. E. FOWLER

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*